

THE
CALCUTTA MAGAZINE

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Containing

VOLS. I. AND II. ORIGINAL PAPERS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

VOL. III. { THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH PERIODICALS.
 { GLEANINGS—LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

VOL. IV. BENGAL GENERAL REGISTER, INCLUDING ECCLESIASTICAL, CIVIL, MILITARY, MARINE, COMMERCIAL, DOMESTIC AND MISCELLANEOUS OCCURRENCES.

VOL. III.

Selections and Gleanings.

CALCUTTA:

SAMUEL SMITH AND CO. HARE STREET.

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THE CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.

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Spirit of the English Periodicals.

MOZART.

[FROM THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, NO. VIII. FOR AUGUST 1829.]

Between the years 1773 and 1775, Mozart visited Vienna and Munich, with his father. In the latter city he composed two grand masses, an offertorium, a vesper service, and the opera buffa *La finta Giardiniera*, and on his return to Salzburg, *Il Re Pastore*, a serenata for the Archduke Maximilian. The epoch at which Mozart's genius was ripe may be dated from his twentieth year; constant study and practice had given him ease in composition, and ideas came thicker with his early manhood—the fire, the melodiousness, the boldness of harmony, the inexhaustible invention which characterize his works, were at this time apparent; he began to think in a manner entirely independent, and to perform what he had promised as a regenerator of the musical art. The situation of his father as Kapellmeister, in Salzburg, indeed gave Mozart some opportunities of writing church music, but not such as he most coveted, the sacred musical services of the court being restricted to a given duration, and the orchestra but poorly supplied with singers; it was therefore his earnest desire to get some permanent appointment in which he could exercise freely his talent for composition, and reckon on a sufficient income. When childhood and boyhood had passed away, his *quondam* patrons ceased to wonder at, or feel interest in his genius, and Mozart, whose early years had been spent in familiar intercourse with the principal nobility of Europe, who had been from court to court, and received distinctions and caresses unparalleled in the history of musicians, up to the period of his death gained no situation worthy his acceptance, but earned his fame in the midst of worldly cares and annoyances, in alternate abundance and poverty, deceived by pretended friendship, or persecuted by open enmity. The obstacles which Mozart surmounted in establishing the immortality of his muse, leave those without excuse who plead other occupations and the necessity of gaining a livelihood as an excuse for want of success in the art. Where the creative faculty has been bestowed, it will not be repressed by circumstances.

* * * * *

In the hope of gaining some comfortable settlement in life, Mozart quitted Salzburg for Paris in 1777, in company with his mother, and to this journey, stimulated as he was by the necessity for exertion, we owe some of his most masterly compositions. His extreme youth was however an impassable barrier to his reception of the office of Kapellmeister, in an age when wig and wrinkles were the only title to respect. The careful and good father, whose life, as he expressed it, hung on his son's, parted from him with great sorrow and melancholy forebodings—

January 1830.

Paris was a dissipated city, and Mozart then at an age when nature herself is the young man's enemy. On this journey Mozart remained some time in Munich, offering his services in such capacity as they might be deemed useful, but the answers which he received to his applications for employment were "you are too young"—"you must first travel in Italy and gain fame"—"there is at present no vacancy." In spite of these disappointments, he meditated a plan for settling in Munich, and of engaging to produce two serious and two comic German operas every year. He writes to his father "I am here much beloved—and how much more will this be the case, if I raise the character of the national musical drama." In another place he says "most of the nobility have a dreadful mania for every thing Italian."

* * * * *

On the 22d of March, 1778, Mozart arrived in Paris, accompanied by his mother, who, in the July following, was attacked by a sudden illness, of which she died, to the great grief of her son; on this occasion he experienced much kindness from Baron Grimm, with whom he lived in the house of Madame d'Echinay. He writes, "I have here a pretty little room, which commands a pleasant prospect, and am as comfortable as circumstances will allow me to be." Mozart entered Paris buoyant with hope, as the following passage from his correspondence shows: "Nothing pleases me more than the thought of the *concert spirituel* in Paris, as I shall probably have something to compose for it. The orchestra is so large and good, that they will be well able to perform my favourite compositions—chorusses—and these I am happy to say the French like. . . . Until now the Parisians have been accustomed to Gluck's chorusses. Rely upon me, I shall use my utmost exertions to make the name of Mozart renowned, and I am not at all afraid of succeeding in the attempt."

* * * * *

Two anecdotes of Mozart's readiness of invention are in their kind complete. When he visited Prague, towards the winter of 1787, he gave, by universal desire, a concert in the opera-house, at which all the pieces were of his own composition. At the end of the concert he played on the piano-forte, *extempore*, for half an hour; the audience applauded so violently, that he sat down again; when he had finished, the public was more furious than before, he therefore took his place a third time. A voice in the pit now called out "from Figaro,"—on which Mozart took as his subject the air "Non più andrai," and made twelve most ingenious and exquisite variations upon it, with which he ended one of the most triumphant performances of his life.—Mozart often visited Doles, the cantor of St. Thomas's School, in Leipsic, with whom he felt much at his ease. One evening, before setting out for Dresden, he supped with Doles, and was in great spirits. The cantor begged of him to leave something in his own hand-writing, as a remembrance. Mozart was sleepy, and would have gone to bed; however, he asked for a piece of paper. The he tore in two, and wrote for five or six minutes; he then rose up with two canons in three parts, one gay and

the other doleful; these were tried over separately, but the surprise of the company was at its height when it was discovered that they would go together, and that they produced the most comic effect. In the midst of the laughter which these canons created, Mozart bid the company good night.

* * * * * * *

On his return to Vienna, he worked at the "Requiem" with unremitting assiduity, and with the liveliest interest in it—his diligence increased with the decay of his health. His wife saw, to her great affliction, that he was fast sinking under this occupation. One fine day in autumn she drove out with him to the Prater, to distract him from his work;—as they sat down in a solitary spot, Mozart began to speak of death, and said, that he was writing the "Requiem" for himself. Tears came into his eyes. "No, no," said he, as she tried to talk him out of these gloomy fancies; "I am too well convinced that I cannot last long: some one has certainly given me poison! I cannot get rid of this thought."—Believing that his illness was increased by the composition of the Requiem, his wife consulted a physician, who advised her to take the score from him. For some days there was a slight improvement in his health, and the performance of a little cantata, entitled "Das Lob der Freundschaft," revived his spirits so much, that he desired to have the Requiem again. The favourable symptoms were however of short duration; he became weaker and weaker, and died on the 5th December, 1791, at midnight. He had kept his bed for fifteen days before his decease. His disorder commenced with swelling of the hands and feet, which was followed by sudden fits of vomiting. He was perfectly sensible until two hours before his death, when the physician, M. Closset, ordered cold applications to his head, which shook him violently. The ordinary symptoms of inflammation of the brain were found to exist in Mozart. During his illness he was never impatient, except when he thought of the unprovided condition of his family. A favourite canary bird, which sang rather too loud for him at this time, was removed to a more distant chamber. A letter of his sister-in-law contains the following:

"The next day, (on which he died,) I called in the evening. How alarmed was I when my sister met me at the door with these words, 'God be thanked that you are come. Last night he was so ill that I did not think he would survive this day. If he should be so again, he will die to night—go to him and see how he is.' As I approached his bed, he called to me, 'I am glad you are here - you must stay to night and see me die.' I tried to persuade him out of this, but he answered, I have already *the taste of death upon my tongue*, I can feel it, and who will be with my Constance if you are not!' I only went away for a short time to give my mother some intelligence I had promised her, and when I came back to my disconsolate sister, Süssmaier was by Mozart's bed-side. Upon the counterpane lay the Requiem, and Mozart was explaining his meaning to him, that Süssmaier might complete the work after his death."

Benedict Schack, a performer in Schickaneder's theatre, was the confidential and intimate friend of Mozart, and much with him during the

* Salieri lay for some time under the imputation of this crime, from the eagerness of some of Mozart's friends who knew Salieri to be an implacable foe of the composer, and therefore supposed him capable of the atrocity. The wiser part looked upon these words of Mozart as the mere phantom of his imagination. •

composition of the 'Requiem. He relates that Mozart received fifty ducats for this work, half of them in advance. The greatest part of it was written in Trattner's garden.

"As soon as the composer had finished a movement, he went to the piano-forte, sung it, and played over the instrumentation. On the afternoon before his death, the score of the Requiem was brought to his bed-side, and Mozart and some friends sung it; himself the alto voice, Schack the soprano, Hofer, (Mozart's brother-in-law,) the tenor, and Gerle the bass. They reached as far as the first bars of the *Lacrymosa*, when Mozart was seized with such a violent fit of weeping, that the music was given over."

* * * * *

In the exterior of Mozart there was nothing remarkable; he was small in person, and had a very agreeable countenance, but it did not discover the greatness of his genius at the first glance. His eyes were tolerably large and well shaped, more heavy than fiery in the expression; when he was thin they were rather prominent. His sight was always quick and strong; he had an unsteady abstracted look, except when seated at the piano-forte, when the whole form of his visage was changed. His hands were small and beautiful, and he used them so softly and naturally upon the piano-forte, that the eye was no less delighted than the ear. It was surprising that he could grasp so much as he did in the bass. His head was too large in proportion to his body, but the hands and feet were in perfect symmetry, of which he was rather vain. The stunted growth of Mozart's body may have arisen from the early efforts of his mind; not, as some suppose, from want of exercise in childhood,—for then he had much exercise,—though at a later period the want of it may have been hurtful to him. Sophia, a sister-in-law of Mozart, who is still living, relates: "he was always good-humoured, but very abstracted, and in answering questions seemed always to be thinking of something else. Even in the morning when he washed his hands, he never stood still, but would walk up and down the room, sometimes striking one heel against the other; at dinner he would frequently make the ends of his napkin fast, and draw it backwards and forwards under his nose, seeming lost in meditation, and not in the least aware of what he did." He was fond of animals, and in his amusements delighted with any thing new; at one time of his life with riding, at another with billiards.

Mozart composed even during his recreation. Some friends, who were one day playing at billiards with him at a coffee-house in the suburbs of Prague, observed that while the game went forward he often took a book out of his pocket, cast a glance into it and played on, singing at the time the *Thema hm-hm-hm*. They were astonished and delighted when he played to them at Duschek's house the beautiful quintet in the *Zauberflöte* between Tamino, Papageno and the three ladies, which he had actually completed at the billiard-table. Many of the pieces in *Don Juan* were written in the garden of his friend Duschek during skittle-playing, which was an amusement there; when it came to Mozart's turn, he would leave his work, but as soon as it was over, he wrote on, without being disturbed by the talking and laughing about him.

The most extensive sympathy that ever musician possessed was Mozart's; he participated with Sebastian Bach in the beauty of the fugue, with Handel in the grandeur of church music, with Gluck in the serious opera, with Haydn in instrumental music, and in the universality of his genius surpassed them all.

AN HOUR AT A PUBLISHER'S.

[FROM THE ATHENÆUM, JULY 1, 1829.]

MR. COLOPHON*, as the public are aware, is one of the most eminent of London booksellers. He is overwhelmed with business; and gaining £10,000 a year, he cannot afford to keep half an hour a day to himself. I was desired to call on him by my uncle, the vicar, who wished to publish a tract against popery, and as he knew that the Dukes of Cumberland and Richmond were of his opinion, thought that it might be proper to employ a fashionable book-seller. I sallied, therefore, from Lincoln's-Inn, with a part of the MS. (which I confess I had not read,) in my pocket; and made my way to the residence of Mr. Colophon. I was desired by the gentleman in the shop to wait in a small room towards the rear of the premises, where I had not remained above three-quarters of an hour before the great publisher appeared. I was rejoicing at the hope of seeing my business ended; when the door was opened, and the gentleman from the shop entered, and said, Lady Amelia Aubrey was getting out of her carriage at the door. 'Good heavens!' exclaimed the publisher, 'the Baroness Bellevue is up stairs, correcting the proof-sheets of her new work; she cannot take them home, for fear her husband should discover her. Mr. —a—a, I beg your pardon. Good heavens! Lady Amelia is at the door, and you cannot go without meeting her. She would die at being seen by any of my back-parlour quizzes, as she calls them. My dear sir, I must intreat you to let me hide you in this book-case.'

So saying, Mr. Colophon opened the green silk door of the book-case (which did not contain shelves, much less books, and while I stepped into my cell, he assured me, that the moment he could find an opportunity to speak to me, he would let me out. He had scarcely time to turn the key before Lady Amelia entered.

'Well, Mr. Colophon,' she said, 'I hope you have made up your mind to give me the other two hundred for the MS.'

'Really,' answered the publisher, 'your ladyship must consider how many works I have had lately of the same kind.'

'Yes, sir,' she replied, 'but you must consider how few of the novels of fashionable life have been written by any one but cast-off secretaries, chaplains, apothecaries, ladies' maids, lawyers, and so forth.'

'I am sorry,' lisped the bibliopoliſt, 'to be obliged to remind your ladyship that this kind of article, as one of the gentlemen employed in my

* For Mr. Colophon read Mr. Colburn, the celebrated publisher.—*Ed. Cul. Mag.*

periodical observes, 'is like the goods used in traffic with savages. Excellence of workmanship is scarcely any object. The panegyrics in the newspapers, (which some people are so malignant as to pretend that I pay for, and the taste of the readers of circulating libraries level all differences of merit.'

'Then Mr. Colophon,' said the lady, 'I am quite convinced that the name of any person of fashion connected with the authorship of a book very much helps the sale. The lady mayoress, and I suppose she is a fair sample of the whole herd of vulgarians, said the other day, to the Baroness Bellevue, about her first work, that she had read it, and admired it vastly, on account of its having been written by a peeress. "For," added the absurd woman, "I read and admired every thing that is written by persons of rank and fashion. I detest plebeian literature." You can put that in one of your puffs, can you not? It will mystify the city people.'

'O! undoubtedly,' ejaculated Mr. Colophon, 'your ladyship's name will be of great service. As soon as the work is published, I will persuade my friend of the Morning Chronicle to attack the ladies of the aristocracy, for being so profligate as to write novels instead of codes of criminal law, and will make him add, in a note, as a piece of secret intelligence, that your ladyship is a flagrant delinquent.'

'O! you may say any thing you please about us in the Chronicle. If it were to attribute the book to Sontag or the Duchess of St. Albans, the report would not be contradicted, for nobody would ever see it. But to business, Mr. Colophon; I really must beg that you will add £200 to the £1000 we agreed on. I want the money; and I have spent almost as much in scent to keep me from fainting with the fatigue of authorship, and rose water to wash the ink from my fingers.'

'Your ladyship,' he replied, 'distresses me unutterably. But we really have had so many of these works and by persons of real fashion too.'

'Can you pretend sir,' exclaimed the lady, with a burst of the loftiest indignation, 'that any one, in a good set, has told so many secrets of her friends as I have in the novel which you want to buy so cheaply.'

'There I allow,' said the publisher, 'from what my literary friends inform me, that the work has extraordinary merit. Perhaps,' he continued, 'the matter might be arranged. There is a chapter, which I am told is rather long and heavy, giving an account of a debate in the House of Commons. Now, if your ladyship would substitute for that the secret history of this elopement, with which the papers are now filled, I can say that the £200 should be £300.'

'Certainly,' she answered, musing, 'that chapter is tedious; I own I intended it to be so, and therefore I took all the arguments on both sides of the question out of the MS. of a speech which Mr. Aubrey intended to deliver last session. I designed this part of the book to be rather sleepy, ~~that~~ the account of the intrigue between the hero and his cousin might have the more effect. That description is a little warm, and as I wished it to produce its full impression, I made the preceding pages a contrast to it. As you say, I might insert the true state of the game which the public, in their ignorance, have been betting on so absurdly. I was the

lady's only confidante; and I need colour but a very little to make it a very interesting chapter. But how will it come into my story? Let me see; yes, I have it. I will make my hero elope with the one woman as a blind for his views on the other. Then he shall leave her at Calais, and return to London to complete his triumph with the heroine. An excellent thought of yours, Mr. Colophon; but could you not say £350 in addition to the £1000. You know I may be abused for divulging the confidence of my foolish friend, who has spoiled her game so completely by this stupidity. You shake your head; well, I suppose I must agree to your terms; and at all events, I have not time to stay any longer, for I have promised to take a stall at a charitable bazaar.'

Lady Amelia Aubrey had not been gone an instant before the gentleman from the shop entered the room, and announced in a low diplomatic tone that Mr. William Winchester Wandrille had called, and desired to see Mr. Colophon; and thereupon Mr. William Winchester Wandrille made his appearance. I could perceive through a slit in the silk curtain that this gentleman was a person of great importance. He was very carefully dressed, and he carried himself with an air which seemed to assert his superiority over common authors, and all such vulgar people. He threw himself into a chair, and indicated to Mr. Colophon, by a motion of the hand, that he might be seated.

'I perceive,' said the man of fashion, 'that you have examined the volume of amatory poems I sent you; pray what price may I expect for the copyright. There are not many of them; I shall be satisfied with £500 for the first edition.' The bookseller's jaw fell, and his eyes grew round and staring '£500! Eh, Mr. Wandrille? £500 did you say for the first edition! Upon my word, Mr. Wandrille—I beg your pardon, sir—but upon my word I had rather intended ——' 'What, sir,' interrupted Mr. Wandrille, 'you had intended to offer me less for poems that have been admired by half the finest women in London. I beg I may hear no more on the subject. I shall expect to receive the draft for the £500 before six this evening.' And so saying, Mr. Wandrille was about to depart, when Mr. Colophon, with a look and accent of despair threw himself in his way and exclaimed, 'Only listen to me, sir, I entreat you for one minute. Poetry really finds no sale at present; no sale whatsoever; and as to love poems, most especially, I could not promise myself to dispose of a hundred copies. Then, then, sir, you must consider that in this case I should have to employ a person to correct the casual slips of the pen and errors of grammar, of which there are a good many in the manuscript; and to substitute other lines for those which have crept in from Moore and Byron. All this would cost money; so that on the whole I fear I must decline the undertaking.'

Mr. Wandrille for a moment appeared to be discomposed; and muttered something about having promised Lady Cecilia that he would publish his poems, and having given the long odds at his club that he would be in print before the day of the Derby.

Mr. Colophon again spoke, and said that he had something to suggest which might perhaps meet Mr. Wandrille's views. He offered to print

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the poems at Mr. Wandrille's expense, and added that a small edition would not cost above £150.

The author considered for a few moments and said, 'Do it for £100 and I agree. But see that you do not let it be known the book has cost me any thing, or I shall be quizzed to death.' Mr. Wandrille then departed, and endeavoured, as he left the room, to assume something of that bold supremacy of look which he had displayed at his entry.

Mr. Colophon accompanied his distinguished visitor to the outer door, and I hoped that I should be immediately released from my prison; but I could not account for the strange jostling and the unintelligible clamour which accompanied the return of the bookseller. These noises were soon explained by the appearance of the unfortunate Colophon between an Irishman and a Scotchman, who had been waiting to pounce on him. They both spoke together, and for some time I could not distinguish any thing they said. At last the publisher exclaimed aloud, 'Gentlemen, if both of you speak at once, it must be impossible for me to listen to either.' This added new fuel to the blaze of their eloquence, and each roared louder than before, in hopes of being first attended to. The Scotchman, however, who was the elder of the two, soon gave up the contest, and the Irishman began to state his business, prefacing it with an assertion that the other was very ungentelemanly for interrupting him, to which the Scotchman replied by muttering that it would be unworthy of a philosopher to mind hard words.

The Irishman was a youth upwards of six feet high, with a broad indistinctness of feature, which was scarcely marked by any characteristics but an enormous mouth and squinting eyes. 'My name is O'Rourke, and I have come from Ireland,' said the stripling, 'with a tragedy in my pocket; and I have been living here for three months, in hopes of having my play acted. But the managers of the theatres are very ungentlemanly; and so at last I have brought my work to you Mr. Colophon,' (therewith he produced from his pocket a club-like roll of paper), 'to request that you will publish it, and give me 200*l.* for it. It is very little to ask (for I am told that there have been above fifty editions of Shakspeare,) but I want the money immediately, for I found the living in London and frequenting the theatres very expensive, and I owe about 150*l.* Therefore, if you will just settle my business and let me go, I will lave you and this gentleman to arrange your affairs together. I have no objection to take the money either in notes or sovereigns, just as may be most convenient: I am not particular.'

'Really, sir,' said the bookseller, 'this is a most extraordinary application. My time is of importance; and, therefore, I may as well state to you at once, that I would not publish your tragedy if you were to give it to me for nothing.'

'Mr. Colophon,' answered the youth, 'do not insult my janius. I know that it has always been the custom for you pettifoggers to insult great men. But, sir, though Shakspeare, and Milfon, and Otway may have been thrated in this ungentlemanly way by their publishers, I tell you that my name is Theophilus O'Rourke, and I will not. You had better

give me the 200*l*. or I will shake your dirty soul out of your ugly car-kish.' .

'Mr. Simpson, Mr. Drake, Mr. Peebles!' exclaimed Colophon, to the gentlemen in the shop and they immediately entered the room. The bookseller desired one of them to go for a constable, and the other two to hold Mr. O'Rourke.

'Is it for a constable you'd be sending?' cried the Irishman, 'and is that the way you trade a jantleman for letting you publish this thragedy? now by the L—d, I tell you I would not give you a farthing to publish it—I would not let your unclain pathronymic go down to posterity on the title page of "Aspasia," (for that's the name of the tragedy I won't let you have the printing of), not if it did not cost me more than a sixpence.' And so saying Mr. Theophilus O'Rourke, who seemed to have had great difficulty in keeping his hands from the person of Colophon, broke from the house.

The attendants left the room, and the Scotchman and the publisher stood face to face. The former was a stout red-haired man, apparently under thirty; and he now said, very deliberately, 'Mr. Colophon, my name is Ninian Saunders; and I have been all my life a student. As you vary judiciously observed to that callant, wha, in my private opinion, is either wud or waur, a tragedy is an ower trifling and insigneeficant wark to have much success in sæ intellectual an age as ours. Na, na, sir, this is an age of pheelosophy, and I think ye wunna be displeased to hear that I hae brought you a part o' a treatise of intellectual pheelosophy; whilk has naething whatever to do with the outward world, nor with any thing that is comunonly talkit of, or understood, or felt by mankind in general. It is a leetle in the style of our Davy Hume, only with mair contempt for the prajudices o' society; and mair partic in the neeceties o' English composition. And as to the terms, I am not extravagant in my desires. Only as there is a muckle difference between warks o' a temporary and warks o' a permanant entarest, and as this one o' mine is more abstract, and therefore less likely to be affected by circumstances than any other exceesting, I do not ask more than seerve thousand pounds for the four volumes, whilk I have nac doubt you will see to be a vary moderate request.'

'I am sorry,' replied Mr. Colophon, 'that philosophical works are not in my line; and that I must, therefore, decline to enter into any negotiation on the subject.'

'O! vary weel,' replied the Scotchman, 'if your business is with more freevolous productions, you are doubtless vary right not to attempt a more lofty and ambeetious walk. I like familiarity in every mon. But I confess I did na think to have found any one in our age of intelluc wha wad clean throw away, as it were, his ain gude fortune. I wish you a vary gude morning.'

I was now set free from my confinement, and as my uncle, the vicar, was willing to pay the expense of printing his pamphlet, I settled my business with Mr. Colophon at less cost of trouble and wrangling than his other visitors.

MY FIRST INTERVIEW WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

[FROM THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.]

One fine day in the summer of 1801, as I was busily engaged working in the field at Ettrick House. Wat Sheil came over to me and said, that “I bond gang away down to the Ramseycleuch as fast as my feet could carry me, for there war some gentleman there wha wantit to speak to me.”

“Wha can be at the Ramseycleuch that wants me, Wat?”

“I couldna say, for it wasna me that they spak to i’ the byganging. But I’m thinking it’s the Shirra an’ some o’ his gang.”

I was rejoiced to hear this, for I had seen the first volumes of *The Minstrelsy of the Border*, and had copied a number of old things from my mother’s recital, and sent them to the Editor preparatory for a third volume. I accordingly went towards home to put on my Sunday clothes, but before reaching it I met with THE SHIRRA and Mr. William Laidlaw coming to visit me. They alighted and remained in our cottage for a space better than an hour, and my mother chanted the ballad of *Old Maitlan’* to them, with which Mr. Scott was highly delighted. I had sent him a copy, (not a very perfect one, as I found afterwards, from the singing of another Laidlaw,) but I thought Mr. Scott had some dread of a part being forged, that had been the cause of his journey into the wilds of Ettrick. When he heard my mother sing it he was quite satisfied, and I remember he asked her if she thought it had ever been printed, and her answer was “Oo, na, na, sir, it was never printed i’ the world, for my brothers an’ me learned it frae auld Andrew Moor, an’ he learned it, an’ mony mae, frae aye auld Baby Mettlin, that was housekeeper to the first laird o’ Tushilaw.”

“Then that must be a very auld story, indeed, Margaret,” said he.

“Ay, it is that! It is an auld story! But mair nor that, except George Warton and James Steward, there was never ane o’ my sangs prentit till ye prentit them yoursell, an’ ye hae spoilt them a’ thegither. They war made for singing, an’ no for reading; and they’re neither right spelled nor right setten down.”

“Heh—heh—heh! Take ye that, Mr. Scott,” said Laidlaw.

Mr. Scott answered by a hearty laugh, and the recital of a verse, but I have forgot what it was, and my mother gave him a rap on the knee with her open hand, and said, “It was true enough, for a’ that.”

We were all to dine at Ramseycleuch with the Messrs. Brydon, but Mr. Scott and Mr. Laidlaw went away to look at something before dinner, and I was to follow. On going into the stable-yard at Ramsaycleuch I met with Mr. Scott’s liveryman, a far greater original than his master, whom I asked if the Shirra was come?

“O, ay, lad, the Shirra’s come,” said he. “Are ye the chiel that mak the auld ballads and sing them?”

"I said I fancied I was he that he meant, though I had never made any very *anld* ballads."

"Ay, then, lad, gae your ways in an' speir for the Shirra. They'll let ye see where he is. He'll be very glad to see you."

During the sociality of the evening, the discourse ran very much on the different breeds of sheep, that curse of the community of Ettrick Forest. The original blackfaced Forest breed being always called the *short sheep*, and the Cheviot breed the *long sheep*, the disputes at that period ran very high about the practicable profits of each. Mr. Scott, who had come into that remote district to preserve what fragments remained of its legendary lore, was rather bored with the everlasting question of the long and the short sheep. So at length, putting on his most serious calculating face, he turned to Mr. Walter Brydon and said, "I am rather at a loss regarding the merits of this *very* important question. How long must a sheep actually measure to come under the denomination of a *long sheep*?"

Mr. Brydon, who, in the simplicity of his heart, neither perceived the quiz nor the reproof, felt to answer with great sincerity,—“It's the woo, sir—it's the woo that makes the difference. The lang sheep hae the short woo, and the short sheep hae the lang thing; and these are just kind o' names we gie them like.” Mr. Scott could not preserve his grave face of strict calculation; it went gradually away, and a hearty guffaw followed. When I saw the very same words repeated near the beginning of the Black Dwarf, how could I be mistaken of the author? It is true, Johnnie Ballantyne persuaded me into a nominal belief of the contrary, for several years following; but I could never get the better of that and several similar coincidences.

The next day we went off five in number, to visit the wilds of Rangleburn, to see if on the farms of Buccleuch there were any relics of the Castles of Buccleuch or Mount-Comyn, the ancient and original possession of the Scotts. We found no remains of either tower or fortalice, save an old chapel and church yard, and a mill and mill-lead, where corn never grew, but where, as old Satchells very appropriately says,

Had heather-bells been corn of the best,
The Buccleuch mill would have had a noble grist.

It must have been used for grinding the chief's black-mails, which, it is known, were all paid to him in kind. Many of these still continue to be paid in the same way; and if report say true, he would be the better of a mill and kiln on some part of his land at this day, as well as a sterling conscientious miller to receive and render.

Besides having been mentioned by Satchells, there was a remaining tradition in the country, that there was a font stone of blue marble, in which the ancient heirs of Buccleuch were baptized, covered up among the ruins of the old church. Mr. Scott was curious to see if we could discover it; but on going among the ruins we found the rubbish at the spot, where the altar was known to have been, digged out to the foundation,—we knew not by whom, but no font had been found. As there appeared to have been a kind of recess in the eastern gable, we fell a turning over some loose stones, to see if the font was not concealed there, when we came upon one half of a small pot, encrusted thick with rust. Mr. Scott's

eyes brightened, and he swore it was an ancient consecrated helmet. Laidlaw, however, scratching it minutely out, found it covered with a layer of pitch inside, and then said, "Ay, the truth is, sir, it is neither mair nor less than a piece of a tar pat that some o' the farmers hae been buisting their sheep out o', i' the auld kirk langsyne." Sir Walter's shaggy eyebrows dipped deep over his eyes, and suppressing a smile, he turned and strode away as fast as he could, saying, that "We had just rode all the way to see that there was nothing to be seen."

I remember his riding upon a terribly high-spirited horse, who had the perilous fancy of leaping every drain, rivulet, and ditch that came in our way; the consequence was, that he was everlastingly hogging himself, while sometimes his rider kept his seat despite of his plunging, and at other times he was obliged to extricate himself the best way he could. In coming through a place called the Milsey Bog, I said to him, "Mr. Scott, that's the maddest deil of a beast I ever saw. Can ye no gar him tak a wee mair time? He's just out o' ae lair intil another wi' ye."

"Ay," said he, "we have been very oft, these two days past, like the Pechs; we could stand straight up and tie our shoes." I did not understand the joke, nor do I yet, but I think these were his words.

We visited the old Castles of Thirlestane and Tushilaw, and dined and spent the afternoon, and the night, with Mr. Brydon of Crosslee. Sir Walter was all the while in the highest good-humour, and seemed to enjoy the range of mountain solitude, which we traversed, exceedingly. Indeed I never saw him otherwise. In the fields—on the rugged mountains—or even toiling in Tweed to the waist. I have seen his glee not only surpass himself, but that of all other men. I remember of leaving Altrive Lake once with him, accompanied by the same Mr. Laidlaw, and Sir Adam Fergusson, to visit the tremendous solitudes of The Grey Mare's Tail, and Loch Skene. I conducted them through that wild region by a path, which, if not rode by Clavers, was, I daresay, never rode by another gentleman. Sir Adam rode inadvertently into a gulf, and got a sad fright, but Sir Walter, in the very worse paths, never dismounted, save at Loch Skene to take some dinner. We went to Moffat that night, where we met with some of his family, and such a day and night of glee I never witnessed. Our very perils were matter to him of infinite merriment; and then there was a short-tempered boot-boy at the inn, who wanted to pick a quarrel with him, at which he laughed till the water ran over his cheeks.

I was disappointed in never seeing some incident in his subsequent works laid in a scene resembling the rugged solitude around Loch Skene, for I never saw him survey any with so much attention. A single serious look at a scene generally filled his mind with it, and he seldom took another; but here he took the names of all the hills, their altitudes, and relative situations with regard to one another, and made me repeat them several times. It may occur in some of his works which I have not seen, and I think it will, for he has rarely ever been known to interest himself, either in a scene or a character, which did not appear afterwards in all its most striking peculiarities.

There are not above five people in the world who, I think, know Sir Walter better, or understand his character better, than I do: and if I outlive him, which is likely, as I am five months and ten days younger, I will draw a mental portrait of him, the likeness of which to the original shall not be disputed. In the meantime this is only a reminiscence, in my own line, of an illustrious friend among the mountains.

The enthusiasm with which he recited, and spoke of our ancient ballads, during that first tour of his through the Forest, inspired me with a determination immediately to begin and imitate them, which I did, and soon grew tolerably good at it. Of course I dedicated The Mountain Bard to him:—

Blest be his generous heart for aye;
He told me where the relic lay,
Pointed my way with ready will,
Afar on Etnick's wildest hill,
Watch'd my first notes with curious eye,
And wonder'd at my minstrelsy:
He little ween'd a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.

LITERARY CHARACTER OF KING JAMES I.

[FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, NO. LXXXI. JULY, 1829.]

The literary character of James is, in general, unduly depreciated, and the reproach of pedantry has been cast without reserve on him and on his times, by many who never affix any distinct idea to the term. But whatever blame it infers may well be borne by the age which enjoyed Shakspeare and Jonson; which, we do not say possessed, but, in spite of party feeling, did unanimous justice to Bacon; which gave the first seeds of poetry to the mind of Milton; and which perfected that solid and majestic monument of the English language, the last translation of the Bible. The husk and shell which, as Sterne says, grow up with learning, were not always thrown away, either by the sovereign or by his people, but the fruit was relished and digested. There is a prejudice, very commonly felt, against a writing monarch, especially when he mingles in controversy with subjects; but Henry the Eighth had been a polemical author, Elizabeth was celebrated for her intellectual attainments, and whatever ridicule may attach to the scholar-like pursuits of James, it would doubtless have given occasion to far bitterer sarcasm, if the peaceful and unenterprising Stuart had shrunk from following the career of his predecessors, even in the field of literature. We cannot here enter into the examination of James's merits as a man of letters; but on this, as on many other points, we shall leave his cause in very good hands if we refer to the able pleading of Mr. D'Israeli,—a writer who seldom fails to bring new facts, original views, and the candour of a philosophic spirit, to his subjects—a man who has few rivals in a delightful department of our literature. James's choice of themes was, in general, unfortunate for his posthumous

reputation; the mass of his works would have met with neglect in modern times, whatever had been their quality; but in those which afford to readers of this day the fairest criterion of his abilities, we consider him, at least, entitled to the praise of a sensible and discerning writer, thinking justly, sometimes deeply, expressing his thoughts plainly, and happy in illustration. To compare him with the great wits and philosophers of his own or subsequent times would be extravagant; but many essayists have obtained celebrity without more substantial merit. Two of his works, the *Dæmonology* and the *Counterblast to Tobacco*, are a standing jest with numbers who probably never saw them. The *Counterblast* is a pamphlet drawn up for the people, in great good temper, with an occasional quiet strain of humour, and an ingenious array of familiar arguments, in a style directly opposed to pedantry, and in language, for the most part, as plainly English as that of Swift himself,—a circumstance worthy of remark in this and some other works of the king, considering how much he had been accustomed, during his earlier life, to write in the Scottish dialect, and how many of its peculiarities he is said to have retained in his conversation. Had the *Counterblast* been Greene's or Decker's, it would have passed as a very pleasant old tract. The *Dæmonology* is a compilation of the most prevailing doctrines as to certain supernatural agencies,—the summary treatise of a learned man, on a subject which had long occupied the learned.

‘While James was yet a stripling,’ says Mr. Gifford, in an excellent passage on this subject,* ‘he had been indulged with the cross-examination of the Scottish witches; for the defects of his education, which (thanks to the satellities of the regent and Elizabeth) was at once frivolous and gloomy, had rendered him eagerly inquisitive after supernatural agencies, in which he had been trained from infancy to believe. He appears to have furnished himself with all the magical lumber of the times; and from this, together with his small gleanings on the spot, to have drawn up his *Dialogue*, on which he apparently prided himself not a little. But James was an honest man; those who made him credulous could not make him cruel and unjust, and many things occurred which disturbed his confidence in his creed before he came to the throne of this kingdom. It may be reasonably doubted whether there was an individual in England who cared less about witches than James I., at the moment of his accession. In the act which made witchcraft felony, he rather, followed the led, and was pushed on by some of the wisest and best men of the age, who could scarcely restrain their impatience for the re-enactment of the old severities. Even then the king hesitated, and the bill was recalled and re-cast three several times, yet we are required to believe that witchcraft was scarcely heard of in this country ‘till the example of the *sapient* James made the subject popular!’”

To credit the tales of witchcraft was an error shared by James with a great majority of his people, both vulgar and refined; but that very inquisitiveness on the subject which has drawn upon him so much ridicule, at length enabled him to emancipate his mind almost, if not entirely, from the popular superstition. He disbelieved, or doubted, on enquiry and reflection; of those who sneer at his weakness, the greater number reject these fables, as the multitude of that day put faith in them, from prepossession, and the influence of general opinion. Because men have more light than their forefathers, they are too apt to imagine that they have better eyes. The anxiety of James to prevent wanton or careless sacrifices

* Introduction to Ford's Plays, vol. i., p. clxxi.

under the law which he had passed, was evinced by his caution to the judges on this point, his admonition to the young Prince Henry, on the same head, in a very kind and judicious letter,* and his dissatisfaction with Winch and Crew, followed by his own saving interference, in the case of the Leicestershire witches.

'It was not this calumniated prince,' says Mr. Gifford 'who in 1615, despatched that monster of stupidity and blood, Hopkins the witchfinder, and Stern, accompanied by two puritan ministers, and occasionally assisted, as it appears, by Mr. Calamy, "to see that there was no *fraud or wrong done*" and the good Mr. Baxter, who took no small satisfaction in the process. "The hanging of a great number of witches," as the latter says, "by the discovery of Hopkins in 1645-1646, is *famously known*." And, indeed, so it ought to be, for it was *famously* performed. In Suffolk, and the neighbouring counties, in two years only, Mr. Ady says there were nearly a hundred hanged; Hutchinson computes them at above fourscore; Butler says that, within the first year, threescore were hung in one shire alone; and Zachary Grey affirms that he "had seen a list of those who suffered for witchcraft during the Presbyterian domination of the Long Parliament, amounting to more than three thousand names!" Yet we hear of nothing but the persecution of witches by "the sapient James," and this base and sottish calumny is repeated from pen to pen without fear and without shame.'—*Introduction to Ford's Plays*.

The king's attention to literature was, at least free from the censure of costliness and prodigality which has attached to some of his habits. A negligent profusion was, indeed, one of his predominant vices, and it has been suggested (seriously or satirically) that his presents of money must have been calculated in pounds Scots. But, whatever imputation of weakness or improvidence may attach to the king on this head, it must always be remembered that the expenditure of his reign did, in fact, press very lightly on a peaceful and thriving nation; and that the difficulties he experienced in raising money sprang, not from the exhaustion of his subjects, but from the desire of their representatives to make rigid terms with a monarch whose predecessor had left the crown too proud and too poor. The magnificence which James encouraged in his family and favourites, if it be a reproach, was that of the country and the time. With the increase of wealth, a taste for luxury and exhibition had spread through all classes. The dramatists of that age perpetually revel in descriptions of vast riches, splendid show, and prodigal enjoyment. Long before James's accession, the citizens of London had petitioned for a relaxation of the sumptuary laws respecting apparel; and, on the other hand, it had been found necessary to prohibit the apprentices from wearing swords, rings, embroidery, silk, or jewels of gold or silver, and from going to any dancing, fencing, or musical schools. We wonder at the gorgeous attire of Hay and Buckingham; but the dress of a commonplace gallant in their time exceeded, in richness and expense, the most elaborate extravagance of our own simpler age. The sober liverymen of London decked themselves, on days of state, with chains of gold, pearl, or diamonds.† The wealthy merchant, Sir Paul Pindar, had a diamond valued at thirty thousand pounds, which he lent to the king on great occasions, but refused to sell.‡ It was said by the Prince of An-

* Where he observes, 'Ye have often heard me say that most miracles now-a-days prove but illusions.'—*Progresses of King James*, vol. i., p. 304.

† *Progresses of K. James*, iii. 551.

‡ *Ibid.* iii. 611. n. 2.

halt, in 1610, after seeing 'the pleasant triumphs upon the water, and within the city, which, at this time, were extraordinary, in honour of the lord mayor and citizens.' that 'there was no state nor city in the world that did elect their magistrates with such magnificence, except the city of Venice, unto which the city of London cometh very near.*' These exhibitions were more splendid, and though quaint and whimsical, savoured more of intellect and invention than the similar 'triumphs' of the present day.

In this age of splendour and expense, the amusements of Whitehall shone forth with surpassing brilliancy. The English court had far outstripped that of France in refined magnificence; and seldom, perhaps, in any country, have the arts which administer to elegant luxury been displayed in a more resplendent and fascinating union than when Queen Anne, with the flower of English beauty and nobility, presented one of those sweet and learned poetic visions, the masques of Johnson. Whatever was most perfect in music, song, dance, mechanism, or scenic decoration, combined to the grace these exquisite pageants; and the enchantments of a night, made glorious by such artificers as Ben and Inigo, and the colleagues with whom they were satisfied to labour, lived long in recollection and tradition, and were not fruitlessly remembered. There are numberless thoughts and turns of phrase in 'Comus,' and in other poems of Milton, which may be distinctly traced to the masques of King James's court. It has been said, and never was a bold assertion less happy, that the taste of Anne, in diversions of this kind, was 'vulgar;' the conclusion has probably been arrived at with the promptitude usual in such cases, by generalizing on some expressions of an ill-natured letter (obviously written in a moment of spleen and personal disappointment), in which Sir Dudley Carleton passes a brief criticism on the 'Masque of Blackness.'

COBBETT'S TREATISE ON INDIAN CORN.

[FROM THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, NO. XXI. JULY, 1829.]

It is a property of genius, not only to be in love with its chosen pursuit, but at the same time to make others in love with it. Mr. Cobbett writes about his own beloved corn, as he calls it, with an enthusiastic freshness that communicates itself to the most listless reader: it is hardly possible to keep the plough out of the ground as you read his description of the plant and the history of its cultivation. It is not, however, only so with this his last and greatest hobby, but it was so with all former ones. Which of his readers has not wished to plant locust trees? Who could turn over the Cottage Economy without envying the cabbage-garden and the bee-hive? How many orchardists have bought his apple-trees! When Cobbett loves, he loves with all his heart and soul: the contemplation of the object of his affections warms his imagination into a glow, and he grasps it with the athletic power of a man to whom nature

* *Progresses of King James*, vol. ii., p. 370.

has been liberal in both physical and intellectual gifts. Like all true lovers too, he finds no pleasure in aught else; he turns away with indifference from all but the favourite subject, and resents with the fury of a wild animal the solicitations of any other claimant upon his attentions. We are persuaded by Cobbett, that his corn is the best and greatest benefit that could be bestowed upon the country: but then we have before, under his influence, dreamed of nothing but locust trees; we have been wrapped in wonder over the productive power of cabbages; we have been taught by him to detest tea-slop, and to place the juice of John Barleycorn, and the fat of the pea-fed hog above all other earthly pleasures. If, therefore, we seem in our accounts of Cobbett's last and most amusing publication, to lean too much to the side of our author, it must be remembered, that we are easily persuaded by the rural Cobbett—the political is, to our minds, another and far less useful man.

The value of Indian Corn has never been disputed: it could not, by men who had ever seen the corn of America, or the maize of the more southern districts of France. Its introduction into England has not been speculated upon; for it was supposed there was an *in limine* objection, that in our climate it would not ripen. In the more northern part of France, for the same reason, its cultivation is not known, and in the map prefixed to Arthur Young's *Travels in France* and other countries, may be seen a line drawn across the country, which line he considered was the limit of the maize country. Neither has this experiment till now been tried, for Cobbett's corn is a different variety of Indian or American, from that cultivated either in the new or old world. It appears that it is a dwarfish species, and one which will not only ripen in this country, but produce results of fertility beyond that calculated upon in the United States in the most prosperous seasons. It was an accident which threw it into Mr. Cobbett's hands: his son brought some seeds from plants growing in a gentleman's garden in the French province of Artois, and it was only at this son's repeated entreaty that he was prevailed upon to try its effects. And even this entreaty from a son might not have prevailed, had not the influence of a sleepless night from the heat of summer, led to a conversation to be followed by results so important. The moment of conception of great designs is a proper subject of record, and every body has read Gibbon's pompous description of the scene and circumstances under which the idea of writing the history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire presented itself to his mind. Mr. Cobbett has marked minutely the epoch, which in future ages will be called the Epoch of the Rise of Indian Corn in England. It was on the 7th of June at night—the night was hot—Cobbett was lying with his son in a garden-house—they could not sleep—but it is right that the father of corn, the modern Triptolemus, should himself inform us of the origin of his offspring. It used to be said of a mineralogical professor at Cambridge, that he was as eloquent about a stone as another man could be on the death of his first-born. Cobbett is always eloquent, for all his subjects are his children, and he is as interested in the progress of Indian corn, or locust trees, or Newtown pippins, or whatever may take his fancy, as he is in that of John M., or James P. Cobbett, the two hopeful students of Lincoln's Inn.

MANNERS OF THE SWISS.

THE FAIR PAYSANNE.

[FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NO. CIII. JULY, 1829.]

It has long been the fashion to decry the morals of our French neighbours as notoriously bad, and to laud those of the tranquil and secluded Swiss as good, *par excellence*. To both of these established opinions there are an infinite number of exceptions, more especially to the latter. To the old saying *point d'argent, point de Suisse*, may be added—"seek not purity in the land where it is professed, as well seek it in a monastery." Many instances may be given of this, of which the following may serve as a specimen; though contrary, in its details, to the taste of those who see only innocence and simplicity in Alpine manners, and end their tours with the most delightful predilections, for the people. In a sweet village near Thoun, in the Canton of Berne, was a very handsome *paysanne*, one of the five daughters of a bricklayer: beauty is rare in the Cantons, both in mountain and valley, so that the attractions of this girl paved the way to her speedy celebrity. She was taken into the service of an affluent family of Berne, that treated her with extreme kindness, and regarded her in a light rather above the station of a domestic. They had an only son, who fell desperately in love with this woman, and contrary to Swiss ideas in general on these subjects, (as a hundred louis d'or more or less will often break off an engagement, if the fair possessing them meets the lover's eye a few weeks before he is to wed another,) he resolved to marry her. The parents would not hear of such a proposal, and he was driven to adopt the alternative of waving the ceremony, as the fair *paysanne* did not testify any stern scruples. She was maintained by her lover in comfort and even splendour, and the young Bernois continued entirely devoted to his passion. The steps of this woman through life were doomed to be marked with tragical events; and were any Swiss endowed with dramatic power, they would furnish a sufficiently impassioned and varied subject. In spite of the attachment and study of the youth to gratify her, in every thing, she either was not perfectly satisfied to inspire one flame alone, or else his own ardent feelings made him jealous on slight causes. He was jealous, however, with all the fury of an Italian, though this fury, instead of being turned on his mistress, was directed, unfortunately, solely against himself. One day he came resolved on deadly purposes to her door, being well-armed, and having an idea that he should find the object of his suspicions in company with that of his love. They proved to be vain, as she was discovered sitting alone and tranquil. The infuriated Swiss drew a pistol from his pocket and fired at her, inflicting only a wound in the arm, which, together with the fright, caused her to fall helpless on the floor. Persuaded he had slain the fair *paysanne*, he retreated to the head of the stairs, and heroically blew his brains out with the remaining pistol. The anguish of the parents

may be conceived, for he was their only child. The now lonely object of his affection, instead of losing her time in vain regrets and lamentations, determined, with the true feeling of her country to draw some pecuniary advantage from the circumstance. She accordingly brought an action against the parents for the wound inflicted on her by the son, and the confinement that resulted from it. Strange to say, the former agreed to allow her an annual income, in order to hush the proceedings. Covered with the *eclat* of this tragical event, she was no sooner recovered, than she resolved on fresh conquests. Her personal attractions, and the notoriety so lately conferred, rendered this no difficult circumstance, in a town the morals of which are so lax as at Berne. A wine merchant, in good circumstances, and a native of the place, was a successor in the attachment of this woman, whose extravagance and profusion in the course of a couple of years brought him to ruin and bankruptcy. When he was no longer able to supply the profusion of the fair *paysanne*, who seemed to regard all the good things of this life as made only for her enjoyment, she withdrew her countenance from him. The Bernois merchant was unable to endure the separation; he strove in vain against the hardness of his fate; and then, to end at once his sufferings and his love, he also blew his brains out. These events caused great notice, as they were so unusual in the annals of Swiss history, political or domestic; it being very rare for love to possess so absorbing an influence on the mind in this country, as to induce a man to forego life, liberty, and above all, the enjoyment of a good property, merely for a sentimental affection. Werter, it is true, is read, but who ever heard of his example being followed in this land before? it absolutely filled the natives with astonishment. Where divorces take place with such cordial goodwill on so many occasions, and are countenanced by the law—where love is lost and renewed, and lost again, by this calm, calculating people in whose eye the glittering louis d'or has infinitely more charms than Cupid or his mother—it might well excite surprise and deep comment, that two men of note should be so desperate in folly as to send themselves into the other world for a light and changeable love. The Swiss have been patriots, and flaming ones, though now no more so, and as such have justly and conspicuously figured in history; but whoever thought, either in the drama or in the tale, of making them figure as dying and despairing lovers—as helpless subjects of the soft, sweet passion, of contemning all things for its sake—riches, glory, life, &c.! The thing would carry contradiction in the face of it; but these events prove, as Lord B—— once observed, that there are things at times, in real life, wilder and more strange than the wildest romance. Previous to the last circumstance, the object of these violent deeds had returned to the village of Thoun, near the home of her fathers; where, installed in a good dwelling, she continued to receive the incense and adoration of admirers, neither shunned for her scandalous life, nor for the fatal events to which it had led; and at the intercession of one of the latter, who happened to be a man of greater note than those she had destroyed, was allowed by the magistrates often to come to Berne, although she had been exiled some time before to the distance

of a few leagues; and this distinguished individual went weekly to the authorities to obtain permission that so shameless a character should enter gates where neither corruption nor an enemy's foot once dared to come. That these things should take place in a land of such extreme and strict morality, may well be matter of surprise; but the boasted purity, as well as glory, of the land, is a thing now of record and remembrance, but not of practice.

SUPERSTITIONS OF ITALY.

THE WONDERFUL HISTORY OF FERRAGOSTO.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, FOR JULY.]

"Tempted by a beautiful spring-morning, I rose early, and quitted Florence by the gate of Santa Croce. Passing the mills and the fall of the Arno, I followed the direction of the river, and gazed with delight upon the fresh and lovely landscape. A vine-covered hill was crowned with small and elegant villas, which stood in relief before the romantic cliffs of Fiesole, still surmounted with Etruscan walls, and distinguished by the bold tower which serves as a belfry to the cathedral.

"I now began to observe that the fields are without labourers, and that every peasant I met was attired in holiday apparel, and proceeding with eager step, as if to some scene of festivity. Walking leisurely onward I reached at length a farm-house, before the door of which a young tree had just been planted. Streamers and knots of ribbands, adorned with tinsel, were suspended from the branches, and glittered gaily in the foliage; branches with similar adornments, and a crown of flowers, shaded one of the windows, and the air was resounding with the matin-music of several peasants. Suddenly the bowery window was opened, and three young peasant beauties, fresh and brilliant as the morning, appeared in picturesque costume, and repaid with graceful smiles the salutations of their friends and lovers. This pastoral scene reminded me that it was the first of May, and that the antique festival of Calendi Maggio was about to be celebrated by these happy dwellers in the vale of Arno. Soon the rustic minstrels began a lively measure, the young people assembled before the house, and, joining hands, danced with a rapid and bounding movement round the May-tree, while the older peasants were busily arranging breakfast upon a long table under the shade of a vine trellis which served as a vestibule to the house. This pleasing group formed a picture worthy of Teniers or Bassano, or rather of the more graceful pencil of Paolina Gauffier of Florence. Taking out my sketch-book, I began to draw the picturesque scene before me, and had nearly completed my pencil-sketch, when I was discovered. Immediately the master of the house approached me, and, with looks of cordial kindness, invited me to join their rural festival. While I hesitated to comply, one of his daughters left the circling group, and, presenting her hand, invited me to join

the dance. This temptation it was not in human nature to resist. I added another link to the chain of dancers, and we bounded round the May-tree with increased energy and rapidity. When the dance was concluded, I offered to my hosts the sketch I had made of their rustic festival, and it was honoured by immediate insertion in the frame of a coloured print representing the Wandering Jew; after which he sat down in cordial intimacy to breakfast. A diminutive and greyheaded old man, who had enlivened our rural meal by many pleasant songs, which he accompanied on the bass, was loudly summoned by the children after breakfast to tell them the wonderful history of Ferragosto, Calendr Maggio, and their sisters Befanna and Mezza Quaresima. He yielded at length to the solicitations of the whole party, to which I added mine, being curious to hear a specimen of the quaint and original eloquence of a rural *improvvisatore*. Immediately the peasants hoisted the little man upon the table, crowned him with a cap of gilt paper, and invested him with a printed bed-quilt by way of mantle. The orator then grasped a wine-flask coated with plated straw, and exclaimed:—"Ragazzi! Ragazze! e voi ultri tutti quanti, ascoltate!" After a pause, during which he applied the bottle to his lips, he said, with an air of ludicrous solemnity, "I had this true and pleasant history from Ferragosto himself. He told it me during his last appearance on earth, and I will give it you so exactly in his words and voice, that you may suppose him actually sitting before you." Then expanding his chest, and deepening his voice, he continued: "Dunque io son Ferragosto!" (Behold me then Ferragosto!) At these words the excited group became silent and motionless, and the children gazed with eager looks, and open mouths, upon Ferragosto, who now threw back his head, elevated his shoulders to increase his bulk, expanded his arms, and after looking gravely round the circle, began his recital, of which, however, I profess only to render the spirit, the language being in that burlesque style of the sixteenth century, which is endurable only in the original Italian.

"There was once a great king named Charlemagne, who was, besides, emperor of Rome. After many and many battles and conquests, he came into our country with a numerous retinue of great personages; and my father, although nothing but a sausage-maker of Belgioso, was one of the party. King Charlemagne prized men of talent in all classes of society; and my father, who was a distinguished artist in his line, was made much of at court. Unfortunately, however, he died upon the journey, after recommending his children to the paternal care of his good king and patron, whom we accompanied to Florence. The conqueror, who had destroyed so many cities, amused himself with rebuilding the city of Flowers. He collected there the population scattered through the neighbourhood; and many of his courtiers, to whom he granted feudal privileges, established themselves in Florence, and contributed to the embellishment of this new metropolis.

"Before his departure Charlemagne wished to see the environs of Florence, and being attracted by the high celebrity of the fairies of Fiesolè, he went there with a numerous retinue, in which were my brother, my two sisters, and myself. When the court had arrived before the *Buche delle*

Fate, at Fiesole, the Emperor deposited there some rich presents; and, in return, he was most graciously received by the fairies, who granted an especial boon to every one of his attendants. They made the famous paladin Orlando invulnerable; for it is altogether a mistake to say that he was born so. Maugis was endowed with all the knowledge requisite to make a good necromancer; and, in short every one had some favour granted, except my youngest sister, Mezza Quaresima, who would not ask any, and was cruelly punished, as you shall hear anon. For my own share, I requested the fairies to make me immortal. Satisfied, however, with a brief existence every year, I begged only for a renewal of life during the first week of August, and conditioned that this period should become a festival, during which my return to earth should be annually celebrated by rejoicings and banquets. You shall now hear how I terminate my annual existence. I go at midnight to the abode of the fairies, whose door is always open to me, and there I find a cask of wine, the delicious poison of which takes away my life. I drink and drink until I fall asleep, and then I expire in good faith, and very comfortably. On the day appointed for my resuscitation, the fairies bring me to life again in this manner. They cut open a large, fat, well-pickled sow, put me into the inside, and carefully stitch up the orifice. Then the fairies apply a melon to the pig's snout, through which the grateful odour penetrates to my nostrils. Gradually I return to life; the sow is again cut open, and I jump out of my grave as handsome and lively as ever.

“My brother Calendi Maggio was gifted with music, and ever since, the first of May has been a festival on which the Tuscans honour his memory by songs and May-trees. My eldest sister Befana had the audacity to beg that she might herself become a fairy, and her ambition was gratified on condition that every year, on the night of the sixth of January, she would frighten the children by threatening to cut in two all those who plagued their nurses, or would not eat their porridge without pulling faces. My other sister, who unwisely rejected the proffered gifts of the fairies, had soon reason to repent; for, had she only asked permission to eat meat in Lent, she would have escaped a miserable death. During her pregnancy, she was seized at Mid-Lent with an irresistible longing for a Bologna sausage; and, to make bad worse, she devoured it eagerly, and without cooking. This heinous crime was discovered, betrayed, and pronounced unpardonable. My poor sister was condemned to the dreadful punishment of being sawn in two, and the only remission granted was the privilege of dying incognita in the garb of a nun. In memory of this catastrophe, and in the Piazza Badella, the very spot where it took place, the sad spectacle is renewed every year at Mid-Lent, by sawing in two a wooden puppet, which is still called the *Monaca*.”

ARABS OF MUSCAT.

[FROM THE ORIENTAL HERALD, FOR JULY, 1829.]

The appearance, dress, and manners of the Arabs of Muscat, differ but little from those of Yemen, and the coast of Hadramaut. In stature, they are of the middle size, but almost invariably slender. Their physiognomy is not so marked as that of most of the Desert Arabs, from their race being more mixed with foreigners brought among them by trade. The complexions of those of pure Arab descent, are much fairer here than in any part of Arabia that I have visited, from the southern borders of Palestine, to the Indian Ocean—though, excepting the plains of Babylonia, Muscat is the hottest place I ever experienced, in any part of the world. From the preference which seems to be given here, to handsome Abyssinian women over all others, there are scarcely any persons able to afford this luxury, who are without an Abyssinian beauty, as a wife, a mistress, or a slave. This has given a cast of Abyssinian feature, and a tinge of Abyssinian complexion, to a large portion of the inhabitants of Muscat; besides which, there are many handsome, tall and young slaves, who are assigned the most honourable places, as rulers of their masters' household, though still slaves; and others again, who by the death of their masters, or other causes, have obtained their freedom, and enriched themselves, so as to become the principal merchants of the place.

A distinguished person of this last description, had recently arrived here with all his family and suite from Bombay. This man was a native of Gondar, tall, handsome, and of regular features, approaching to the European form; but his complexion was a jet black, and his hair short and woolly, though he had nothing else in his appearance that was African. He was originally brought from Massowah, on the Red Sea, and sold as a slave at Muscat. Having the good fortune to serve a most excellent master, and being himself a faithful servant, he was admitted an adopted heir to all the property, there being no children to claim it; and, as is not unfrequently the case in similar instances, of a faithful slave serving a benevolent owner, he was invested with all the property by will, before his master's death. Not long after, or when the time required by the law had been fulfilled, he married the widow of his benefactor, and took her and all her relatives under his protection. Making a voyage to India, he remained long enough, as a fixed resident in Bombay, to establish his domicile there and in virtue of this, was considered to be a British subject and permitted as such, to sail his vessels under the British flag. One of these, the *Sulimany*, commanded by an English captain, touched at Muscat, on her way to Bussorah. Some slaves were put on board of her, against the English captain's remonstrances; and the agents of the owner, who was himself at Bombay, seemed to think, that though the principal was sufficiently an Englishman, by adoption or domicile, to obtain an English flag for his vessels; yet that they were sufficiently

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Arabs to be justified in conducting their own business, even in these ships, as Arab merchants. The Sulimany sailed for Bussorah, was examined and captured by his Majesty's ship *Favourite*, the Hon. Captain Maude, in the Gulf, was sent to Bombay, and there condemned in the Court of Admiralty, as a lawful prize for being found with slaves on board, under English colours, and accordingly condemned. The Abyssinian, finding his interests shaken by this stroke in India, had returned to what he considered his real home, and had brought all his family and domestics with him. There were many genuine Abyssinians, and others mixed with Arab blood in their descent, settled here, as merchants of wealth and importance, and this returning Abyssinian was received among them all with marks of universal respect and consideration. There are also found here, a number of African negroes; but these from their inferiority of capacity and understanding to the Abyssinians, seldom or ever obtain their freedom, or arrive at any distinction, but continue to perform the lowest offices, and the most laborious duties, during all their lives.

These three classes are all Mahomedans, and of the Soonee sect. Their deportment is grave, and their manner taciturn and serious; but there is yet an air of cheerfulness, and a look of content, and good-nature, mixed with what would be otherwise forbidding by its coldness. Beards are universally worn, but these are by nature thin and scanty; they are generally preserved of the natural colour, and not dyed, as with the Persians; though henna, the stain used for that purpose, is here applied freely to the soles of the feet and the palms of the hands, as well as cohel, or surmeh, the Arabic and Turkish names of antimony, to the eyes, from an idea that it increases their sparkling effect, and preserves the sight. Rings are sometimes worn, with the turquoise, or firouzi stone, set in them. The dress of the men is simply a shirt and trowsers, of fine muslin, slightly girded round the waist, open sandals of worked leather, and a turban of small blue, checked cotton with silk and cotton border, of red and yellow,—a manufacture peculiar to the town of Sahar, to the north-west of Muscat, on the coast. In the girdle is worn a crooked dagger; and over the shoulders of the merchants is thrown a purple cotton cloth, of Surat; while the military, or people of government, wear a neatly made wooden shield, hung by a leathern strap over the shoulder, and either hang the sword loosely above it, or carry it in their hand. Nothing can surpass the simplicity of their appearance, or the quality of value, between the dresses of the wealthiest and the lowest classes of the people. The garments of the prince, taken altogether, without his arms, could not have cost more, I should conceive, than about an English guinea; and his arms were not nearly so costly as is usual among the northern Arabs and the Turks. Notwithstanding which however, the people of Muscat seemed to me to be the cleanest, neatest, best dressed, and most gentlemanly of all the Arabs, that I had ever yet seen, and inspired, by their first approach, a feeling of confidence, good-will, and respect.

CHARACTER OF THE TURKS.

[FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST.]

The Turk is a voluptuary on principle. In office or out of it, invested with power, or lazily whiling away his days, his woman and his pipe, opium or the bottle, together with his personal decoration, engage and absorb the greater part of his thoughts and his time. His harem is the most ornamented part of his establishment, and woman the chief drain upon his expenditure: when at home he is chiefly with them, and they are brought up in utter ignorance of every thing but the obligation and the art of ministering to the gratification of their lord and master. The man of quality in Constantinople assumes a look of gravity—we take the chief features from Mr. Madden's *Travels in Turkey*, &c.—walks a slow pace, has an air of indolence and shuffles somewhat in his gait. This is a mark of *bon ton*. He wears his turban over his right eye, sports a nosegay, and an immense structure of pantaloons, and smokes his clubbouque for hours, without uttering a word, wrapped in solemn reverie. This is true dignity. Relaxing from the fatigues of dignity, he slides along the streets towards the coffee-house, with an amber rosary dangling at his wrist, looking neither to the right nor the left, nor even regarding any thing that meets his eye—the corpse of a rayah, or the truncated head of a Greek. The trembling Jew flies at his approach; and the unwary Frank, if he obstructs his path, gets elbowed out of the way, it is too troublesome to kick him. On reaching the caffè, an abject Christian, an Armenian, salaams him to the earth.—spreads the newest mats for the Effendi, presents the richest cup, and kisses the hem of his garment, or at least his hand. If the coffee displeases, the Turk storms, and perhaps hurls the cup, with a thousand curses on his mother, at the head of the frightened Armenian. If a friend enters the apartment, some minutes elapse before they exchange salaams, and if conversation ensues, it is only by a word at a time, and at intervals of the smoking of a pipe. Topics of discourse are usually scarce. One exhibits a knife, and the other examines it, hilt and blade, and when he has got through his pipe, exclaims, with reference to the workmanship, or his own enjoyments, “God is great!” A brace of pistols is next produced—this is an eternal theme—eternal, as a topic, like the weather with us, not of continuous conversation. They are admired, and in due time honoured with the same exclamation as the knife; and nothing farther is uttered, till perhaps some learned Ulema (the ulemas are the great talkers, like the lawyers elsewhere,) expatiates upon some interesting point, astronomy or politics, for the edification of the smokers. How, for instance, the sun shines in the east and the west, and every where beams on a land of Moslems—how the Padishaws of Europe pay the Sultan tribute—how the Giaours of England are greater than those of France, because they make better knives and pistols—how the Dey of Algiers took the Eng-

lish admiral in the late engagement, destroyed his fleet, and dismissed him on condition of paying an annual tribute—and how the Christian ambassador came, like a dog, to the footstool of the Sultan, to feed on the imperial bounty. The Effendi now quits the café with the usual pious ejaculation, tie waiter bowing him out, in the fulness of his gratitude for the fourth part of a farthing, and retires haughtily and slowly to his harem, glancing, perhaps, at a merry-andrew as he moves along, but never suffering even a smile to play upon his lips.

In the harem, the women vie with each other in eliciting the smiles of their common lord; one shows the rich silk she has embroidered for his vest, another plays on a sort of spinet, and a third displays her voluptuous form in a *pas de seul*. At his evening ablutions, one obsequious lady fetches a phial of rose-water to perfume his beard, another brings a mirror with a mother-of-pearl handle, another carries an embroidered napkin. Supper is brought in by a host of slaves and servants; for, contrary to the common representation, especially Pouqueville's, in most harems, Mr. Madden says, the ordinary attendants have access to the women's apartments. The ladies stand before the great man while he eats; and when he finishes, fresh dishes are brought in, and the ladies show their breeding by helping themselves with the finger and thumb only, and in not very voraciously swallowing the sweetmeats. After supper, small bottles of rosoglio are often produced; and of this liqueur, Mr. Madden, whose profession gave him frequent admittance to these sacred retreats, has seen the ladies take three or four glasses in the course of a few minutes. One of the first slaves generally presents the pipe on his knee, and sometimes one of the wives brings the coffee, and kisses her lord's hand at the same time. The ceremonial is, perhaps, often loosely observed; and Pouqueville must be mistaken, in asserting the Turks return to their harems without relaxing one particle of their gravity. The evening is often spent with all the levity and tumult of licentiousness, and roars of laughter are audible in adjoining houses. Mr. Madden even ascribes the gravity of the Turk, during the day, to the exhaustion of his spirits from previous excitement. In company with a French physician, he often dined with a young Effendi, who had no scruple about exhibiting his wives, who attended on the guests at table. He has seen a Turk reclining on the divans, smoking his long chibouque, and one of his wives, generally the favourite, shampooing his feet with her soft fingers, and performing this operation for hours together. This must be supreme luxury. The most delightful of his reveries, when eating opium, a Turk assured him, was imagining himself thus shampooed by the dark-eyed houriet of Paradise.

Mr. Madden has entered the penetralia of harems belonging to high and low, and, among the lowest, found no dearth of luxury or loveliness. In the harem of a pipe-manufacturer, who kept a stall in the bazaar, he was ushered into an apartment furnished with costly carpets and richly-covered divans. Among the women, he distinguished the pale Circassian, the languid Georgian, the slender Greek, and the voluptuous Ottoman. His skill and his patience were taxed by all, but only one, a Sciote girl just purchased, required his assistance. The malady of the

poor girl was grief, and the burden of her complaints importunities to him to persuade her master to sell her, and get some Christian to redeem her: which eventually he accomplished, and had the pleasure of seeing the grateful Sciotte return to her countrymen. She had cost the Turk three hundred dollars, while all the pipes on his stall were not worth fifty. But this was not the only case, in the matter of domestic expense, which surprised Mr. Madden. "There is hardly a Turk of my acquaintance," says he, "who does not lead a life of indolence, smoke his pipe all day, spend his time in sauntering from caffi to caffi, sport a splendid suit at the Beiram Turkish Easter, and maintain three or four wives, and double the number of slaves; and yet has no ostensible means of living, no profession, no apparent income, no available resources. Such is the condition," he adds, "of two-thirds of Constantinople." These cannot all subsist upon extortions from the Rayahs, as Mr. Madden apparently supposes; many of them are probably owners of Siams and Timares; but Turks will not talk of their affairs. If you ask a question, all the answer you get is, "God is great,"—which puts an extinguisher upon further enquiry.

Turkish women, however high their rank, Mr. Madden affirms, can neither read nor write. Dr. Clarke must have mistaken the papers found in the Seraglio, for such as were probably written by the black eunuchs. In all his travels in the Turkish empire, Mr. Madden never found but one who could write, and that was a Damietta. She was a Levantine Christian, and her peculiar talent was regarded as something superhuman. Dr. Clarke describes the teeth of Turkish women as generally dyed black, which Mr. Madden denies, with a *credat Judæus*. To Mr. Madden, the women appear never to feel the constraint of confinement. They are gay and happy; they embroider, play on a rude sort of spinnet, and sing intemperate songs—voice and music equally execrable. They are the loveliest women in the world as to features, but their forms have no advantage of dress; they are kept in no shape, and to be fat is an object of passionate desire. Their complexion is carefully preserved—pale and transparent—and beautifully contrasted by very black hair, and eyes as soft and dark as the gazelles. "Their eyes are full of sleep, and their hearts full of passion." The larger the eye, and the more arched the brow, the greater the charm. The frequent use of the bath softens and smooths the complexion, but renders it more sensible to the insidious approaches of time. Personal attractions are, of course, all in all with Turkish women, and every art is used to enhance them. Cosmetics abound, and Mr. Madden got into high favour with one lady by suggesting a substitute for something, the use of which she disliked. The *surme*, a sort of pigment, is used not to elevate the arch of the brow, but to extend it; the beauty of the eye depends on the elongation, and the Turkish ladies have made the discovery. They stain their nails and finger-tops yellow, and some even the toes. Women of a lower rank use rouge, but others only paint the lips. Amulets are worn in abundance, for various purposes—to make them fat, or fruitful; or to avert an evil eye, or the devil. A triangular piece of paper is worn to preserve the lustre of the eye, and a bag with mummy-dust for some-

thing else. Notwithstanding their size, they are graceful in their movements—easy, and even elegant, in their manners; and, “strange as it may sound,” says Mr. Madden, with some enthusiasm, “I have often thought there was as much elegance of attitude displayed in the splendid arm of a Turkish beauty, holding her rich chibouque, (the ladies smoke,) and seated on her Persian carpet, as even in the form of a lovely girl at home, bending over her harp, or floating along with the music of the waltz.”

The confinement to the walls of the harem is neither so close nor so irksome, continues Mr. Madden, as most people imagine. “The women visit one another frequently; and once a-week they revel in the bath, which is the terrestrial paradise, the Italian opera, in Turkey, of a Mahometan lady. They pass the entire day there; breakfast, dine, and sup in the outer apartment, and are as happy as possible. They have plenty of looking-glasses, and lots of sugar-plums. Lady M. W. Montague’s description of the bath would be excellent, if it were correct; but her Ladyship has certainly overlooked the features of her beauties too much, and has exhibited truth, though *in puris naturalibus*, in too attractive forms. Here whatever hygrine is practised, is usually carried on through the medium of female emissaries; but I believe it to be less than in any large city in Christendom—the penalty is death! The detection of a single imprudent act, every woman knows, leads to a short consultation with the Cadi, and that summary process to the Bosphorus, through the intervention of a eunuch and a sack. The ladies are therefore extremely circumspect.”

Mr. Madden was present at a Turkish feast, given by a Bey of Anatolia, a patient of his; a Byn Bashi and a Cadi were among the guests, and of course all the refinement of Constantinople was practised. The entertainment of the evening consisted of a series of cruelties, under the name of practical jokes, played off upon a hired buffoon. It was the wretch’s trade, and he bore marks enough of the effects on his cicatrized visage. Powder was exploded in his pipe, which drove the tube against the palate with great violence, and bathed the lips in blood, the sight of which excited roars of merriment. A plate was then filled with flour, and in the flour were stuck twenty short pieces of lighted candle. The buffoon and his companion, placed on their knees in the centre of the room, opposite each other, held the plate with their teeth, and at a signal, blew the particles of flour through the flame into each other’s faces. The slowest performer of course suffered most; the victim was severely burnt in the upper part of the face and brows; but this was all the fun, and shouts of savage laughter rose, as the miserable fellow smeared oil over his face to allay the pain.

Rum and rakee are drunk as freely as Europeans might drink small-beer. Mr. Madden himself gave a dinner to five respectable Turks, one a merchant of large property. He provided three bottles of rum and three of strong Cyprus wine. The rum was exhausted before the second course. Though two of them were very tipsy, it did not prevent their joining in the Morning prayer. Their host had some difficulty in preventing one of the party from shooting a Greek at an opposite window.

The tenure of land, according to Mr. Madden, is not a whit more secure than the honour of office, which sanctions the rapacity of the holder. The first and best security in Turkey is the settlement called *Vacuf*, by virtue of which, property, whether money, land, or houses, is given in reversion to some mosque. This is inviolable; the Sultan cannot touch a paras of it: at the death of the possessor, the property goes to the next heir; and in default of heirs, falls to the mosque. The *Vacuf* is thus gradually absorbing the whole property of the country. There are in cases of litigation, several courts of justice, and the plaintiff, it seems, chooses as he pleases. This choice is represented as an advantage, because he gives the first bribe; but this, surely, may as well be regarded as favourable to the defendant, for when he knows what the plaintiff has done, he has only to bid above him. For a few piastres you may get witnesses to swear any thing; and for a little more you may have your adversary decoyed into a caffe, treated with opium and tobacco, and seduced into the admission of any thing you please. No Christian evidence is a trussible against a Turk; but then the Christian has only to purchase Moslem evidence, which may be had on easy terms. "It is difficult to do justice," said one conscientious Cadi to another, where one of the parties is rich, and the other poor."—"No!" replied his less scrupulous friend; "I find no difficulty in such case, I always decide for the rich; the difficulty is when *both* are rich!"

Mr. Madden contrasts the characters of the Greek and Turk, and sums up nearly in these terms. The Turks are generally considered to be *honest*er than the Greeks, and perhaps they are, or at least they appear so. If they are not so ready at lying, it is because they are too stupid to lie with dexterity. Their probity depends, not on any moral repugnance to deceit, but solely on their want of talent to deceive. "I never," says he, "found a Turk who kept his word when it was his interest to break it; but then, I never knew a Greek who was not superfluously and habitually a liar. He is subtle in spirit, insidious in discourse, plausible in manner, and indefatigable in dishonesty. He is an accomplished scoundrel; and beside him, the Turk, with all the desire to defraud, is so *gauche* in knavery, that, to avoid detection, he is constrained to be honest."

Mr. Madden will not deny the bravery of the Turks; but of course, every body knows how to fight best behind stone walls. He gives a ludicrous, and perhaps not very exaggerated account of an engagement between them and the Greeks. This is the spectacle:—"After the dreadful note of preparation has long been heard, the two armies appear in the field, at a convenient distance from each other—the Greeks, the most religious people in the world, posted, probably, behind a church; the Ottomans, the best soldiers in the world for a siege, affording their lines the shelter of a wood, or perhaps a wall. Instead of the thunders of the artillery, comes a parley, on the classic ground, and in Homeric style; the Moslems magnanimously roaring, 'Come on, ye uncircumcised Gaiours, we have your masters for our slaves! May the birds of Heaven defile your fathers' heads! Come on, ye Caffres!' The descendants of Themistocles, not a whit intimidated, vociferate in return, 'Approach, ye

turbated dogs ! come and see us making wadding of your koran ! Look at us, trampling on your faith, and giving pork to your daughters ! Then follow two or three-hundred shots, the armies meanwhile invisible to each other ; and, when ammunition fails, a few stones fly. At night, when the carnage ceases, the dead prove to amount to half-a-dozen a-side, most of them from the bursting of guns. The Greeks wrangle over the bodies of their own men for the shirts, and the Turks cut off the ears of their fallen friends, to send to Constantinople as trophies from the heads of the rebels. At Napoli, the Greek chants a *Te Deum* for his victory over God's enemies ; and at Constantinople, the Turk glorifies the Prophet for the defeat of the Infidels ; at home, the 'Times' exults on the great victory achieved by the struggling Greeks, and the 'Courier' tells of the signal defeat the Greek rebels have just sustained. Such is the arrogance of the Turks, the effrontery of the Greeks, and the cowardice of both. *Lector judice !*"

THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S TEETOTUM.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST.]

AT the foot of the long range of the Mendip hills, standeth a village, which, for obvious reasons, we shall conceal the precise locality of, by bestowing thereon the appellation of Stockwell. It hath in a nook, or indentation, of the mountain ; and its population may be said, in more than one sense of the word, to be extremely dense, being confined within narrow limits by rocky and sterile ground, and a brawling stream which ever and anon assumes the aspect of an impetuous river, and then dwindles away into a plaything for the little boys to hop over. The principal trade of the Stockwellites is in coals, which certain of the industrious operative natives sedulously employ themselves in extracting from our mother earth, while others are engaged in conveying the "black diamonds" to various adjacent towns, in carts of sundry shapes and dimensions. The horses engaged in this traffic are of the Rosmante species, and, too often, literally raw-boned ; inasmuch, that it is sometimes a grievous sight to see them tugging, and a woful thing to hear their masters swearing, when mounting a steep ascent with one of the afore said loads.

Wherever a civilized people dwell, there must be trade : and consequently, Stockwell hath its various artisans, who ply, each in his vocation to supply the wants of others ; and moreover, it hath its inn, or public house, a place of no small importance, having for its sign a swinging creaking board, whereon is emblazoned the effigy of a roaring, red, and rampant Lion. High towering above the said Lion, are the branches of a solitary elm, the foot of which is encircled by a seat especially convenient for those guests whose taste it is to "blow a cloud" in the open air ; and it is of two individuals, who were much given thereon to enjoy there "*otium cum dignitate*," that we are about to speak.

George Syms had long enjoyed a monopoly in the shoemaking and cobbling line, though latterly two oppositionists had started against him,) and Peter Brown was a man well to do in the world, being "the man wot" shod the raw-boned horses before mentioned, "him and his father, and grandfather," as the parish-clerk said, "for time immemorial." These two worthies were regaling themselves, as was their wonted custom, each with his pint, upon a small table, which was placed for their accommodation, before the said bench. It was a fine evening in the last autumn; and we could say a great deal about the beautiful tints which the beams of the setting sun shed upon the hills' side, and undulating distant outline, and how the clouds appeared of a fiery red, and, more of a pal yellow, had welcome for description: but neither George Syms nor Peter Brown heeded these matters, and our present business is with them.

They had discussed all the village news—the last half of the last pipe had been puffed in silence, and they were reduced to the dilemma wherein many a brace of intimate friends have found themselves—they had nothing to talk about. Each had observed three times that it "was very hot, and each had responded three times—"Yes, it is." They were at a perfect stand still—they shook out the ashes from their pipes, and yawned simultaneously. They felt that indulgence, however grateful, is apt to cloy, even under the elm-tree, and the red rampant lion. But, as Doctor Watts says,

"Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do,"

and they agreed to have "another pint," which Sally, who was ever ready at their bidding, brought forthwith, and then they endeavoured to rally; but the effort was vain—the thread of conversation was broken, and they could not connect it, and so they sipped and yawned, till Peter Brown observed, "It is getting dark."—"Ay," replied George Syms.

At this moment an elderly stranger, of a shabby-genteel appearance, approached the Lion, and enquired the road to an adjoining village. "You are late, sir," said George Syms.—"Yes," replied the stranger, "I am;" and he threw himself on the bench, and took off his hat, and wiped his forehead, and observed, that it was very sultry, and he was quite tired—"This is a good house," said Peter Brown; "and if you are not obliged to go on, I wouldn't, if I were you."—"It makes little difference to me," replied the stranger; "and so, as I find myself in good company, here goes!" and he began to call about him, notwithstanding his shabby appearance, with the air of one who has money in his pocket to pay his way.—"Three make good company," observed Peter Brown.—"Ay, ay," said the stranger. "Holla there! bring me another pint! This walk has made me confoundedly thirsty. You may as well make it a pot—and be quick!"

Messrs. Brown and Syms were greatly pleased with this additional guest at their symposium; and the trio sat and talked of the wind, and the weather, and the roads, and the coal trade, and drank and smoked to their hearts' content, till again time began to hang heavy, and then the stranger asked the two friends, if ever they played at teetotum.—

"Play at what?" asked Peter Brown.—"Play at what?" enquired George Syms.—"At tee-to-tum," replied the stranger, gravely, taking a pair of spectacles from one pocket of his waistcoat, and the machine in question from the other. "It is an excellent game, I assure you. I assure you, my masters!" and he forthwith began to spin his teetotum upon the table, to the no small diversion of George Syms and Peter Brown, who opined that the potent ale of the Ramping Red Lion had done its office. "Only see how the little fellow runs about!" cried the stranger, in apparent ecstasy. "Holla, there! Bring a lantern! There he goes, round and round—and now he's asleep—and now he begins to reel—wobble wobble—down he tumbles! What colour, for a shilling?"—"I don't understand the game," said Peter Brown—"Nor I neither," quoth George Syms; "but it seems easy enough to learn."—"Oh, ho!" said the stranger; "you think so do you? But, let me tell you, that there's a great deal more in it than you imagine. There he is, y u see, with as many sides as a modern politician, and as many colours as an Algerine. Come, let us have a game! This is the way!" and he again set the teetotum in motion, and capered about in exceeding glee.—"He, he, he!" uttered George Syms; "Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed Peter Brown; and being wonderfully tickled with the oddity of the thing, they were easily persuaded by the stranger just to take a game together for five minutes, while he stood by as umpire, with a stop-watch in his hand.

Nothing can be much easier than spinning a teetotum yet our two Sto-kwellites could scarcely manage the thing for laughing; but the stranger stood by, with spectacles on nose, looking alternately at his watch and the table, with as much serious interest as though he had been witnessing, and was bound to furnish a report of a prize-fight, or a debate in the House of Commons.

When precisely five minutes had elapsed, although it was Peter Brown's spin, and the teetotum was yet going its rounds, and George Syms had called out y flow, he demurely took it from the table and put it in his pocket; and then, returning his watch to his fob, walked away into the Red Lion, without saying so much as good-night. The two friends looked at each other in surprise, and then indulged in a very loud and hearty fit of laughter; and then paid their reckoning, and went away, exceedingly merry, which they would not have been, had they understood properly what they had been doing.

In the meanwhile the stranger had entered the house, and began to be "very funny" with Mrs Philpot, the landlady of the Red Lion, and Sally, the purveyor of beer to the guests thereof; and he found it not very difficult to persuade them likewise to take a game at teetotum for five minutes, which he terminated in the same unceremonious way as that under the tree, and then desired to be shewn the room wherein he was to sleep. Mrs Philpot immediately, contrary to her usual custom, jumped up with great alacrity, lighted a candle, and conducted her guest to his apartment; while Sally, contrary to her usual custom, reclined herself in her mistress's great arm-chair, yawned three or four times, and then exclaimed, "Heigho! it's getting very late! I wish my husband would come home!"

Now, although we have a very mean opinion of those who cannot keep a secret of importance, we are not fond of useless mysteries, and therefore think proper to tell the reader that the teetotum in question, had the peculiar property of causing those who played therewith, to lose all remembrance of their former character, and to adopt that of their antagonists in the game. During the process of spinning, the personal identity of the two players was completely changed. Now, on the evening of this memorable day, Jacob Philpot, the landlord of the rampant Red Lion, had spent a few convivial hours with mine host of the Blue Boar, a house on the road-side, about two miles from Stockwell; and the two publicans had discussed the ale, grog, and tobacco in the manner customary with Britons, whose insignia are roaring rampant red lions, green dragons, blue boars, &c. Therefore, when Jacob came home, he began to call about him, with the air of one who purposefully that his arrival shall be no secret; and very agreeably surprised was he when Mrs. Philpot ran out from the house, and assisted him to dismount, for Jacob was somewhat rotund; and yet more did he marvel when, instead of haranguing him in a loud voice, (as she had whilom done on similar occasions, greatly to his discomfiture,) she good-humouredly said that she would lead his nag to the stable and then go and call Philip the ostler. "Humph!" said the host of the Lion, leaning with his back against the door-post, "after a calm comes a storm. She'll make up for this presently, I'll warrant." But Mrs. Philpot put up the horse, and called Philip, and then returned in peace and quietness, and attempted to pass into the house, without uttering a word to her lord and master.

"What's the matter with you, my dear?" asked Jacob Philpot; "a'n't you well?"—"Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Philpot, "very well, I thank you. But pray take away your leg, and let me go into the house.—But didn't you think I was very late?" asked Jacob.—"Oh! I don't know," replied Mrs. Philpot; "when gentlemen get together, they don't think how time goes." Poor Jacob was quite delighted, and, as it was dusk, and by no means, as he conceived, a scandalous proceeding, he forthwith put one arm round Mrs. Philpot's neck, and stole a kiss, whereat she said, "Oh, dear me! how could you think of doing such a thing?" and immediately squeezed herself past him, and ran into the house, where Sally sat, in the arm-chair before mentioned, with a handkerchief over her head, pretending to be asleep.

"Come, my dear," said Jacob to his wife, "I'm glad to see you in such good-humour. You shall make me a glass of rum and water, and take some of it yourself."—"I must go into the back kitchen for some water then," replied his wife, and away she ran, and Jacob followed her, marvelling still more at her unusual alacrity. "My dear," quoth he, "I am sorry to give you so much trouble," and again he put his arm round her neck. "La, sir!" she cried, "if you don't let me go, I'll call out, I declare."—"He, he—ha, ha!" said Jacob; "call out! that's a good one, however! a man's wife calling out because her husband's a-going to kiss her!"—"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Philpot; "I'm sure, it's a shame to use a poor girl so!"—"A poor girl!" exclaimed the landlord, "ahem! was once, mayhap."—"I don't value your insinuations

that," said Mrs. Philpot, snapping her fingers; "I wonder what you take me for!"—"So ho!" thought her spouse, "she's come to herself now; I thought it was all a sham; but I'll coax her a bit;" so he fell in with her apparent whim, and called her a good girl; but still she resisted his advances, and asked him what he took her for. "Take you for!" cried Jacob, "why, for my own dear Sally to be sure, so don't make any more fuss."—"I have a great mind to run out of the house," said she, "and never enter it any more."

This threat gave no sort of alarm to Jacob, but it somewhat tickled his fancy, and he indulged himself in a very hearty laugh, at the end of which he good-humouredly told her to go to bed, and he would follow her presently, as soon as he had looked after his horse, and pulled off his boots. This proposition was no sooner made, than the good man's ears were suddenly grasped from behind, and his head was shaken and twisted about, as though it had been the purport of the assailant to wrench it from his shoulders. Mrs. Philpot instantly made her escape from the kitchen, leaving her spouse in the hands of the enraged Sally, who, under the influence of the teetotum delusion, was firmly persuaded that she was justly inflicting wholesome discipline upon her husband, whom she had, as she conceived, caught in the act of making love to the maid. Sally was active and strong, and Jacob Philpot was, as before hinted, somewhat obese, and, withal, not in excellent "wind;" consequently it was some time ere he could disengage himself and then he stood panting and blowing, and utterly lost in astonishment, while Sally saluted him with divers appellations, which it would not be seemly here to set down.

When Jacob did find his tongue, however, he answered her much in the same style; and added, that he had a great mind to lay a stick about her back. "What! strike a woman! Eh—would you, you coward?" and immediately she darted forward, and, as she termed it, put her mark upon him with her nails, whereby his rubicund countenance was greatly disfigured, and his patience entirely exhausted: but Sally was too nimble and made her escape up stairs. So the landlord of the Red Lion, having got rid of the two mad or drunken women, very philosophically resolved to sit down for half an hour by himself to think over the business, while he took his "night-cap." He had scarcely brewed the ingredients, when he was roused by a rap at the window: and in answer to his enquiry of "who's there?" he recognised the voice of his neighbour, George Syms, and, of course, immediately admitted him; for George was a good customer, and, consequently, welcome at all hours. "My good friend," said Syms, "I daresay you are surprised to see me here at this time of night; but I can't get into my own house. My wife is drunk, I believe."—"And so is mine," quoth the landlord; "so, sit you down and make yourself comfortable. Hang me if I think I'll go to bed to-night!" "No more will I," said Syms; "I've got a job to do early in the morning, and then I shall be ready for it." So the two friends sat down, and had scarcely begun to enjoy themselves, when another rap was heard at the window, and mine host recognised the voice of Peter Brown, who came with the same complaint against his wife, and was easi-

ly persuaded to join the party, each declaring that the women must have contrived to meet, during their absence from home, and all get fuddled together. Matters went on pleasantly enough for some time, while they continued to rail against the women; but, when that subject was exhausted, George Syms, the shoe-maker, began to talk about shoeing horses; and Peter Brown, the blacksmith, averred that he could make a pair of jockey boots with any man for fifty miles round. The host of the rampant Red Lion considered these things at first as a sort of joke, which he had no doubt, from such good customers, was exceedingly good, though he could not exactly comprehend it: but when Peter Brown answered to the name of George Syms, and George Syms responded to that of Peter Brown, he was somewhat more bewildered, and could not help thinking that his guests had drunk quite enough. He, however, satisfied himself with the reflection that that was no business of his, and that "a man must live by his trade." With the exception of these apparent occasional cross purposes, conversation went on as well as could be expected under existing circumstances, and the three unfortunate husbands sat and talked, and drank, and smoked, till fired nature cried, "hold, enough!"

In the meanwhile, Mrs. George Syms, who had been much scandalized at the appearance of Peter Brown beneath her bedroom window, whereinto he vehemently solicited admittance, altogether in the most public and unblushing manner; she, poor soul! lay, for an hour, much disturbed in her mind, and pondering on the extreme impropriety of Mr. Brown's conduct, and its probable consequences. She then began to wonder where her own Goodman could be staying so late; and, after much tossing and tumbling to and fro, being withal a woman of a warm imagination, she discerned, in her mind's eye, divers scenes, which might probably be then acting, and in which George Syms appeared to be taking a part that did not at all meet her approbation. Accordingly she arose, and throwing her garments about her, with a degree of elegant negligence, for which the ladies of Stockwell have long been celebrated, she incontinently went to the house of Peter Brown, at whose bedroom window she perceived a head. With the intuitive knowledge of costume possessed by ladies in general, she instantly, through the murky night, discovered that the cap on the said head was of the female gender; and therefore boldly went up thereunto, and said, "Mrs. Brown, have you seen any thing of my husband?"—"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, "haven't you seen him? Well, I'd have you see after him pretty quickly, for he was here, just where you stand now, more than two hours ago, talking all manner of nonsense to me, and calling me his dear Betsy, so that I was quite ashamed of him. But, howsomever, you needn't be uneasy about me, for you know I wouldn't do any thing improper on no account. But have you seen any thing of my Peter?"—"I believe I have," replied Mrs. Syms, and immediately related the scandalous conduct of the smith beneath her window; and then the two ladies agreed to sally forth in search of their two "worthless, good-for-nothing, drunken husbands."

Now it is a custom with those who get their living by carrying coal, when they are about to convey it to any considerable distance, to commence their journey at such an hour as to reach the first turnpike a little

after midnight, that they may be enabled to go out and return home within the twenty-four hours, and thus save the expense of the toll, which they would otherwise have to pay twice. This is the secret of those apparently lazy fellows, whom the Bath ladies and dandies sometimes view with horror and surprise, sleeping in the day-time, in, on, or under carts, benches, or waggons. It hath been our lot, when in the city of waters, to hear certain of these theoretical "political economists" remark somewhat harshly on this mode of taking a siesta. We should recommend them henceforth to attend to the advice of Peter Pindar, and

"Mind what they read in godly books,
And not take people by their looks ;"

for they would not be pleased to be judged in that manner themselves ; and the poor fellows in question have, generally, been travelling all night, not in a mail-coach, but walking over rough roads, and assisting their weary and over-worked cavalry up and down a succession of steep hills.

In consequence of this practice, the two forsaken matrons encountered Moses Brown, a first cousin of Peter's, who had just dispatched his waggoner on a commercial enterprise of the description just alluded to. Moses had heard voices as he passed the Lion ; and being somewhat of a curious turn, had discovered, partly by listening, and partly by the aid of certain cracks, holes, and ill-fitting joints in the shutters, who the gentlemen were whose good-will and pleasure it was "to vex the dull ear of night" with their untimely mirth. Moses, moreover, was a meek man and professed to be extremely sorry for the two good women who had two such roaring, rattling blades for their husbands : for, by this time, the bacchanalians, having exhausted their conversational powers, had commenced a series of songs. So, under his guidance, the ladies reconnoitred the drunken two through the cracks, holes, and ill-fitting joints aforesaid.

Poor George Syms was, by this time regularly "done up," and dosing in his chair ; but Peter Brown, the smith, was still in his glory, and singing, in no small voice, a certain song, which was by no means fitting to be chanted in the ear of his spouse. As for Jacob Philpot, the landlord, he sat erect in his chair, with the dogged resolution of a man who feels that he is at his post, and is determined to be "no grantee." At this moment Sally made her appearance in the room, in the same sort of dishabille as that worn by the ladies at the window, and commenced a very unceremonious harangue to George Syms and Peter Brown, telling them that they ought to be ashamed of themselves, not to have been at home hours ago ; "as for this fellow," said she, giving poor Philpot a tremendous box on the ear, "I'll make him remember it, I'll warrant." Jacob hereupon arose in great wrath ; but ere he could ascertain precisely the exact centre of gravity, Sally settled his position by another cuff, which made his eyes twinkle, and sent him reeling back into his seat. Seeing these things, the ladies without began, as fox-hunters say, to "give tongue," and vociferously demanded admittance ; whereupon Mrs. Philpot put her head out from a window above, and told them that she would be down and let them in in a minute, and that it was a great pity gentlemen

should ever get too much beer: and then she popped in her head, and in less than the stipulated time, ran down stairs and opened the street door; and so the wives were admitted to their delinquent husbands; but meek Moses Brown went his way, having a wife at home, and having no desire to abide the storm which he saw was coming.

Peter Brown was, as we said before, in high feather; and, therefore, when he saw Mrs. Syms, whom he (acting under the tetotum delusion) mistook for the wife of his own particular bosom, he gaily accosted her, "Ah, old girl!—is it you? What! you've come to your senses, eh? Slept it off, I suppose—Well, well; never mind! Forgive and forget, I say. I never saw you so before, I will say *that* for you, however. So, give us a buss, old girl! and let us go home;" and without ceremony he began to suit the action to the word, whereupon the real Mrs. Brown flew to Mrs. Syms's assistance, and, by hanging round Peter's neck, enabled her friend to escape. Mrs. Syms, immediately she was released, began to shake up her drowsy George, who, immediately he opened his eyes, scarcely knowing where he was, marvelled much to find himself thus handled by, as he supposed, his neighbour's wife: but with the maudlin cunning of a drunken man, he thought it was an excellent joke, and therefore threw his arms round her, and began to hug her with a wondrous and unusual degree of tenderness, whereby the poor woman was much affected and called him her dear George, and said she knew it was not his fault, but "all along of that brute," pointing to Peter Brown, that he had drunk himself into such a state. "Come along, my dear," she concluded, "let us go and leave him—I don't care if I never see him any more."

The exasperation of Peter Brown, at seeing and hearing, as he imagined, his own wife act and speak in this shameful manner before his face, may be "more easily imagined than described;" but his genuine wife, who belonged, as he conceived, to the drunken man, hung so close about his neck that he found it impossible to escape. George Syms, however, was utterly unable to rise, and sat, with an idiotlike snimper upon his face as if giving himself up to a pleasing delusion, while his wife was patting, and coaxing, and wheedling him in every way, to induce him to get upon his legs and try to go home. At length, as he vacantly stared about, he caught a glimpse of Mrs. Brown, whom, to save repetition, we may as well call his tetotum wife, hanging about his neighbour's neck. This sight effectually roused him, and before Mrs. Syms was aware of his intention, he started up and ran furiously at Peter Brown, who received him much in the manner that might be expected, with a salutation in "the bread-basket," which sent him reeling on the floor. As a matter of course, Mr. Syms took the part of her fallen husband and put her mark upon Mr. Peter Brown; and as a matter of course, Mrs. Peter Brown took the part of her spouse, and commenced an attack on Mrs. Syms.

In the meanwhile Sally had not been idle. After chastening Jacob Philpot to her heart's content, she, with the assistance of Mrs. Philpot and Philip the hostler, who was much astonished to hear her "order the mistress about," conveyed him up stairs, where he was deposited, as he was, upon a spare bed, to "take his chance," as she said, "and sleep off

his drunken fit." Sally then returned to the scene of strife and desired the "company" to go about their business, for she should not allow any thing more to "be called for" that night. Having said this with an air of authority, she left the room; and though Mrs. Syms and Mrs. Brown were greatly surprised thereat, they said nothing, inasmuch as they were somewhat ashamed of their own appearance, and had matters of more importance than Sally's eccentricity to think of, as Mrs. Syms had been cruelly wounded in her new shawl, which she had imprudently thrown over her shoulders; and the left side of the lace on Mrs. Brown's cap had been torn away in the recent conflict. Mrs. Philpot, enacting her part as the tectotum Sally of the night, besought the ladies to go home, and leave the gentlemen to sleep where they were, *i. e.* upon the floor, till the morning: for Peter Brown, notwithstanding the noise he had made, was as incapable of standing as the quieter George Syms. So the woman dragged them into separate corners of the room, placed pillows under their heads, and threw a blanket over each, and then left them to repose. The two disconsolate wives each forthwith departed to her own lonely pillow, leaving Mrs. Philpot particularly puzzled at the deference with which they had treated her, by calling her "Madam," as if she was mistress of the house.

Leaving them all to their slumbers, we must now say a word or two about the tectotum, the properties of which were to change people's characters, spinning the mind of one man or woman into the body of another. The duration of the delusion, caused by this droll game of the old gentleman's depended upon the length of time spent in the diversion; and five minutes was the specific period for causing it to last till the next sunrise or sunset *after* the change had been effected. Therefore, when the morning came, Mrs. Philpot and Sally, and Peter Brown and George Syms, all came to their senses. The two latter went quietly home, with aching heads and very confused recollections of the preceding evening; and shortly after their departure Mrs. Philpot awoke in great astonishment at finding herself in the garret; and Sally was equally surprised, and much alarmed, at finding herself in her mistress's room, from which she hastened in quick time, leaving all things in due order.

The elderly stranger made his appearance soon after, and appeared to have brushed up his shabby genteel clothes, for he really looked much more respectable than on the preceding evening. He ordered his breakfast, and sat down thereto very quietly, and asked for the newspaper, and pulled out his spectacles, and began to con the politics of the day much at his ease, no one having the least suspicion that he and his tectotum had been the cause of all the uproar at the Red Lion. In due time the landlord made his appearance, with sundry marks of violence upon his jolly countenance, and, after due obeisance made to his respectable-looking guest, took the liberty of telling his spouse that he should insist upon her sending Sally away, for that he had never been so mauled since he was born; but Mrs. Philpot told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and she was very glad the girl had spirit enough to protect herself, and that she wouldn't part with her on any account. She then referred to what had passed in the back kitchen, taking to herself the credit of

having inflicted that punishment which had been administered by the hands of Sally.

Jacob Philpot was now more than ever convinced that his wife had been paying her respects to a huge stone bottle of rum which stood in the closet; and he "made bold" to tell her his thoughts, whereat Mrs. Philpot thought fit to put herself into a tremendous passion, although she could not help fearing that, perhaps, she might have taken a drop too much of something, for she was unable, in any other manner, to account for having slept in the garret.

The elderly stranger now took upon himself to recommend mutual forgiveness, and stated that it was really quite pardonable for any one to take a little too much of such very excellent ale as that at the Red Lion. "For my own part," said he, "I don't know whether I didn't get a trifle beyond the mark myself last night. But I hope, madam, I did not annoy you."

"Oh dear, no, not at all, sir," replied Mrs. Philpot, whose good-humour was restored at this compliment paid to the good cheer of the Lion, "you were exceeding pleasant, I assure you, just enough to make you funny; we had a hearty laugh about the teetotum, you know."—"Ah!" said the stranger, "I guess how it was then. I always introduce the teetotum when I want to be merry."

Jacob Philpot expressed a wish to understand the game, and after spinning it two or three times, proposed to take his chance, for five minutes, with the stranger; but the latter, laughing heartily, would by no means agree with the proposition, and declared that it would be downright cheating, as he was an overmatch for any beginner. "However," he continued, "as soon as any of your neighbours come in, I'll put you in the way of it, and we'll have some of your ale now, just to pass the time. It will do neither of us any harm after last night's affair, and I want to have some talk with you about the coal trade."

They accordingly sat down together, and the stranger displayed considerable knowledge in the science of mining; and Jacob was so much delighted with his company, that an hour or two slipped away, as he said, "in no time;" and then there was heard the sound of a horse's feet at the door, and a somewhat authoritative hillo!

"It is our parson," said Jacob, starting up, and he ran to the door to enquire what might be his reverence's pleasure. "Good morning," said the Reverend Mr. Stanhope, "I'm going over to dine with our club at the Old Boar, and I want you just to cast your eye on those fellows in my home close; you can see them out of your parlour window."—"Yes, to be sure, sir," replied Jacob.—"Hem!" quoth Mr. Stanhope, "have you any body in doors?"—"Yes, sir, we have," replied Jacob, "a strange gentleman, who seems to know a pretty deal about mining and them sort of things. I think he's some great person in disguise; he seems regularly educated, up to every thing."—"Eh, ah! a great person in disguise!" exclaimed Mr. Stanhope. "I'll just step in a minute. It seems as if there was a shower coming over, and I'm in no hurry, and it is not worth while to get wet through for the sake of a few minutes." So he alighted from his horse, soliloquizing to himself, "Perhaps the Lord Chancellor!

Who knows? However, I shall take care to shew my principles;" and straightway he went into the house, and was most respectfully saluted by the elderly stranger; and they entered into a conversation upon the standing English topics of weather, wind, crops, and the coal trade; and Mr. Stanhope contrived to introduce therein sundry unkind things against the Pope and all his followers; and avowed himself a staunch "church and king" man and spoke enthusiastically of our "glorious constitution," and landed divers individuals then in power, but more particularly those who studied the true interests of the church, by seeking out and preferring men of merit and talent to fill vacant benefices. The stranger thereat smiled significantly, as though he could, if he felt disposed, say something to the purpose; and Mr. Stanhope felt more inclined than ever to think the landlord might have conjectured very near the truth, and, consequently, redoubled his efforts to make the agreeable, professing his regret at being obliged to dine out that day, &c. The stranger politely thanked him for his polite consideration, and stated that he was never at a loss for employment, and that he was then rambling, for a few days, to relax his mind for the fatigues of an overwhelming mass of important business, to which his duty compelled him to attend early and late. "Perhaps," he continued, "you will smile when I tell you that I am now engaged in a series of experiments relative to the power of the centrifugal force, and its capacity of overcoming various degrees of friction." (Here he produced the teetotum.) "You perceive the different surfaces of the under edge of this little thing. The outside, you see, is all of ivory, but is tented in various ways; and yet I have not been able to decide whether the roughest or smoothest more frequently arrest its motions. The colours, of course, are merely indications. Here is my register," and he produced a book, wherein divers mathematical abstruse calculations were apparent. "I always prefer other people to spin it, as then I obtain a variety of impelling power. Perhaps you will do me the favour just to twirl it round a few times alternately with the landlord? Two make a fairer experiment than one. Just for five minutes. I'll not trouble you a moment longer, I promise you.—" *Hem!* thought Mr. Stanhope.

"Learn'd men, now and then,
Have very strange vagaries!"

However, he commenced spinning the teetotum, turn and turn with Jacob Philpot, who was highly delighted both with the drollery of the thing, and the honour of playing with the parson of the parish, and laughed most immoderately, while the stranger stood by, looking at his stop-watch as demurely as on the preceding evening, until the five minutes had expired: and then, in the middle of the Rev. Mr. Stanhope's spin, he took up the little toy and put it into his pocket.

Jacob Philpot immediately arose, and shook the stranger warmly by the hand, and told him that he should be happy to see him whenever he came that way again; and then nodding to Mr. Stanhope and the landlady, went out at the front door, mounted the horse that stood there, and rode away. "Where's the fellow going?" cried Mrs. Philpot; "Hillo! Jacob, I say!"—"Well, mother," said the Reverend Mr. Stanhope, "what's the matter now?" but Mrs. Philpot had reached the front of the

house, and continued to shout, "Hillo! hillo, come back. I tell you!"—"That woman is always doing some strange thing or other," observed Mr. Stanhope to the stranger. "What on earth can possess her to go calling after the parson in that manner?"—"I declare he's rode off with squire Jones's horse," cried Mrs. Philpot, re-entering the house. "To be sure he has," said Mr. Stanhope; "he borrowed it on purpose to go to the Old Boar."—"Did he?" exclaimed the landlady; "and without telling me a word about it! But I'll Old Boar him, I promise you!"—"Don't make such a fool of yourself, mother," said the parson; "it can't signify twopence to you where he goes"—"Can't it?" rejoined Mrs. Philpot. "I'll tell you what, your worship"——"Don't worship me, woman," exclaimed the teetotum landlord parson; "worship! what nonsense now! Why, you've been taking your drops again this morning, I think. Worship, indeed! To be sure, I did once, like a fool, promise to worship *you*; but if my time was to come over again, I know what—But, never mind now—don't you see it's twelve o'clock? Come, quick, let us have what there is to eat, and then we'll have a comfortable pipe under the tree. What say you sir?"—"With all my heart," replied the elderly stranger. Mrs. Philpot could make nothing of the parson's speech about worshipping her; but the order for something to eat was very distinct; and though she felt much surprised thereat, as well as at the proposed smoking under the tree, she, nevertheless, was much gratified that so unusual an order should be given on that particular day, as she had a somewhat better dinner than usual, namely, a leg of mutton upon the spit. Therefore she bustled about with exceeding goodwill, and Sally spread a clean cloth upon the table in the little parlour for the parson and the strange old gentleman; and when the mutton was placed upon the table, the latter hoped they should have the pleasure of Mrs. Philpot's company; but she looked somewhat doubtfully till the parson said, "Come, come, mother, don't make a bother about it; sit down, can't you, when the gentleman bids you." Therefore she smoothed her apron and made one at the dinner table, and conducted herself with so much precision, that the teetotum parson looked upon her with considerable surprise, while she regarded him with no less, inasmuch as he talked in a very unclerical manner; and, among other strange things, swore that his wife was as "drunk as blazes" the night before, and winked at her, and behaved altogether in a style very unbecoming a minister in his own parish.

At one o'clock there was a great sensation caused in the village of Stockwell, by the appearance of their reverend pastor and the elderly stranger, sitting on the bench which went round the tree, which stood before the sign of the roaring, rampant Red Lion, each with a long pipe in his mouth, blowing clouds, which would not have disgraced the most inveterate smoker of the "black diamond" fraternity, and ever and anon moistening their clay with "heavy wet," from tankards placed upon a small table, which Mrs. Philpot had provided for their accommodation. The little boys and girls first approached within a respectful distance, and then ran away giggling to tell their companions; and they told their mothers, who came and peeped likewise: and many were diverted, and

many were scandalized at the sight: yet the parson seemed to care for none of these things, but cracked his joke, and sipped his ale, and smoked his pipe, with as much easy nonchalance as if he had been in his own arm-chair at the rectory. Yet it must be confessed that now and then there was a sort of equivocal remark made by him, as though he had some faint recollection of his former profession, although he evinced, not the smallest sense of shame at the change which had been wrought in him. Indeed this trifling imperfection in the change of identity appears to have attended such transformations in general, and might have arisen from the individual bodies retaining their own clothes, (for the mere fashion of dress hath a great influence on some minds), or perhaps, because a profession or trade, with the habits thereof, cannot be entirely shaken off, nor a new one perfectly learned, by spinning a teetotum for five minutes. The time had now arrived when George Symms, the shoemaker, and Peter Brown, the blacksmith, were accustomed to take their "pint and pipe after dinner," and greatly were they surprised to see their places so occupied; and not a little was their astonishment increased, when the parson lifted up his voice, and ordered Sally to bring out a couple of chairs, and then shook them both warmly by the hand, and welcomed them by the affectionate appellation of "My hearties!" He then winked, and in an under tone, began to sing—

Though I'm tied to a crusty old woman,
 Much given to scolding and jealousy,
 I know that the case is too common,
 And so I will ogle each girl I see.

Tol de rol, lol, &c.

"Come, my lads!" he resumed, "sit you down, and clap half a yard of clay into your mouths." The two worthy artisans looked at each other significantly, or rather insignificantly, for they knew not what to think, and did as they were bid. "Come, why don't you talk?" said the teetotum parson landlord, after a short silence. "You're as dull as a couple of tomcats with their ears cut off—talk, man, talk—there's no doing nothing without talking." This last part of his speech seemed more particularly addressed to Peter Brown, who, albeit a man of a sound head, and well skilled in such matters as appertained unto iron and the coal trade, had not been much in the habit of mixing with the clergy: therefore he felt, for a moment, as he said, "non-plused;" but fortunately he recollected the Catholic question, about which most people were then talking, and which every body professed to understand. Therefore, he forthwith introduced the subject; and being well aware of the parson's bias and having, moreover, been told that he had written a pamphlet; therefore (though to do Peter Brown justice, he was not accustomed to read such publications) he scrupled not to give his opinion very freely, and concluded by taking up his pint and drinking a very unchristianlike malediction against the Pope. George Symms followed on the same side, and concluded in the same manner, adding thereunto, "Your good healths, gemmen."—"What a pack of nonsense!" exclaimed the parson. "I should like to know what harm the Pope can do us! I tell you what, my lads, it's all my eye and Betty Martin. Live and

let live, I say. So long as I can get a good living, I don't care the toss of a halfpenny who's uppermost. For my part, I'd as soon live at the sign of the Mitre as the Lion, or mount the cardinal's hat for that matter, if I thought I could get any thing by it. Look at home, say I. The Pope's an old woman, and so are they that are afraid of him." The elderly stranger here seemed highly delighted, and cried, "Bravo!" and clapped the speaker on the back, and said, "That's your sort! Go it, my hearty!" But Peter Brown, who was one of the sturdy English old-fashioned school, and did not approve of hot and cold being blown out of the same mouth, took the liberty of telling the parson, in a very unceremonious way, that he seemed to have changed his opinions very suddenly. "Not I," said the other; "I was always of the same way of thinking."—"Then words have no meaning," observed George Syms, angrily, "for I heard you myself. You talked as loud about the wickedness of mancipation as ever I heard a man in my life, no longer ago than last Sunday."—"Then I must have been drunk—that's all I can say about the business," replied the other coolly; and he began to fill his pipe with the utmost nonchalance, as though it was a matter of course. Such apparently scandalous conduct was, however, too much for the unsophisticated George Syms and Peter Brown, who simultaneously threw down their reckoning, and much to their credit, left the turncoat reprobate parson to the company of the elderly gentleman.

If we were to relate half the whimsical consequences of the teetotum tricks of this strange personage, we might fill volumes; but, as it is not our intention to allow the detail to swell even into one, we must hastily sketch the proceedings of poor Jacob Philpot, after he left the Red Lion to dine with sundry of the gentry and clergy at the Old Boar, in his new capacity of an ecclesiastic, in the outward form of a somewhat negligently dressed landlord. He was accosted on the road by divers of his coal-carrying neighbours with a degree of familiarity which was exceedingly mortifying to his feelings. One told him to be home in time to take part of a gallon of ale that he had won of neighbour Smith; a second reminded him that to-morrow was club-night at the Nag's Head; and a third asked him where he had stolen his horse. At length he arrived, much out of humour, at the Old Boar, an inn of a very different description from the Red Lion, being a posting house of no inconsiderable magnitude, wherein that day was to be held the symposium of certain grandees of the adjacent country, as before hinted.

The landlord, who happened to be standing at the door, was somewhat surprised at the formal manner with which Jacob Philpot greeted him, and gave his horse into the charge of the hostler; but, as he knew him only by sight, and had many things to attend to, he went his way without making any remark, and thus, unwittingly, increased the irritation of Jacob's new teetotum sensitive feelings. "Are any of the gentlemen come yet?" asked Jacob, haughtily, of one of the waiters. "What gentlemen?" quoth the waiter. "Any of them," said Jacob. "Mr. Wiggins, Dr. White, or Captain Pole?" At this moment a carriage drove up to the door, and the bells all began ringing, and the waiters ran to see who had arrived, and Jacob Philpot was left unheeded. "This is very strange.

conduct!" observed he; "I never met with such incivility in my life! One would think I was a dog!" Scarcely had this soliloquy terminated, when a lady, who had alighted from the carriage, (leaving the gentleman who came with her to give some orders about the luggage) entered the inn, and was greatly surprised to find her delicate hand seized by the horny grasp of the landlord of the Red Lion, who addressed her as "Dear Mrs. Wilkins," and vowed he was quite delighted at the unexpected pleasure of seeing her, and hope the worthy rector was well, and all the dear little darlings. Mrs. Wilkins disengaged her hands as quickly as possible, and made her escape into a room, the door of which was held open for her admittance by the waiter; and then the worthy rector made his appearance followed by one of the "little darlings," whom Jacob Philpot, in the joy of his heart at finding himself once more among friends, snatched up in his arms, and thereby produced a bellowing which instantly brought the alarmed mother from her retreat. "What is that frightful man doing with the child?" she cried, and Jacob, who could scarcely believe his ears, was immediately deprived of his burden, while his particular friend, the worthy rector, looked upon him with a cold and vacant stare, and then retired into his room with his wife and the little darling, and Jacob was, once more, left to his own cogitations. "I see it!" he exclaimed, after a short pause, "I see it! This is the reward of rectitude of principle! This is the reward of undeviating and inflexible firmness of purpose! He has read my unanswerable pamphlet! I always thought there was a laxity of principle about him!" So Jacob forthwith walked into the open air to cool himself, and strolled round the garden of the inn, and meditated upon divers important subjects; and thus he passed his time till the hour of dinner, though he could not but keep occasionally wondering that some of his friends did not come down to meet him, since they must have seen him walking in the garden. His patience, however, was at length exhausted, and his appetite was exceedingly clamorous, partly, perhaps, because his *outward* man had been used to dine at the plebeian hour of noon, while his *inward* man made a point of never taking any thing more than a biscuit and a glass of wine between breakfast and five o'clock; and even that little modicum had been omitted on this fatal day, in consequence of the incivility of the people of the inn. "The dinner hour was five *precise/y*," said he, looking at his watch, "and now it is half past—but I'll wait a *little* longer. It's bad plan to hurry them. It puts the cook out of humour, and then all goes wrong." Therefore he waited a little longer; that is to say, till the calls of absolute hunger became quite ungovernable, and then he went into the house, where the odour of delicate viands was quite provoking; so he followed the guidance of his nose and arrived in the large dining-room, where he found, to his great surprise and mortification, that the company were as-sembled, and the work of destruction had been going on for some time, as the second course had just been placed on the table. Jacob felt, that the neglect with which he had been treated was "enough to make a parson swear;" and perhaps he would have sworn, but that he had no time to spare; and, therefore, as all the seats at the upper end of the table were engaged, he deposited himself on a vacant chair about the centre, between

two gentlemen with whom he had no acquaintance, and, spreading his napkin in his lap, demanded of a waiter what fish had gone out. The man replied only by a stare and a smile, a line of conduct which was by no means surprising, seeing that the most stylish part of Philpot's dress was, without dispute, the napkin aforesaid. For the rest, it was unlike the garb of the strange gentleman, inasmuch as that, though possibly entitled to the epithet shabby, it could not be termed genteel. "What's the fellow gaping at?" cried Jacob, in an angry voice; "go and tell your master that I want to speak to him directly. I don't understand such treatment. Tell him to come immediately. Do you hear?"

The loud tone in which this was spoken aroused the attention of the company; and most of them cast a look of enquiry first at the speaker, and then round the table, as if to discern by whom the strange gentleman in the scarlet and yellow plush waistcoat and the dirty shirt might be patronised: but there were others who recognised the landlord of the Red Lion at Stockwell. The whole, however, were somewhat startled when he addressed them as follows:—"Really, gentlemen, I must say, that a joke may be carried too far; and, if it was not for my cloth," (here he handled the napkin,) "I declare I don't know how I might act. I have been walking in the garden for these two hours, and you *must* have seen me. And now you stare at me as if you didn't know me! Really, gentlemen, it is too bad! I love a joke as well as any man, and can take one too; but as I said before, a joke *may* be carried too far."—"I think so too; said the landlord of the Old Boar, tapping him on the shoulder; "so come along, and don't make a fool of yourself here."—"Fellow!" cried Jacob, rising in great wrath. "go your ways! Be off. I tell you! Mr. Chairman! we have known each other now for a good many years, and you must be convinced that I can take a joke as well as any man; but human nature can endure this no longer. Mr. Wiggins! Captain Pole! my good friend Doctor White! I appeal to you!" Here the gentlemen named looked especially astounded. "What! can it be possible that you have *all* agreed to cut me! Oh no! I will not believe that political differences of opinion can run *quite* so high. Come—let us have no more of this nonsense!"—"No, no, we've had quite enough of it," said the landlord of the Old Boar pulling the chair from beneath the last speaker, who was consequently obliged again to be upon his legs, while there came, from various parts of the table, cries of "Chair! chair! Turn him out!"—"Man!" roared the teetotum parsonified landlord of the Red Lion, to the landlord of the Old Boar, "Man!" you shall repent of this! If it wasn't for my cloth, I'd soon———"Come, give me the cloth!" said the other, snatching away the napkin, which Jacob had buttoned in his waistcoat, and thereby causing that garment to fly open and expose more of dirty linen and skin than is usually reported at a dinner party. Poor Philpot's rage had now reached its acme, and he again appealed to the chairman by name. "Colonel Martin!" said he, "can you sit by and see me used thus? I am sure *you* will not pretend that you don't know me!"—"Not I," replied the chairman; "I know you well enough, and a confounded impudent fellow you are. I'll tell you what, my lad, next time you apply for a license, you shall hear of this." The landlord of

the Old Boar was, withal, a kind-hearted man; and, as he well knew that the loss of its license would be ruin to the rampant Red Lion, and all concerned therewith, he was determined that poor Philpot should be saved from destruction in spite of his teeth: therefore, without further ceremony, he, being a muscular man, laid violent hands upon the said Jacob and, with the assistance of his waiters, conveyed him out of the room, in despite of much struggling, and sundry, interjections concerning his "cloth." When they had deposited him safely in an arm-chair in "the bar," the landlady, who had frequently seen him before, in his proper character, that of a civil man, who "knew his place" in society, very kindly offered him a cup of tea; and the landlord asked how he could think of making such a fool of himself; and the waiter, whom he had accosted on first entering the house, vouched for his not having had any thing to eat or drink; whereupon they spoke of the remains of a turbot, which had just come down stairs, and a haunch of venison that was to follow. It is a sad thing to have a mind and body that are no match for each other. Jacob's outward man would have been highly gratified at the exhibition of these things; but the spirit of the parson was too mighty within, and spurned every offer, and the body was compelled to obey. So the horse that was borrowed of the squire was ordered out, and Jacob Philpot mounted and rode on his way in excessive irritation, growling vehemently at the insult and indignity which had been committed against the "cloth" in general, and his own person in particular.

"The sun sunk beneath the horizon," as novelists say, when Jacob Philpot entered the village of Stockwell, and, as if waking from a dream, he suddenly started, and was much surprised to find himself on horseback, for the last thing that he recollected, was going up stairs at his own house, and composing himself for a nap, that he might be ready to join neighbour Scroggins and Dick Smith, when they came in the evening to drink the gallon of ale lost by the latter. "And, my eyes!" said he, "if I haven't got the squire's horse that the parson borrowed this morning. Well—it's very odd! however, the ride has done me a deal of good, for I feel as if I hadn't had any thing all day, and yet I did pretty well too at the leg of mutton at dinner." Mrs. Philpot received her lord and nominal master in no very gracious mood, and said she should like to know where he had been riding. "That's more than I can tell you," replied Jacob; "however, I know I'm as hungry as a greyhound, though I never made a better dinner in my life."—"More shame for you," said Mrs. Philpot; "I wish the Old Boar was a thousand miles off." "What's the woman talking about?" quoth Jacob. "Eh! what! at it again, I suppose," and he pointed to the closet containing the rum bottle. "Hush!" cried Mrs. Philpot, "here's the parson coming down stairs!"—"The parson!" exclaimed Jacob; "what's he been doing up stairs, I should like to know?"—"He has been to take nap on mistress's bed," said Sally. "The dickens he has! This is a pretty story," quoth Jacob. "How could I help it?" asked Mrs. Philpot; "you should stay at home and look after your own business, and not go rambling about the country. You shan't hear the last of the Old Boar just yet, I promise you," "To avoid the threatened storm, and satisfy the

calls of hunger. Jacob made off to the larder, and commenced an attack upon the leg of mutton.

At this moment the Reverend Mr. Stanhope opened the little door at the foot of the stairs. On waking, and finding himself upon a bed, he had concluded, that he must have fainted in consequence of the agitation of mind produced by the gross insults which he had suffered, or perhaps from the effects of hunger. Great, therefore, was his surprise to find himself at the Red Lion in his own parish; and the first questions he asked of Mrs. Philpot were how and when he had been brought there. "La, sir!" said the landlady, "you went up stairs of your own accord, after you were tired of smoking under the tree."—"Smoking under the tree, woman!" exclaimed Mr. Stanhope; "what are you talking about? Do you recollect whom you are speaking to?"—"Ay, marry, do I," replied the sensitive Mrs. Philpot; "and you told Sally to call you when Scroggins and Smith came for their gallon of ale, as you meant to join their party."

The Reverend Mr. Stanhope straightway took up his hat, put it upon his head, and stalked with indignant dignity out of the house, opining that the poor woman was in her cups; and meditated, as he walked home, on the extraordinary affairs of the day. But his troubles were not yet ended, for the report of his public jollification had reached his own household; and John, his trusty man-servant, had been dispatched to the Red Lion, and had ascertained that his master was really gone to bed in a state very unfit for a clergyman to be seen in. Some remarkably good-natured friends had been to condole with Mrs. Stanhope upon the extraordinary proceedings of her goodman, and to say how much they were shocked, and what a pity it was, and wondering what the bishop would think of it, and divers other equally amiable and consolatory reflections and notes of admiration. Now Mrs. Stanhope, though she had much of the "milk of human kindness" in her composition, had, withal, a sufficient portion of "tartaric acid" mingled therewith. Therefore, when her beer-drinking husband made his appearance, he found her in a state of effervescence. "Mary," said he, "I am extremely fatigued. I have been exposed to-day to a series of insults, such as I could not have imagined it possible for any one to offer me."—"Nor any body else," replied Mrs. Stanhope; "but you are rightly served, and I am glad of it. Who could have supposed that you, the minister of a parish!—Fagh! how filthily you smell of tobacco! I vow I cannot endure to be in the room with you!" and she arose and left the divine to himself, in exceeding great perplexity. However, being a man who loved to do all things in order, he remembered that he had not dined, so he rang the bell and gave the needful instructions, thinking it best to satisfy nature first, and then endeavour to ascertain the cause of his beloved Mary's acidity. His appetite was gone, but that he attributed to having fasted too long, a practice very unusual with him; however, he picked a bit here and there, and then indulged himself with a bottle of his oldest port, which he had about half consumed, and somewhat recovered his spirits, ere his dear Mary made her reappearance, and told him that she was perfectly astonished at his conduct. And well might she say so, for now, the wine, which he had

been drinking with unusual rapidity, thinking good easy man, that he had taken nothing all day, began to have a very visible effect upon a body already saturated with strong ale. He declared that he cared not a fig for the good opinion of any gentleman in the county, that he would always act and speak according to his principles, and filled a bumper to the health of the Lord Chancellor, and drank sundry more exceedingly loyal toasts, and told his astonished spouse, that he should not be surprised if he was very soon to be made a Dean or a Bishop, and as for the people at the Old Boar, he saw through their conduct—it was all envy, which doth “merit as its shade pursue.” The good lady justly deemed it folly to waste her oratory upon a man in such a state, and reserved her powers for the next morning; and Mr. Stanhope reeled to bed that night in a condition which, to do him justice, he had never before exhibited under his own roof.

The next morning, Mrs. Stanhope and her daughter Sophy, a promising young lady about ten years old, of the hoyden class, were at breakfast, when the elderly stranger called at the rectory, and expressed great concern on being told that Mr. S. was somewhat indisposed, and had not yet made his appearance. He said that his business was of very little importance, and merely concerned some geological enquiries which he was prosecuting in the vicinity; but Mrs. Stanhope, who had the names of all the ologies by heart, and loved occasionally to talk thereof, persuaded him to wait a short time little dreaming of the consequence; for the wily old gentleman began to romp with Miss Sophy, and, after a while, produced his tetotum, and, in short, so contrived it, that the mother and daughter played together therewith for five minutes. He then politely took his leave, promising to call again; and Mrs. Stanhope bobbed him a curtsy, and Sophia assured him that Mr. S. would be extremely happy to afford him every assistance in his scientific researches. When the worthy divine at length made his appearance in the breakfast parlour, strangely puzzled as to the extreme feverishness and languor which oppressed him, he found Sophy sitting gracefully in an armchair, reading a treatise on craniology. It was a pleasant thing for him to see her read any thing, but he could not help expressing his surprise by observing, “I should think that book a little above your comprehension, my dear.”—“Indeed! sir,” was the reply; and the little girl laid down the volume and sat erect in her chair, and thus continued: “I should think, Mr. Nicodemus Stanhope, that after the specimen of good sense and propriety of conduct, which you were pleased to exhibit yesterday, it scarcely becomes *you* to pretend to estimate the *comprehension* of others.”—“My dear,” said the astonished divine, “this is very strange language! You forget whom you are speaking to!”—Not at all,” replied the child. “I know *my* place, if you don’t know yours, and am determined to speak my mind.” If any thing could add to the Reverend Mr. Nicodemus Stanhope’s surprise, it was the sound of his wife’s voice in the garden, calling to his man John to stand out of the way, or she should run over him. Poor John, who was tying up some of her favourite flowers, got out of her way accordingly in quick time, and the next moment his mistress rushed by, trundling a hoop, hallooing and laughing,

and highly enjoying his apparent dismay. Throughout that day, it may be imagined that the reverend gentleman's philosophy was sorely tried; but we are compelled, by want of room, to leave the particulars of his libotation to the reader's imagination.

We are sorry to say that these were not the only metamorphoses which the mischievous old gentleman wrought in the village of Stockwell. There was a game of teetotum played between a sergeant of dragoons, who had retired upon his well earned pension, and a baker, who happened likewise to be the renter of a small patch of land adjoining the village. The veteran, with that indistinctness of character before mentioned, shouldered the peel,* and took it to the field, and used it for loading and spreading manure, so that it was never afterwards fit for any but dirty work. Then, just to shew that he was not afraid of any body, he cut a gap in the hedge of a small field of wheat which had just been reaped, and was standing in sheaves, and thereby gave admittance to a neighbouring bull, who amused himself greatly by tossing the said sheaves; but more particularly those which were set apart as tythes, against which he appeared to have a particular spite, throwing them high into the air, and then bellowing and treading them under foot. But—we must come to a close. Suffice it to say, that the village of Stockwell was long in a state of confusion in consequence of these games; for the mischief which was done during the period of delusion, ended not, like the delusion itself, with the rising or setting of the sun.

Having now related as many particulars of these strange occurrences as our limits will permit, we have merely to state the effect which they produced upon ourselves. Whenever we have since beheld servants aping the conduct of their masters or mistresses, tradesmen wasting their time and money at taverns, clergymen forgetful of the dignity and sacred character of their profession, publicans imagining themselves fit for preachers, children calling their parents to account for their conduct, matrons acting the hoyden, and other incongruities—whenever we witness these and the like occurrences, we conclude that the actors therein have been playing a game with the OLD GENTLEMAN'S TEETOTUM.

MY LAST CIGAR.

[FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JULY.]

THE mighty Thebes, and Babylon the Great,

Imperial Rome, in turn, have bow'd to fate—

So this great world, and each "particular star,"

Must all burn out, like you, my last Cigar.

A puff, a transient fire, that ends in smoke,

Are all that's given to man—that bitter joke!—

Youth, Hope, and Love, three whiffs of passing zest,

Then come the ashes, and the long, long rest! M.

* "Peel. A broad, thin board, with a long handle, used by bakers to put their bread in and out of the oven."—JOHNSON.

MELITA.

A FRAGMENT OF GREEK ROMANCE.

[FROM THE ATHENÆUM.]

MELITA was a maiden of Elis, and no fairer spirit had ever haunted that peaceful land. Her beauty was known but to few; for her mother had been long since dead, and her father was the humble inhabitant of an obscure abode. She had neither brother nor sister; and had seldom been seen by any eyes but those of her aged parent. His well-ordered industry and serene affection surrounded her with a clear unchanging life; and she scarcely knew of any variation in the world but day and night, autumn and spring, the gradual whitening of her father's hairs and the growth and impulse of her own feelings. As she approached to womanhood, her thoughts began to overleap the low and grassy mound with which the narrow path of her existence had previously been encircled, and on which, even from her infancy, many bright phantoms had appeared to her to stand in the morning sunshine. Her wishes now attempted to follow the unknown flight of those gay shadows; and she longed to resemble them in rising with the lightness of a bird over the boundary which divided her from the busy and glittering world.

When Melita had reached her fifteenth year, the time came round for the celebration of the Olympic games. She heard from her father some short and broken accounts of the splendid festivals at which he had frequently been present; and she was lost in bewildering excitement while she fancied a succession of pageants led by glorious beings of whose forms she was utterly ignorant. But above all, she was possessed by the resemblance which she had wrought in her imagination of the deity to whose honour these rites and contests had been instituted.

In the morning of the first day of the games, she almost unconsciously expressed, in her father's presence, the earnest longing which she felt to behold the bodily presence of the great Jupiter. The old man started out of the usual tranquillity of his manner, and said to her, 'Unhappy, my daughter, is the mortal to whom such a vision shows itself; he who has conversed with a god is for ever unfitted to lead the life of earthly men. To eyes which long for the sight of superior natures, their desire is sometimes granted; but that for which they yearned is always fruitful of horror and destruction. I could tell you a prediction which your mother heard from the oracle; but'. He said no more, for the time had approached at which the solemnities were to begin; and he hastily left the house.

This conversation did not diminish the store of uneasy mystery which filled the mind of Melita. All day she brooded over the thoughts which had occupied her; and when her father returned in the evening, she was restless, eager, and confused. The dusk had come before his entry; and he had scarcely been able to speak to her when a slight knock was

heard, followed, as it seemed to them, by a faint groan. The old man turned the door on its sleepy hinges, and found lying on the earth a young man, who was evidently broken down by some malady. He lifted up the youth, and carried him into the house. The stranger was clothed in a remarkable dress, and appeared not more than eighteen. He was revived by the care of Melita and her father, but still continued feeble and suffering. They learned from his low and interrupted words, that he had come from one of the farthest Grecian islands, with the design of contending at the games for the prize of poetry. But he seemed almost delirious, and he told no connected tale. He remained for several hours pained in body and wandering in mind. Among other hints and ravings, he spoke some scattered phrases as to the magnificence and interest of the festivity which he had on that day, for the first time seen. He then was seized by the recollection of the ode which he had intended to recite on one of the subsequent days. The stanzas, which at intervals he murmured, were full of fervour, of religious awe, and splendid images; and belonged to a lyrical description of the intercourse of Jupiter with mortal maidens; some of the fragments were so passionate and impressive, and Melita listened with an interest so full of wonder and rapt excitement, that her father commanded her to retire, and to leave the patient under his care.

She lay awake for several hours; and fell, at last, asleep, with a brain and bosom possessed by tumultuous and gorgeous visions. Early in the morning, her father announced to her that the youth had, in the night, become much calmer, and that he had left him to obtain himself some short repose. When she had arisen, the boy was no longer to be found; but he had left behind him his rich and remarkable dress, and had only taken away an old mantle, which, while he lay on the couch, had been thrown over him by his host. Her father added, that he was now about to join the crowd at the games, and that he should not return till late in the evening. She placed herself in the room in which the youth had lain, and employed herself in putting together all she could remember of his strange and imperfect phrases, and in connecting them with the wishes and fantastic images which had filled her mind before. Near to her lay the garments which he had worn; Melita fixed her eyes on them, and she felt as if some unseen enchantment prevented her from looking away, even for a moment. As the day closed in, the evening wind arose, and brought to her ears the distant applauses of the Grecian people gathered at their chief solemnity. She gazed and mused, and after a struggle of fear, shame, curiosity, and vague wishfulness, she could no longer resist the temptation; she hastily put on the dress of the poet and left the house.

Her impetuous and winged feet bore her, she knew not whither. In a short time, she had moved a considerable distance, when she beheld near her a procession of worshippers, headed by the priests, and accompanied by many attendants. She joined their ranks, and was surprised to see that the youths in the service of the gods were clothed exactly like herself, so as to secure that she would pass without notice. The train advanced to the sacred grove which surrounded the Olympian temple; and here

she beheld, with delight and astonishment, the long files of statues which exhibited the conquerors at the games, with the emblems of the exercises in which they had respectively triumphed. The evening light flowed beautifully through the interstices of the dark foliage, and fell with a soft illumination on the still and white heroic figures. The throng moved on; and while the greater number placed themselves before the lofty and shadowy portico of the temple, a few of the priests and of their attendant boys entered the building. Among these Melita ventured to glide, and, from the instant which gave her a glimpse of the god, she was insensible to all else.

She sank on the marble pavement in the shade of the gigantic deity, and watched his form as intently as the astrologer watches the star on which depends his entire destiny. The twilight was broken by the thin flames of a few distant censers; and it seemed to her that she distinguished the limbs and features of the statue rather by some radiance of their own than by any outward beam. The calm and mighty face was more beautiful than all she had imagined; the brow was girded with olive, and appeared a bright throne for heavenly supremacy; the deep eyes were filled with a solemn and a lovely spirit; and she felt that she would rejoice to breathe away her soul upon that mouth, so awful and yet so sweet. The gleam of dusky gold on the garments in which Jupiter was clad, gave the semblance of a faint and floating glory; but all that was in the temple of distinguishable light gathered itself on the celestial countenance, and kept it, even when night had almost closed without, a visible revelation of the greatest God. ¶.

The girl was startled amid her adoration by a voice appearing to come from beyond the portico, and singing the words of the hymn, snatches of which had been uttered by the poet in her father's house the day before. She thought, but could not be sure, that she recognised the same tones pronouncing the enthusiastic poetry of the ode which she had heard under such different circumstances; and they blended themselves strangely with her own fearful ecstasy at the presence of the king of heaven. When this ode had been sung by one low but earnest voice, a single strophe of a different style and manner was vociferated in thundering music by the whole company of priests and novices. Scared by this overpowering sound, Melita shrunk among the officiating train, and looked at the crowd of worshippers collected before the temple. She thought she recognized her father; and trembling and uncertain, she glided away, and, when she had gained the solitary wood, ran with all her speed through thickets of trees and groups of glimmering statues, which she feared were living pursuers; till wearied and agitated, she reached her humble home. Her father speedily returned, but she had already changed her dress; and as soon as she had saluted him she retired to her chamber.

When she had thrown herself on her couch she began to meditate on the occurrences of the last few hours. The hint of the oracular prediction: the poet, with earnest tones, faint indeed and broken, but of exquisite sweetness; the distant sounds of the multitude congregated around the stadium; the long procession of priests and worshippers, with the

garlands and the incense; the green twilight of the consecrated grove, and the white gleam of those unmoving marble champions; all these were present to her mind; but chiefly the murmuring stillness of the vast temple, with the wavering flashes from the tripods, cutting the evening gloom, and over all the form of which the ivory limbs were wrapt in a golden shadow, the noblest exhibition of deified humanity, the king, the god, the beautiful, the one master of her soul, Jupiter, the wonder of Greece and glory of the earth, filled, overawed, agitated, and attracted her.

The deep dark night was around her, and she had remained for an hour absorbed in these contemplations, when suddenly a bright blaze started at once from the walls, the floor, and ceiling of the chamber, and covered them as if with a fiery drapery. It gave out no heat, but flamed with a steady and topaz-like lustre. Melita gazed in astonishment at the wondrous light, which did not however scare her with any resemblance of an earthly conflagration. It burned for a few seconds, and when she had, in some degree, overcome her first alarm by perceiving the innocence of the lights, innumerable snakes of the most different colours appeared to move and float along the walls, and to play in the lucid blaze. Green and white, black and crimson, blue, purple, and orange, starred with jewels, and streaked like the tulip, they wove together in that liquid illumination a thousand knots and momentary devices. Arching themselves like the rainbow, or in ranks like some gorgeous oriental cavalry, they moved from the sides of the chamber to the ceiling, or twined themselves around the simple furniture.

The serpents appeared to melt and mingle into each other, and were swallowed by the general splendour; and the burning boundaries of the room widened and receded till they resembled the atmosphere of an evening sky, filled with the richest and most sparkling clouds; and amid these, as if disclosed from the burning disk of the sun, a large bird, of as brilliant plumage as the fabled Phoenix, flew forward, and passed before her. But soon it appeared to change its shape and lose its glory, and became a gigantic owl with round bright eyes. The evening prospect darkened into night; the white crescent of the moon stood over the shaded hills; and the grey bird perched on a rock which overhung the sea. The new moon in that world of witchery appeared to rise at nightfall, and for a moment she watched its silent ascension. A faint musical sound caused her to look away, and on the rock where she had seen the owl alight, the young poet was now leaning; the sea glimmered at his feet, one arm rested on a projection of the crag, and his eyes were turned as her's had been to the diamond curve that adorned the darkness of the sky. She fancied that in his countenance she discovered a resemblance to the pale and majestic loveliness of that statue of Jupiter, which to her was far more than a statue. Clouds came over the heavens, and obscured the view. The youth was no longer visible, but a dull twilight covered the foreground, and through this two small red stars were burning. She looked at them intently, and shuddered at discerning the form of a gigantic lion couched, as it seemed, at a little distance from her, and watching her with the glowing eyes which had first drawn her attention to the object. He seemed to grow nearer and nearer to her: and the

whole picture had soon disappeared, leaving nothing but the shaggy monster and the dim and narrow room. The lion rose, and with a light bound, laid himself on the bed before her feet. The enormous shape became less terrible when she was within its reach; and while her foot appeared to touch its flank, and its mane lay spread on part of the mantle which, in her terror, she had let fall from around her, she thought that it was no more than an enormous and threatening shadow.

When the chaotic dimness of the chamber was dispersing into the clear transparency of a summer night, Melita remembered the tales she had heard of Proteus and his wonders; and the bewilderment of her mind had little of terror or suffering. The desert-shape which shared her couch, rolled away amid the mist which now vanished from the room. Its fiery eye-balls seemed gradually to recede till they were lost among the throng of stars that twinkled in the cloudless firmament. Wild troops of birds and insects fluttered around her; and trains of children, whose whispers were like distant tinklings, moved hither and thither, bearing baskets of flowers. A pink light gradually spread through the air; and one of the children detached itself from the playful ring of its companions and approached her. In that carnival splendour, every thing was hidden but the gentle, smiling boy, who seemed to walk on the charmed wind. His delighted eyes were fixed laughingly on her; and in another instant she had stretched her hands, and he was pressed to her uncovered bosom. She laid her head on the pillow, and he nestled in her arms, while she gazed with eager pleasure on the sunny locks that clustered round the brow of the infant, and strained to her side his round and rosy limbs.

But her countenance assumed a deeper meaning, and she trembled with emotion when it seemed to her that the lines of that baby loveliness became stronger and more expressive. that the eye darkened and spoke earnestly to her's, and that the lips were pressed with more than childish passion on her quivering mouth; when she thought, that in this young visitant she could recognise at every moment a nearer likeness to the island poet. But soon this resemblance also escaped from her; the forehead became more lovely, the features nobler and more radiant; the gleam as of a golden cloak thrown off, was spread under his finely proportioned limbs; and now for the first time she perceived, among the dark brown hair, the slender olive wreath, and in all the form and look the well-remembered presence of the olympic god.

On the next morning, when the father of Melita was leaving his house, he informed his daughter that the young stranger whom they had aided, was in that day to be crowned as the successful poet. Scarcely had he departed, when, seized with an impetuous frenzy, she rushed away to the place at which the festival was held. The poet had not appeared, and the prize was given to the second of the competitors. But it was a deadly crime in any woman to approach the spot; and Melita, before the eyes of all the people, and of her white-haired father, was precipitated from a rock into the river Alpheus, such being the punishment appointed from of old, for her offence. 'Heavily, O, my daughter!' said the aged man; 'have the maxims of the wise and the prediction of the oracle, been fulfilled in thee?'

‘A TALE OF THE PLAGUE IN EDINBURGH.

[FROM THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.]

IN several parts of Scotland, such things are to be found as *tales* of the Plague. Amidst so much human suffering as the events of a pestilence necessarily involved, it is of course to be supposed that, occasionally, circumstances would occur of a peculiarly disastrous and affecting description,—that many loving hearts would be torn asunder, or laid side by side in the grave, many orphans left desolate, and patriarchs bereft of all their descendants,—and that cases of so painful a sort as called forth greater compassion at that time, would be remembered, after much of the ordinary details were generally forgotten. The celebrated story of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, is a case in point. So romantic, so mournful a tale, appealing as it does to every bosom, could not fail to be commemorated, even though it had been destitute of the great charm of locality. Neither could such a tale of suffering and horror as that of the Teviotdale shepherd’s family (already alluded to in a former article upon this subject) ever be forgotten in the district where it occurred,—interesting as it is, has been, and will be, to every successive generation of mothers, and duly listened to and shuddered at by too many infantine audiences. In the course of our researches, we have likewise picked up a few extraordinary circumstances connected with a last visit paid by the plague to Edinburgh; which, improbable as they may perhaps appear, we believe to be, to a certain extent allied to truth, and shall now submit them to our readers.

When Edinburgh was afflicted, for the last time, with the pestilence, such was its effect upon the energies of the citizens, and so long was its continuance, that the grass grew on the principal street, and even at the Cross, though that *Scottish Rialto* was then perhaps the most crowded thoroughfare in Britain. Silence, more than that of the stillest midnight pervaded the streets during the day. The sunlight fell upon the quiet houses as it falls on a line of sombre and neglected tombstones in some sequestered churchyard—gilding, but not altering, their desolate features. The area of the High Street, on being entered by a stranger, might have been contemplated with feelings similar to those with which Christian, in the *Pilgrim’s Progress*, viewed the awful court-yard of Giant Despair; for, as in that well-imagined scene, the very ground bore the marks of wildness and desolation; every window around, like the loop-holes of the dungeons in Doubling Castle, seemed to tell its tale of misery within, and the whole seemed to lie prostrate and powerless under the dominion of an unseen demon, which fancy might have conceived as stalking around in a bodily form, leisurely dooming its subject to successive execution.

When the pestilence was at its greatest height, a strange perplexity began, and not without reason, to take possession of the few physicians and nurses who attended the sick. It was customary for the distempered

to die, or, as the rare case happened, to recover, on a particular day after having first exhibited symptoms of illness. This was an understood rule of the plague, which had never been known to fail. All at once, it began to appear that a good many people, especially those who are left alone in their houses by the death or desertion of friends died before the arrival of the critical day. In some of these cases, not only was the rule of the disease broken, but, what vexed the physicians more, the powers of medicine seemed to have been set at defiance; for several patients of distinction, who had been able to purchase good attendance, and were therefore considered as in less than ordinary danger, were found to have expired after taking salutary drugs, and being left with good hopes by their physicians. It almost seemed as if some new disease were beginning to engraft itself upon the pestilence—a new feature rising upon its horrid aspect. Subtle and fatal as it formerly was now inconceivably more so. It could formerly be calculated upon; but it was now quite arbitrary and precarious. Medicine had lost its power over it. God, who created it in its first monstrous form, appeared to have endowed it with an additional sting, against which feeble mortality could present no competent shield. Physicians beheld its new ravages with surprise and despair; and a deeper shade of horror was spread, in consequence, over the public mind.

As an air of more than natural mystery seemed to accompany this truly calamitous turn of affairs, it was, of course, to be expected, in that superstitious age, that many would attribute it to a more than natural cause. By the ministers, it was taken for an additional manifestation of God's wrath, and as such held forth in not a few pulpits, accompanied with all the due exhortations to a better life, which it was not unlikely would be attended with good effect among the thin congregations of haggard and terrified scarecrows, who persisted in meeting regularly at places of worship. The learned puzzled themselves with conjectures as to its probable causes and cures; while the common people gave way to the most wild and fanciful surmises, almost all of which were as far from the truth. The only popular observation worthy of my attention, was, that the greater part of those who suffered from this new disease died during the night, and all of them while unattended.

Not many days after the alarm first arose, a poor woman arrested a physician in the street, and desired to confer with him a brief space. He at first shook her off, saying he was at present completely engaged, and could take no new patients. But when she informed him that she did not desire his attendance, and only wished to communicate something which might help to clear up the mystery of the late premature deaths, he stopped and lent a patient ear. She told him that on the previous night, having occasion to leave her house, in order to visit a sick neighbour, who lay upon a lonely death-bed in the second flat below her own garret, she took a lamp in her hand, that she might the better find her way down. As she descended the stair, which she described as a *turnpike*, or spiral one, she heard a low and inexpressibly doleful moan, as if proceeding from the house of her neighbour.—such a moan, she said, as she had never heard proceed from any of the numerous death-beds it had

been her lot to attend. She hastened faster down the stair than her limbs were well able to carry her, under the idea that her friend was undergoing some severe suffering, which she might be able to alleviate. Before, however, she had reached the first landing-place, a noise, as of footsteps, arose from the house of pain, and caused her to apprehend that all was not right in a house which she knew no one ever visited, in that time of desolation, but herself. She quickened her pace still more than before, and soon reached the landing-place at her neighbour's door. Something, as she expressed it, seeming to swoof down the stair, like the noise of a full garment brushing the walls of a narrow passage, she drew in the lamp, and looking down beyond it, saw what she conceived to be the dark drapery of the back of a tall human figure, loosely clad, moving, or rather gliding, out of sight, and in a moment gone. So uncertain was she at first of the reality of what she saw, that she believed it to be the shadow of the central-pile of the stair gliding downwards as she brought round the light; but the state of matters in the inside of the house soon convinced her to her horror, that it must have been something more dreadful and real—the unfortunate woman being dead; though as yet it was three days till the time when, according to the old rules of the disease, she might have lived or died. The physician heard this story with astonishment; but as it only informed his mind, which was not free from superstition, that the whole matter was becoming more and more mysterious, he drew no conclusions from it, but simply observing, with a professional shake of the head, that all was not right in the town, went upon his way.

The old woman, who, of course, could not be expected to let so good a subject of gossip and wonderment lie idle in her mind, like the guinea kept by the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters, forthwith proceeded to dissipate it abroad among her neighbours, who soon (to follow out the idea of the coin) reduced it into still larger and coarser pieces, and paid it away, in that exaggerated form, to a wider circle of neighbours, by whom it was speedily dispersed in various shapes over the whole town. The popular mind, like the error of a sick man, being then peculiarly sensitive, received the intelligence with a degree of alarm, such as the news of a lost battle has not always occasioned amongst a people; and, as the atmosphere is best calculated for the conveyance of sound during the time of frost, so did the air of the plague seem peculiarly well fitted for the propagation of this fearful report. The whole of the people were impressed, on hearing the story, with a feeling of undefined awe, mixed with horror. The back of a tall figure, in dark long clothes, seen but for a moment! There was a picturesque indistinctness in the description, which left room for the imagination; taken in conjunction, too, with the moan heard at first by the old woman on the stair, and the demise of the sick woman at the very time, it was truly startling. To add to panic a report arose next day, that the figure had been seen on the preceding evening, by different persons, flitting about various stairs and alleys, always in shade, and disappearing immediately after being first perceived. An idea began to prevail that it was the image of Death—Death, who thus come in his impersonated form, to a city which seemed to have been placed so peculiarly under his dominion, in order to execute his office.

with the greater promptitude. It was thought, if so fantastic a dream may be assigned to the thinking faculty, that the grand destroyer, who, in ordinary times is invisible, might, perhaps, have the power of rendering himself palpable to the sight in cases where he approached his victims, under circumstances of peculiar horror; and this wild imagination was the more fearful, inasmuch as it was supposed that, with the increase of the mortality, he would become more and more distinctly visible, till, perhaps, after having dispatched all, he would burst forth in open triumph and roam at large throughout a city of desolation.

It happened, on the second day after the rise of this popular fancy, that an armed ship, of a very singular construction, and manned by a crew of strangely foreign-looking men, entered Leith harbour. It was a Barbary rover; but the crew showed no intention of hostility to the town of Leith, though at the present pass it would have fallen an easy prey to their arms, being quite as much afflicted with the pestilence as its metropolitan neighbour. A detachment of the crew, comprising one who appeared to be the commander, immediately landed, and proceeded to Edinburgh, which they did not scruple to enter. They enquired for the provost, and, on being conducted to the presence of that dignitary, their chief disclosed their purpose in thus visiting Edinburgh, which was the useful one of supplying it in its present distress with a cargo of drugs approved in the East for their efficacy against the plague, and a few men who could undertake to administer them properly to the sick. The provost heard this intelligence with overflowing eyes: for, besides the anxiety he felt about the welfare of the city, he was especially interested in the health of his daughter, and only child, who happened to be involved in the common calamity. The terms proposed by the Africans were somewhat exorbitant. They demanded to have the half of the wealth of those whom they restored to health. But the provost told them that he believed many of the most wealthy citizens would be glad to employ them on these terms; and, for his own part he was willing to sacrifice any thing he had, short of his salvation, for the behalf of his daughter. Assured of at least the safety of their persons and goods, the strangers drew from their ship a large quantity of medicines, and began that very evening to attend as physicians, those who chose to call them in. The captain—a man in the prime of life and, remarkable amongst the rest for his superior dress and bearing—engaged himself to attend the provost's daughter, who had now nearly reached the crisis of the distemper, and hitherto had not been expected to survive.

The house of Sir John Smith, the provost of Edinburgh, in the year 1645, was situated in the Cop-and-Feather close an alley occupying the site of the present North bridge. The bottom of this ally being closed, there was no thoroughfare or egress towards the North Loch; but the provost's house possessed this convenience, being the tenement which closed the lower extremity, and having a back-door that opened upon an ally to the eastward, namely, Halkerston's Wynd.* This house was, at

* The miserable place possesses an interest of which the most of our readers cannot be aware. It received its name from the circumstances of a brave young

the time we speak of, crammed full of valuable goods, plate, &c. which had been deposited in the provost's hand by many of his afflicted fellow-citizens, under the impression that if they survived, he was honest enough to restore them unimpaired, and, if otherwise, he was worthy to inherit them. His daughter, who had been seized before it was found possible to remove her from the town, lay in a little room at the back of the house, which besides one door opening from the large staircase in the front, had also a more private entry communicating with the narrower and obsolete turnpike behind. At that time, little precaution was taken any where in Scotland about the locking of doors. To have the door simply closed, so that the fairies could not enter, was in general considered sufficient, as it is at the present day in many remote parts. In Edinburgh, during the time of the plague, the greatest indifference to security of this sort prevailed. In general, the doors were left unlocked from within, in order to admit the cleansers, or any charitable neighbour who might come to minister to the bed-ridden sick. This was not exactly the case in Sir John Smith's house: for the main-door was scrupulously locked, with a view to the safety of the goods committed to his charge. Nevertheless, from neglect, or from want of apprehension, the posterior entrance was afterwards found to have been not so well secured.

The Barbary physician had administered a potion to his patient soon after his admission into the house. He knew that symptoms either favourable or unfavourable would speedily appear, and he therefore resolved to remain in the room in order to watch the result. About midnight, as he sat in a remote corner of the room, looking towards the bed upon which his charge was extended, while a small lamp burned upon a low table between, he was suddenly surprised to observe something like a dark cloud, unaccompanied by any noise, interpose itself slowly and gradually between his eyes and the bed. He at first thought that he was deceived—that he was beginning to fall asleep,—or that the strange appearance was occasioned by some peculiarity of the light, which, being placed almost directly between him and the bed, caused him to see the latter object very indistinctly. He was soon undeceived by hearing a noise—the slightest possible—and perceiving something like motion in the ill-defined lineaments of the apparition. Gracious heaven! thought he, can this be the angel of death hovering over his victim, preparing to strike the mortal blow, and ready to receive the departing soul into the inconceivable recesses of its awful form? It almost appeared as if the cloud stooped over the bed for the performance of this task. Presently, the patient uttered a half-suppressed sigh, and then altogether ceased the regular respirations, which had hitherto been monotonous and audible throughout the room. The awe-struck attendant could contain himself no longer, but permitted a sort of cry to escape him, and started to his feet. The cloud instantly, as it were, rose from its inclined posture over the bed, turned hastily round,

man, by name David Halkerstoun, the brother of the ancestor of the celebrated Hackstoun of Rathillet, having been killed in it in 1544, when defending the town against the English under the Earl of Herford.

and, in a moment contracting itself into a human shape, glided softly, but hastily, from the apartment. Ha ! thought the African, I have known such personages as this in Aleppo. These angels of death are sometimes found to be mortal themselves—I shall pursue and try. He, therefore, quickly followed the phantom through the private door by which it had escaped, not forgetting to seize his semicircular sword in passing the table where it lay. The stair was dark and steep ; but he kept his feet till he reached the bottom. Casting, then, a hasty glance around him, he perceived a shadow vanish from the moon-lit ground, at an angle of the house, and instantly started forward in the pursuit. He soon found himself in the open wynd above-mentioned, along which he supposed the mysterious object to have gone. All here was dark ; but being certain of the course adopted by the pursued party, he did not hesitate a moment in plunging headlong down its steep profundity. He was confirmed in his purpose by immediately afterwards observing, at some distance in advance, a small jet of moonlight, proceeding from a side alley, obscured for a second by what he conceived to be the transit of a large dark object. This he soon also reached, and finding that his own person caused a similar obscurity, he was confirmed in his conjecture that the apparition bore a substantial form. Still forward and downward he boldly rushed, till, reaching an open area at the bottom part of which was lighted by the moon, he plainly saw, at the distance of about thirty yards before him, the figure as of a tall man, loosely enveloped in a prodigious cloak, gliding along the ground, and apparently making for a small bridge, which at this particular place crossed the drain of the North Loch, and served as a communication with the village called Mutrie's Hill. He made directly for the fugitive, thinking to overtake him almost before he could reach the bridge. But what was his surprise, when in a moment the flying object vanished from his sight, as if it had sunk into the ground, and left him alone and objectless in his headlong pursuit. It was possible that it had fallen into some concealed well or pit, but this he was never able to discover. Bewildered and confused, he at length returned to the provost's house, and re-entered the apartment of the sick maiden. To his delight and astonishment he found her already in a state of visible convalescence, with a gradually deepening glow of health diffusing itself over her cheek. Whether his courage and fidelity had been the means of scaring away the evil demon it is impossible to say ; but certain it is, that the ravages of the plague began soon afterwards to decline in Edinburgh, and at length died away altogether.

The conclusion of this singular traditional story bears, that the provost's daughter, being completely restored to health, was married to the foreigner who had saved her life. This seems to have been the result of an affection which they had conceived for each other during the period of her convalescence. The African, becoming joint heir with his wife of the provost's vast property, abandoned his former piratical life, became, it is said, a dour Presbyterian, and settled down for the remainder of his days in Edinburgh. The match turned out exceedingly well ; and it is even said that the foreigner became so assimilated with the people of

Edinburgh, to whom he had proved so memorable a benefactor, that he held at one time an office of considerable civic dignity and importance. Certain it is, that he built for his residence a magnificent *land* near the head of the Canongate, upon the front of which he caused to be erected a statue of the Emperor of Barbary, in testimony of the respect he still cherished for his native country ; and this memorial yet remains in its original niche, as a subsidiary proof of the verity of the above relation.

HENRI ZSCHÖKKE THE SWISS NOVELIST.

[FROM THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR AUGUST]

OF this Swiss novelist, whose productions have lately acquired him a more European reputation, by the French translations that have been made of them, than they would have ever gained if they had remained in their original German dress, we find the following rather lively account in one of the latest of the numerous *Hermits*,* which owe their birth to the extraordinary success of M. Jouy's different appearances in that character.

"At some distance from Aarau, in the midst of a thick forest, is the habitation of a man, whose name, for some years past, has been frequently mentioned in our journals ; a romance writer, a poet, a philologist, an antiquary, a historian, and notwithstanding all these titles to celebrity, little known in Switzerland. When I enquired of the landlord for the residence of Zschokke, he stared at me, and remained silent. I repeated this inharmonious and difficult-to-be-pronounced name, which he repeated after me, turning round to some of his guests who were sitting at a table close by. They all appeared to be in an equal state of ignorance. At last one of them, rubbing his forehead, and looking steadily at the large mouth of his beer-glass, exclaimed, while he caught hold of his neighbour's arm, 'Zschokke, the forest inspector!' instantly they all seemed to start as if from sleep, and each began to repeat the name, accompanying it with certain material qualities to prove that he was perfectly acquainted with *the great man* - 'Zschokke—yes ! yes ! a little old man, about five feet high ?' said one ; 'Zschokke, the forest inspector seventy years old, and stoops a little ?' said a second ; 'Zschokke, who lives half-a-dozen miles off, and whose house you see from the road ?' said a third : 'do we know him ? He wears an apple-green coat—a good man, an excellent man.' These were the literal expressions ; but it is impossible to describe the surprize and the tumultuous joy of these jovial fellows on hearing that the name of Zschokke began to make a noise in France ; that he had written an excellent history of Switzerland, romances full of life and interest, and tales which frequently exhibit the refined observation and "

* *L' Hermite en Suisse*. 4 vols. 12mo. Paris, 1829. Vol. II. No. 37. Aarau.

bantering irony of Voltaire. They could not believe their ears, and seemed as much astonished as if we had told them that the rocks of Lauffen had disappeared under the waves of the Rhine."

Our traveller had now no difficulty in finding the object of his search; we shall let him give his own account of his reception.

"As soon as he was informed that a stranger inquired for him, he rose, put on his little green coat of ceremony, and came to receive me. I fancied I saw before me the ghost of Lavater. Zschokke welcomed me with a politeness which he had studied elsewhere than in books. A man of the world, who had passed his life in the best society of a great capital, could not have exhibited more graceful manners, more amiability, or more ease and modesty. . . . I began by some of the usual compliments, which Zschokke received with perfect German candour; his eyes, however, sparkled with pleasure, and the wrinkles on his face almost disappeared, when I talked to him of the success which his romances had met with in Paris. He replied by eulogising the taste of our nation, the beauty of our females, and the talent of our authors, almost all of whom he knew. He speaks French tolerably well, but as you listen to him, you perceive that our older writers have been the object of his especial study; his conversation is full of expressions derived from Amyot, from Rabelais, and from Montaigne, whom he almost knows by heart; it is neither high-flown, nor elegant, but lively, and full of original figures and expressions. Whoever has read a page of Paul Courier can easily form an idea of Zschokke's gossip; it is the simple, frank and somewhat rough manner of the *Vigneron*. It is said that he writes German much as he speaks French, never troubling himself about the opinion of word-pickers, and satisfied when he has found a thoroughly material image to represent and through his idea as it were into relief. Müller appears too grave and too solemn to his taste; he prefers Tschudi (the Swiss chronicler), as more natural and more original. . . . You need not converse many minutes with Zschokke before his political opinions are revealed; indeed he takes no pains to conceal them. A republican, like William Tell, and after the fashion of Walter Furst, he would wish that a people who have conquered their liberty with their clubs and massive swords were not set aside, and that their old costume appeared more frequently at the council; in a word, he prefers the government of the smaller cantons to that of Berne. Zschokke rises with the sun, and writes nearly ten hours a day; he follows no rule in the distribution of his labours, and passes from a chapter of romance to a page of history, from a philosophical thesis to a question of geology. He has a great predilection for this last science, and when once set a going upon it, his expressions crowd upon him, and are quite inexhaustible. . . . He did not appear particularly to admire the translation which had been made of his *History of Switzerland*. 'M. Manget,' said he to me, 'whose talents I respect, has given me a fine coat, embroidered after the last fashion, such as is worn by your courtiers; this is not the dress which becomes a Swiss of the old times, and I am not partial to any other. My History was written for the people; I have endeavoured to make them understand me by the use of simple and familiar language; but here I am made to speak,

as Horace says, *ore rotundo*. It may be very fine, but it is not me. However, this is the fault of M. Walsh, who, in the last edition of his lively Letters on Switzerland, thought proper to pass a pompous eulogium on my work, and to inform me that it was a perfect masterpiece. What he said passed for gospel, and one fine day I learned in my humble retreat while I was watering the flowers of my garden, that I was about to appear in French; and a few months after I read in your journals some flaming eulogiums on my book. Your Paris is a singular place; a few articles in your daily journals have made me better known in Switzerland than the whole of my works; would you believe it,' said he, with an arch smile, 'that they already amount to more than fifty volumes? rather heavy baggage you will say, and yet it ran the risk of traversing the whole of Switzerland without being observed; it is you who have roused the attention of my countrymen.'

"I asked Zschokke if he was fond of travelling. 'Yes,' said he, 'but only in my library. At my age one prefers the dead to the living, and for very good reasons. I still take some trips among the mountains, where I find specimens, that are wanting in my collection, and old Swiss, who are worthy of the olden time, a circumstance less rare. When I meet with such a one, I have occupation for a whole day. I sit down at his table, I partake of his black bread, I sleep under his roof, and we converse together. I listen to him, and I enrich the German idiom with original, lively and graphic expressions, which can never be rendered into French.'"

THE TINMAN OF NAPLES.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, FOR AUGUST.]

The romantic adventures of the Neapolitan painter, Antonio Solario, better known under the name of "Il Zingaro," (the Tinman,) are worth recording, as, although an able artist, and well known in Rome, Bologna, and Venice, he is not mentioned by Vasari or Baldinucci. The son of an artisan at Chieti, in the Abruzzi, he came to Naples early in the fifteenth century to exercise the trade of his father, and was occasionally employed in the house of Colantonio del Fiore, one of the most celebrated painters of his time. Here he saw and loved the artist's daughter, and so ardent was his attachment, that he had the temerity to demand her in marriage of her father. Colantonio, although a distinguished and wealthy man, betrayed no irritation at this audacious proposal, which appeared rather to amuse than offend him, and, without positively rejecting it, told the tinman that he would give him his daughter in marriage whenever he became as good a painter as her father. The enamoured artisan was not dismayed by the condition, and demanded time for its performance. Colantonio gave him ten years, and even promised that during that period his daughter should not marry. This singular agreement soon became the talk of Naples, and even of the Neapolitan court, where

it is said to have been ratified in presence of Queen Marguerite, and the Princess Joanna. The enterprising tinman, attracted by the celebrity of Lippo d'Almasi, departed for Bologna, and studied in that school with such ability and perseverance, that in a few years he made great progress in painting and design. Ere long, the name of "Il Zingaro" became celebrated throughout Lombardy, and after seven years of study at Bologna, he surpassed his teacher, and proceeded to the other schools of Italy in quest of higher talent. He worked in the ateliers of the most distinguished masters at Florence, Ferrara, Rome, and Venice, and after the expiration of nine years and a few months, he returned to Naples during the reign of Joanna II. A nobleman whose portrait he had painted, presented him to the queen, and he besought her acceptance of a small picture of the Madonna and Infant Saviour, surrounded with angels, which Signorella says is still in existence. At the same time, to the great astonishment of the court, he declared himself *Il Zingaro della Promissa*. His professional ability was farther proved by a portrait of the queen, which added greatly to his reputation. His royal patroness sent for Colantonio, and asked his opinion of the two pictures, without naming the artist. Struck with admiration, he acknowledged with generous frankness his own inferiority to the painter of those pictures, whom he pronounced the ablest artist of his time. On this avowal, the Zingaro, who was concealed in the apartment, stepped forward, and claimed the performance of the agreement. Colantonio was infinitely surprised by the discovery, and after having ascertained that the pictures were really executed by the tinman, gave his consent to the marriage. He was censured by some of his connexions for bestowing his daughter upon a man of such mean origin: "I marry her," he replied, "to no tinman, but to Solatio the Painter." The professional ability, and the romantic attachment of *Il Zingaro*, which name adhered to him through life, rapidly increased his reputation, and from the period of his marriage he was much employed. He introduced his wife's portrait and his own into the altarpiece of San Pietro in Arenò at Naples. Dominici praises his Descent from the Cross in the church of San Domenico Maggiore, and compares it with the best pictures of Albert Durer, who flourished a century later. The Zingaro excelled principally in heads, which he coloured admirably, and in a style resembling that of Titian. He died in 1455.

A SCENE OFF BERMUDA.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, NO. CLVII.]

The evening was closing in dark and rainy, with every appearance of a gale from the westward, and the weather had become so thick and boisterous, that the Lieutenant of the watch had ordered the look-out at the mast-head down on deck. The man, on his way down, had gone into the main-top to bring away some things he had left, in going aloft, and was in the act of leaving it, when he sung out,—“A sail on the weather-bow.” “What does she look like?”—“Can’t rightly say, sir; she is in the middle of the thick weather to windward.”—“Stay where you are a little. Jenkins, jump forward, and see what you can make of her from the foreyard.” Whilst the topman was obeying his instructions, the lookout again hailed—“She is a ship, sir, close-hauled on the same tack,—the weather clears, and I can see her now.”

The wind, ever since noon, had been blowing in heavy squalls, with appalling lulls between them. One of these gusts had been so violent as to bury in the sea the lee-guns in the waist, although the brig had nothing set but her close-reefed main-topsail, and reefed foresail. It was now spending its fury, and she was beginning to roll heavily; when, with a suddenness almost incredible to one unacquainted with these latitudes, the veil of mist that had hung to windward the whole day was rent and drawn aside, and the red and level rays of the setting sun flashed at once, through a long arch of glowing clouds, on the black hull and tall spars of his Britannic Majesty’s sloop, *Torch*. And, true enough, we were not the only spectators of this gloomy splendour; for, right in the wake of the moonlike sun, now half sunk in the sea, at the distance of a mile or more, lay a long warlike looking craft, apparently a frigate or heavy corvette, rolling heavily and silently in the trough of the sea, with her masts, yards, and the scanty sail she had set, in strong relief against the glorious horizon.

Jenkins now hailed, from the foreyard—“The strange sail is bearing up, sir.” As he spoke, a flash was seen, followed, after what seemed a long interval, by the deadened report of the gun, as if it had been an echo and the sharp half-ringing, half-hissing sound of the shot. It fell short, but close to us, and was evidently thrown from a heavy cannon, from the length of the range. Mr. Splinter the first Lieut. jumped from the gun he stood on—“Quarter-master, keep her away a bit”—and dived into the cabin to make his report.

Capt. Deadeye was a staid, stiff-rumped, wall-eyed, old First Lieutenantish-looking veteran, with his coat of a regular Rodney cut, broad skirts, long waist and stand up collar, over which dangled either a queue, or a marlinspike with a tuft of oakum at the end of it,—it would have puzzled Old Nick to say which. His lower spars were cased in tight unmentionables of what had once been white kerseymere, and long boots, the coal-

skuttle tops of which served as scuppers to carry off the drainings from his coat-flaps in bad weather; he was, in fact, the "last of the sea-monsters," but, like all his tribe, as brave as steel—when put to it, as alert as a cat.

He no sooner heard Splinter's report, than he sprung up the ladder, brushing the tumbler of swizzle he had just brewed clean out of the fiddle into the lap of Mr. Saveall, the purser, who had dined with him, and nearly extinguishing the said purser, by his arm striking the bowl of the pipe he was smoking, thereby forcing the shank half way down his throat.

"My glass, Wilson," to his steward.—"She is close to, sir; you can see her plainly without it," said Mr. Treenail, the second Lieutenant, from the weather nettings where he was reconnoitring. After a long look through his starboard blinker, (his other skylight had been shut up ever since Aboukir,) Deadeye gave orders to "clear away the weather-bow gun;" and as it was now getting too dark for flags to be seen distinctly, he desired that three lanterns might be got ready for hoisting vertically in the main-rigging.—"All ready forward there?"—"All ready, sir."—"Then hoist away the lights, and throw a shot across her forefoot—Fire!" Bang went our carronade, but our friend to windward paid no regard to the private signal; he had shaken a reef out of his topsails, and was coming down fast upon us.

It was clear that old Blowhard had at first taken him for one of our own cruisers, and meant to *signalize* him, "all regular and ship shape," to use his own expression; most of us, however, thought it would have been wiser to have made sail, and widened our distance a little, in place of bothering with old-fashioned manœuvres, which might end in our catching a tartar; but the skipper had been all his life in line-of-battle ships, or heavy frigates; and it was a tough job, under any circumstances, to persuade him of the propriety of "up-stick-and-away," as we soon felt to our cost.

The enemy, for such he evidently was, now all at once yawed, and indulged us with a sight of his teeth, and there he was, fifteen ports of a side on his main-deck, with the due quantum of carronades on his quarterdeck and fore-castle; whilst his short lower masts, white canvass, and the tremendous hoist in his topsails, shewed him to be a heavy American frigate; and it was equally certain that he had cleverly hooked us under his lee, within comfortable range of his long twenty-fours. To convince the most unbelieving, three jets of flame, amidst wreaths of white smoke, glanced from his main-deck; but in this instance, the sound of the cannon was followed by a sharp crackle and a shower of splinters from the foreyard.

It was clear we had got an ugly customer—poor Jenkins now called to Treenail, who was standing forward near the gun which had been fired.—"Och, sir, and its badly wounded we are here." The officer was a Patlander as well as the seaman. "Which of you, my boy?"—the growing seriousness of the affairs in no way checking his propensity to fun.—"Which of you,—you, or the yard?"—"Both of us, your honour; but the yard badlyest."—"The devil!—Come down, then, or

get into the top, and I will have you looked after presently." The poor fellow crawled off the yard into the foretop, as he was ordered, where he was found after the British, badly wounded by a splinter in the breast.

Jonathan no doubt calculated, as well he might, that this taste of his quality would be quite sufficient for a little 18-gun sloop close under his lee; but the fight was not to be so easily taken out of Deadeye, although even to his optic it was now high time to be off.

"All hands make sail, Mr. Splinter; that chap is too heavy for us.—Mr. Kelson, to the carpenter, "jump up and see what the foreyaw will carry. Keep her away, my man," to the seaman at the helm;—"Crack on, Mr. Splinter—shake all the reefs out,—set the fore-topsail, and loose top-gallant sails;—stand by to sheet home, and see all clear to rig the booms out, if the breeze lulls."

In less than a minute we were bowling along before it; but the wind was breezing up again, and no one could say how long the wounded foreyard would carry the weight and drag of the sails. To mend the matter, Jonathan was coming up, hand over hand with the freshening breeze, under a press of canvass; it was clear that escape was next to impossible.

"Clear away the larboard guns!" I absolutely jumped off the deck with astonishment—who could have spoken it? It appeared such downright madness to show fight under the very muzzles of the guns of an enemy, half of whose broadside was sufficient to sink us. It was the captain, however, and there was nothing for it.

In an instant was heard through the whistling of the breeze, the creaking and screaming of the carronade slides, the rattling of the carriage of the long twelve-pounder amidsthips, the thumping and punching of handspikes, and the dancing and jumping of Jack himself, as the guns were being shotted and run out. In a few seconds all was still again, but the rushing sound of the vessel going through the water, and of the rising gale amongst the rigging.

The men stood clustered at their quarters, their outlasses buckled round their waists, all without jackets and waistcoats, and many with nothing but their trowsers on.

"Now, men, mind your aim; our only chance is to wing him. I will yaw the ship, and as your guns come to bear, slap it right into his bows.—Starboard your helm, my man, and bring her to the wind." As she came round, blaze went our carronades and long-gun in succession, with good-will and good aim, and down came his foretop-sail on the cap, with all the superincumbent spars and gear; the head of the topmast had been shot away. The men instinctively cheered. "That will do; now knock off, my boys, and let us run for it. Keep her away again; make all sail."

Jonathan was for an instant paralysed by our impudence; but just as we were getting before the wind, he yawed, and let drive his whole broadside; and fearfully did it transmogrify us. Half an hour before we were as gay a little sloop as ever floated, with a crew of 120 as fine fellows as ever manned a British man-of-war. The iron-shower sped—ten of the

hundred and twenty never saw the sun rise again; seventeen more were wounded, three mortally; we had eight shot between wind and water, our main-top-mast shot away as clean as a carrot, and our hull and rigging otherwise regularly cut to pieces. Another broadside succeeded; but by this time we had bore up, thanks to the loss of our after-sail; we could do nothing else; and, what was better luck still, whilst the loss of our main-top-mast paid the brig off on the one hand, the loss of head-sail in the frigate brought her as quickly to the wind on the other; thus most of her shot fell astern of us; and, before she could bear up again in chase, the squall struck her, and carried her main-top-mast overboard.

This gave us a start, crippled and bedevilled though we were; and as the night fell, we contrived to lose sight of our large friend. With breathless anxiety did we carry on through that night, expecting every lurch to send our remaining topmast by the board; but the weather moderated, and next morning the sun shone on our bloodstained decks, at anchor off the entrance to St. George's harbour.

THE LAST HOURS OF LOUIS XIV.

[FROM THE COURT JOURNAL, NO. 15.]

The hope of making their fortune tempted several quacks, who offered to save the King, though he was at the last extremity. The first was an old man, like a hermit, wearing sandals and a long beard. He pretended to have come from the Holy Land for the purpose of working the miracle; but he would not explain his proposed remedy except in the presence of the King. All his power, he said, consisted in a phial containing two drops of blood which had been brought from the foot of the Saviour's cross. He would not show to any one the precious relic, but said he would make trial of it after the imposition of hands. He was sent to Fagon, who had no more faith in relics than in miracles.

"Certainly, Father," said he to the anchorite, "you will be permitted to try your skill; but first let me ascertain that your phial does not contain poison."

"Good heaven, what an idea! I swear that, unless the dying King is stained with mortal sin——"

"I do not doubt the efficacy of your remedy; but still, permit me to examine it."

The holy man presented to Fagon a bottle sealed with the arms of St. Peter.

"Diable!" exclaimed the Doctor, "your divine blood is terribly black!"

"You must recollect that it has been in the bottle for sixteen centuries."

"The bottle itself is not so old, at any rate, for it looks very much like a church *burette*." And Fagon, with great *sang froid*, broke the phial, to the great dismay of the pretended hermit. "Father," added he, "this is not the blood of God; it is nothing but ink."

Father le Tellier* was very indignant at this imposture; and the worker of miracles was sent to the prison of Saint-Pierre-en-Seize.

Another empiric, styling himself a German Doctor of the faculty of Leipzig, who knew something of chemistry, came, recommended by Madame. He was referred from Madame de Maintenon to Father le Tellier, then to Fagon, then to Cardinal de Rohon, and to Maréchal. He received only insults and rebuffs. One called him a quack, another a sorcerer; one affirmed that he was mad, and another accused him of being a thief. Maréchal, though convinced that the King could not live more than another day, asked the German what he thought he could do.

"I possess two elixirs," replied he. "The first will restore the King's appetite, for you know he has taken no food for this week past. The second will check the progress of the gangrene, and perhaps cure it entirely."

"I have no faith in what you say," replied Maréchal; "but there is no harm in trying your remedy."

The King consented to take the first elixir, which certainly appeared to have a wonderful effect. His appetite returned, and he ate as heartily as if he had been in good health. He was even supposed to be out of danger, and the disappointment evinced by the Duke du Maine tended to confirm the report. "Wait till to-morrow," said Maréchal, doubtfully. Still, however, the account of the King's improvement was repeated, and the poets of the Court wrote some thanksgivings in rhyme.

The Duke d'Orleans, who had been besieged by premature congratulatory visits, was now almost deserted for two days. This mortified him, and he promised to remember it. "If the King eats another hearty meal," said I, "you will be utterly forsaken. Madame de Maintenon, who had retired to Saint-Cyr, has come back again with renewed hope; and Massillon said to me, with an air of disappointment, 'What a splendid funeral oration I have lost!'—'But we,' replied I, 'have lost much more.'"

Next day, when the German presented himself with the elixir for the gangrene, the door was shut in his face with a thousand threats and imprecations. The King, after having passed a very restless night, had sent

* Le Tellier is thus characterized by Mr. Bulwer, in the new novel of *Dereux*:—"Le Tellier, that rigid and besotted servant of Loyola—the sovereign of the King himself—the destroyer of Port Royal, and the mock and terror of the be-devilled and persecuted Jansenists."—vol. 2, p. 178.

Some curious traits in the history of Dubois, from whose unpublished memoirs the above interesting extract is taken, may be collected from a piquant little story, which is related in the above-named novel, vol. 2, p. 82-3.

Dubois was the creature and favourite of the Regent Orleans, and was, like most 'favourites,' and all 'creatures,' thoroughly despised by the person who favoured him. On the death of Dubois, the Regent wrote as follows to the Count de Nocé, whom he had been induced to banish for an indiscreet sarcasm against Dubois, which he uttered at one of the Regent's *petit soupers*:—"With the beast dies the venom; I expect you to-night to supper at the Palais Royal."—*Ed.*

for his family, who all hastened to his bed-side. The Princes and Princesses were all assembled, with the exception of the Dowager Madame de Conti, the Princess and Madame de Vandome, who pretended illness, in order to avoid witnessing the dying moments of Louis XIV. Madame de Maintenon was counting over a chaplet of large beads. The King had given his instructions to the Dauphin and the Duke d'Orleans. He perceived the Duke du Maine, who kept back, and was laughing in his sleeve. "He to whom is confided the care of the future Sovereign," said the King, in a grave tone of voice, "is responsible both to God and man. I beg of you all to watch over the orphan child." The King's eyes were suffused with tears. "Daughter," said he to the Duchess d'Orleans, "do not abuse your power to the disadvantage of your sisters, who will need support after my death."

"Madame," resumed he, addressing himself to the Duchess du Maine, "be obedient to your husband, who stands much in need of wise and honest advice."

At that moment the Duchess and Madame de Maintenon looked angrily at each other. Louis XIV., continuing his advice to his illegitimate daughters, said "I recommend you above all to be united. "Yes, Sir, I will obey you," replied Madame, imagining that this observation was addressed to her and Madame de Maintenon.

"Madame," replied the King, "I did not intend that advice for you; I know you are reasonable. I spoke to these Princesses, who are not so prudent as you."

"Ah! Sire," exclaimed Madame, "spare me."

"God has pardoned," continued the King, "and Father le Tellier, to whom I have confessed, has twice given me absolution. I am sure that you, at least, will not forget me, for when I was King I loved you tenderly, and you have as much virtue as the rest have wickedness."

"Madame," interrupted Maintenon, reddening with anger, "go away; this emotion is too much for his Majesty. Go away."

She dragged her out of the room, and then said in a conciliating tone, "Do not suppose, Madame, that I ever said any thing to injure you in the King's good opinion."

"Oh," replied Madame, sobbing, "all that is out of the question now." She turned round suddenly to go away, and stumbled on Fagon, who had just come out of the King's apartment.

"Oh! Madame," said the Doctor, "do not knock me down!"

"How is the King now?" inquired she.

"Dying," he replied, and hurried away.

On the 1st of September the gangrene had reached the heart of the King, and he experienced the most excruciating agony.

"I think," said he, "that a great change has taken place."

"Sire," replied Fagon, "this crisis may be attended by happy results."

"No; I feel my nerves contracting. Is not this Wednesday, Maréchal?"

"Yes, Sire."

"Father," said Louis XIV., "a *De profundis*, if you please."

The Confessor knelt down at the bed-side, and every one present did

the same. The King clasped his hands, and joined devoutly in the prayer. Suddenly loud bursts of laughter were heard, and the Confessor stopped. "Go on, I beg," said the King, repressing his indignation; but the tears glistened in his eyes. When the *De profundis* was finished he sent M. de Villeroy to know who had been laughing so heartily. When M. de Villeroy returned, the King said, "You should have requested Monsieur du Maine to wait till I was dead before he gave way to such extravagant joy." The entrance of Madame de Maintenon put a period to this gentle reprimand. She remarked the dim eyes of the dying King, and for the first time she felt unfeigned regret. "Madame," said the King, "I thought it was more difficult to die." The bursts of laughter were renewed. Madame de Maintenon changed colour. Some one rose with the intention of checking this indecent merriment, when Louis XIV., making an effort to speak, ordered that no notice might be taken of it. "It is M. du Maine," said he, "though M. de Villeroy dared not say so; but as I am dying, I pardon him; and even if I were not dying I should still forgive him." The domestics vented their grief in sighs and sobs, and the priests continued praying. "Why do you weep?" said the king. "Did you think me immortal?" These were his last words. Madame de Maintenon was removed from the melancholy scene. A convulsive movement terminated the suffering of the royal patient. Maréchal placed his hand on Louis XIV.'s heart. The prayers stopped for a moment, and the cry, "The King is dead!" resounded through the Palace.

I was walking about in the gallery leading to the royal apartments, inquiring for news, and studying the countenances of all whom I met. I had witnessed the scandalous gaiety of the Duke du Maine, who was conversing with Antin. Massillon, who was no less impatient than I, kept near the royal chamber. He seemed to be seeking inspiration for his funeral oration.

"The King," said he to me, "awaits his approaching end with admirable firmness and tranquillity of mind."

"Death is nothing," replied I. "To a king who dies in public it is an act of royalty."

When the King's death was made known, we hurried to the royal chamber. It was filled with praying priests and weeping domestics. Fagon and Maréchal examined the body. The features were scarcely recognizable, and appeared to me to be shrunk.

"You see," said Fagon, "that the elixir which was given to his Majesty was poison. It is impossible otherwise to account for this terrible change. The body is shrunk, at least, the length of half a head."

"Would it not have been better to have allowed the disease to take its course?" said Maréchal.

There was a moment's silence, during which Massillon advanced majestically to the mortal remains of Louis le Grand. He raised his hands to heaven, fixed his eyes on the deceased in profound meditation, and in a voice of thunder he exclaimed, "My brethren, God alone is great." It is impossible to express the effect which these sublime words produced; for my part, I felt as though the marrow of my bones was chilled, and

many persons fell with their faces on the ground. Massillon thus commenced his funeral oration on Louis XIV.; the words, "*God alone is great*," were more than eloquent.

"THE MAUVAIS PAS," A SCENE IN THE ALPS.

Illustrating a passage in the Novel of Anne of Geierstein.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, NO. CLVII.]

Is there an individual, who has trod at all beyond the beaten track of life, who does not harbour within his mind the recollection of some incident or incidents of so eventful a nature, that it requires but the shade of an association to bring them forward from their resting-place, bright, clear, and distinct, as at the moment of their existence? We suspect there are many who, in their hours of solitude, might be seen to manifest symptoms of such reminiscences; and many who, in the busy world, and amidst the hum of men, might also be seen to start as if visions of things long gone by were again before them, and to shrink within themselves, as though spirits of olden times "were passing before their face, and causing the hair of their flesh to stand up."

It is now many years ago since an event of this character occurred to the writer of these pages. His event, however, such as it is, would, in all probability, never have been recorded on any other tablets than those of his own private thoughts, or have wandered beyond the limited circle of others, who, from natural causes, were interested in its details, had it not, within the last few days, been brought vividly before him, by a writer, whose unrivalled descriptive powers have so often given a semblance of truth to tales of fiction, and excited a thrill on the recital of perils and adventures, where no personal interests were called forth to give additional animation to the narrative. Long before they can peruse these lines, the readers of Blackwood's Magazine will, doubtless, have made themselves acquainted with Anne of Geierstein; and many a mountain traveller, accustomed to sojourn amidst the heights and depths of Alpine scenery, will have borne testimony to the splendid representation of Mont Pilate, arrayed in its gloomy panoply of "vapour, and clouds, and storms," and will have followed the daring Arthur Philipson, with breathless interest, as he wound his cautious way on the ledge of the granite precipice upreared before him: and such readers will scarcely be surprised, that a description like this should make no ordinary impression on one, who, without the slightest pretensions to the vigour and muscular activity of a hardy mountaineer of the fifteenth century, once found himself in a predicament somewhat similar, and oddly enough occasioned by a disaster akin to this, which so nearly proved fatal to the travellers from

Lucerne. Believe me, Mr. Editor, when, in Sir Walter Scott's 34th page, I descended from the platform on which the adventurous son bade adieu to his father, and gained with him the narrow ledge' creeping along the very brink of the precipice, days, months, and years shrunk away, and once again did I feel myself tottering on the airy pathway of the very platform, on which I also was once doomed to gaze, with feelings which time can never efface from my recollection.

It was in the year 1818, that I arrived in the village of Martigny, a few days after that memorable catastrophe, when by the bursting of its icy mounds, the extensive lake of Mauvoisin was, in an instant, let loose, pouring forth six hundred millions of cubic feet of water over the peaceful and fruitful valleys of the Drance, with the irresistible velocity of sixteen miles an hour, carrying before its overwhelming torrent every vestige of civilized life which stood within its impetuous reach. The whole village and its environs exhibited a dreary scene of death and desolation. The landlord, with many others of his acquaintance and kinsfolk, had been swept from their dwelling places, or perished in their ruins. The wreck of a well-built English carriage occupied part of the inner court-yard, while the body torn from its springs, had grounded upon a thicket in the field adjacent. The plains through which the treacherous stream was now winding its wonted course, had all the appearance of a barren desert. Luxuriant meadows were converted into reservoirs of sand and gravel; and crops nearly ripe for the sickle were beaten down into masses of corrupting vegetation. Here and there amorphous piles of trees, beams, carts, stacks, and remnants of every description of building, were hurled against some fragment of rock, or other natural obstacle, forming in many cases, it was too evident, the gravemound of human victims soddening beneath. On the door of the dilapidated inn, the following appeal was attached; but it required no document written by the hand of man to tell the tale of woe: "The floods had passed over it, and it was gone and the place thereof was known no more."

"AMES GÉNÉREUSES !

"Un mouvement de la grande nature vient de changer une contrée fertile et riante en un théâtre de désolation et de la misère, par l'irruption du lac de Getroz, arrivée le 16 Juin 1818. Les victimes de cette catastrophe tendent leurs mains vers vous, images de la Divinité bienfaisante. Quelle occasion favorable d'exercer votre vertu favorite, et de verser des larmes de pitié, en tarissant celles de malheur !"

It was impossible to contemplate effects consequent upon so awful a visitation, without a corresponding excitement of strong curiosity to follow the devastation to its source, and learn, from ocular inspection, the mode in which nature had carried on and completed her dreadful operations. Accordingly, having ascertained that although the regular roads, bridge-ways, and pathways, were carried away, a circuitous course over the mountains was feasible to the very foot of the Glaciers of Mont Pleureur, which impended over the mouth of the lac de Getroz, a guide was secured, and with him, on the following morning, before sunrise, I found myself toiling through the pine-woods clothing the steep sides of the

MARCH, 1830.

mountains to the east of Martigny. It is not, however, my intention to enter into details (though interesting enough in their way) unconnected with the one sole object, which, while I am now writing, hovers before me like Macbeth's dagger, to the exclusion of other things of minor import. Suffice it to say, that as the evening closed, I entered a desolate large scrambling sort of mansion, formerly, as I was given to understand, a convent belonging to some monks of La Trappe; a fact confirmed by sundry portraits of its late gloomy possessors, hung round the dark dismantled chamber in which I was to sleep. The village, of which this mansion had formed a part, had been saved almost by miracle. A strong stone bridge, with some natural embankments, gave a momentary check to the descending torrent, which instantly rose, and in another minute must have inevitably swept away all before it, when fortunately the earth on every side gave way, the ponderous buttresses of the bridge yielded, down it sunk, and gave immediate vent to the cataract. While I was looking towards the heights of Mont Pleureur, on whose crest the spires and pinnacles of the Glacier de Getroz were visible, a stranger joined the owner of the house in which I was lodged, and from their conversation I collected that he, with a companion, had that day visited the scene of action. "And you saw it," said the landlord. "I did," was the reply. "And your companion?"—"No, for we did not go the lower road," observed the traveller. "How so? did you take the upper?"—"We did," was the answer. "Comment donc? *mais le Mauvais Pas*?"—"I crossed it," replied the traveller. "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the landlord; and your companion?"—"He saw what it was, and returned." Having heard nothing of any extraordinary difficulties, I paid no great attention to this dialogue, particularly as I had the warranty of my guide that our course would be on the right bank of the river the whole way; and it was evident, that any thing like this *Mauvais Pas* of which the host and traveller spoke, was on the heights above the left bank. I therefore retired to rest, in high spirits, notwithstanding the sombre scowling looks of the monks which seemed to glance on me from their heavy black frames, ornamenting the panelled walls of the cheerless dormitory in which my pallet was stretched—quite sufficient, under other circumstances, to call up the recollection of every ghost and goblin slumbering in the mind, from the earliest traditions of nursery chronicles.

As the journey of the day promised, under most favourable circumstances, to be not only long but fatiguing, and as some part of the road was represented to be passable for horses, by which much time and labour might be spared, a couple were hired, and another guide engaged to bring them back; and, as we quitted the hostelry at early dawn, the beams of the rising sun were just glancing on the highest peaks of the Glaciers, at whose base our excursion was to terminate. For the first three or four hours, sometimes on the plains, at other times defiling over the heights, according to the obstacles interposed by the recent devastation, we pursued our course without any other interest, than that produced by a succession of striking objects, amidst the wildest exhibitions of mountain scenery I ever beheld. At length, we descended into a valley:

of considerable extent, affording flat platform, of what had been hitherto meadow land, though now a wide plain, on whose surface, in every direction, were scattered, in wild confusion, rocks and stones, and uprooted trees of all dimensions; deposited by the torrent, which had now returned to its original channel, through which it was roaring over a bed of broken granite, forming a sort of loose and coarse shingle. This valley, though unconfined towards the west, was apparently closed in towards the east, immediately in our route, by a stupendous barrier of precipitous rock, as if a mountain, impending over the river on our right, had shot forth one of its mighty arms for the purpose of arresting the waters in their progress. On drawing nearer, however, a fissure, extending from the summit to the base, through the very heart of the rock, was perceptible, through which the river rushed in a more confined channel. It naturally occurred to me, that, unless we could pass onwards through this fissure, we had nothing for it but to return; though having, in our morning's progress, more than once forded the stream, I concluded that a similar attempt would be made in the forthcoming case, in which I was confirmed by the two guides. When, however, we drew a little nearer, I remarked, that they looked forward repeatedly with something like an anxious cast of countenance examining here and there at the same time certain blocks of stone embedded in small pools, on which, although there was a communication with the river, the current had no effect, the communication being so far cut off, as to exclude even the slightest ripple. "The waters are higher than they were yesterday," said the one. "And are rising at this moment," replied the other, who was carefully watching the smooth side of one of these detached blocks, half filling the calm and unruffled surface of one of these diminutive lakes. And again, with scrutinizing eyes, they looked forward towards the fissure. "Shall we be able to stem the torrent in yonder spot?" I asked. "We have no," they hastily answered; "but not a moment must be lost;" and, suiting the action to the word, the horses were spurred on to a full trot, the eyes of both being now intensely fixed on something evidently in or near the river. "Do you see a dark speck at the foot of the left hand precipice?" observed one of the guides to me. "I do."—"Monsieur," continued he, "the waters are rising rapidly, by the increased melting of the snows: and if that dark stone is covered when we reach the fissure, our passage through the torrent will be hazardous, if not impracticable." From that instant every eye was rivetted to the fragment, which, instead of becoming more marked and visible, as we shortened the intervening space, very sensibly diminished in size; and, in spite of every effort to urge the horses on, soon dwindled to a speck, and was almost immediately after, to our great mortification, entirely lost under a ripple of white foam which broke over its highest point. "Ce n'est plus nécessaire d'avancer; il faut s'arrêter," said the guides; "c'est fini." The horses were accordingly reined in. We alighted, and I sat down in despair to secure what I could by sketching the magnificent scene before me; demanding, in a tone of forlorn hope, if it was indeed impossible to proceed, either by scaling the opposing barrier, or by any other circuitous

route. On saying this, they again examined the margin of the river; but it gave no encouraging sign. The white foam had even ceased to break over the hidden stone; a swift blue stream was hurrying over it, and not a token of its existence remained. While I continued my sketch, I observed that they were in earnest conversation, walking to and fro, now looking back on the road we had travelled, and then casting their eyes upwards to the right; the only words which I could distinctly hear, for they were more than once repeated, being "Mais il faut avoir bonne tête—a-t-il bonne tête?" At length, one of them came up, and said, "Monsieur, il y a un autre chemin, mais c'est dangereux—c'est un *mauvais pas*! Avez vous bonne tête." As the correctness of any answer to the conclusion of this address depended much upon divers particulars, and certain other data, which it behoved me to know, I begged him to describe a little more at large the precise nature of this *Mauvais Pas*, the ominous term recalling in an instant the words I had heard from the traveller the night before.

The result of my enquiry was very vague. That it was high amongst the mountains, and somewhat distant, there could be no doubt. That, in order to get to it, we must return, and cross the river below, where, being wider, it might still be forded, were also preliminary steps. The heights on the right were, in the next place, to be gained, and that by no very inviting path, as I could see; but these were not objections calculated to deter me from proceeding, and wherein the real difficulty consisted I could not distinctly discover. "Is, then, this *Mauvais Pas* much more steep and difficult than the ascent which you have pointed out amongst those rocks on the right?"—"Oh, no," was the reply; "it is not steep at all; it is on a dead level."—"Is it, then very fatiguing?"—"Oh, no; it is by no means fatiguing; the ascent which you see before you, is by far the most fatiguing part of the whole route."—"It is, then, dangerous, owing to broken fragments of rock, or slippery grass?" for I had heard them mutter something about slipping. "Oh, no; it was on hard solid rock; and, as for grass, there was not a blade upon it. It required but *une bonne tête, cars si on glisse, on est perdu!*" This winding up was certainly neither encouraging nor satisfactory; but having so repeatedly heard the danger of these mountain passes magnified, and their difficulties exaggerated, and the vague information above mentioned, saving and except the definitive result, being by no means in itself appalling, I expressed my readiness to try this path, if they had made up their minds to guide me. To this they consented; and preparations were instantly made; "for," added they, "the day is waning, and you will find there is much to be done."

We remounted the horses, and hastened back about a mile to a wide part of the river, which we succeeded in fording without much inconvenience; and soon after left them at a spot from whence they could be sent for at leisure. We then turned again to the eastward, and soon reached the foot of the heights on the left bank of the river, forming the barrier which had checked us on the other side. Up there we proceeded to mount, pressing onwards through brake and brier, boughs and bushes

to the summit of the ridge. During this part of the task, I endeavoured to pick up further particulars respecting the winding up of our adventure; but all I could learn was, that, in consequence of the suspension of all communication in the valleys below, by the destruction of the roads and bridges, a chamois-hunter had, since the catastrophe, passed over this path, and that some work-people, on their way to repair the bridges, finding it practicable, had done the same; but that it had never before been used as a regular communication, and certainly never would again, as none, but from sheer necessity, would ever think of taking advantage of it. But, by way of neutralising any unfavourable conclusions I might draw from these representations, they both added, that, from what they then saw of my capabilities in the art of climbing—for the road, here and there, required some trifling exertion—they were sure I should do very well, and had no reason to fear. Thus encouraged. I proceeded with confidence; and, in the course of rather more than an hour's sharp ascent, we attained a more level surface in the bosom of a thick forest of pine and underwood, fronted, as far as I could guess from occasional glimpses through gaps and intervals, by a grey dull curtain of bare rock. "We are approaching the *Mauvais Pas*," said one of the guides—"Is it as rough as this?" said I, floundering as I was through hollows of loose stones and bushes.—"Oh, no; it is smooth as a floor," was the reply.—"In a few minutes we shall be on the *Pas*," said the other, as we began to descend on the eastern declivity of the ridge we had been mounting for the last hour. And then, for the first time, I saw below me the valleys of the Drance spread forth like a map, and that it required but half-a-dozen steps at most to have cleared every impediment to my descending amongst them, in an infinitely shorter time than I had expended in mounting to the elevated spot from whence I looked down upon them. And then, too, for the first time, certain misgivings, as to the propriety of going further, and a shrewd guess as to the real nature of the *Mauvais Pas*, flashed across me, in one of those sudden heart-searching thrills, so perfectly defined in the single word *crebbling*—a provincial term, expressing that creeping, paralyzing, twittering, palpitating sort of sensation, which a nervous person might be supposed to feel, if, in exploring a damp and dark dungeon, he placed his hand unadvisedly upon some cold and clammy substance, which his imagination might paint as something too horrible to look at.

But whatever were the force and power of these feelings, it was not now the time to let them get the master-ship. It was too late to retract—I had gone too far to recede. It would have been unpardonable to have given two Swiss guides an opportunity of publishing throughout the cantons, that an Englishman had flinched, and feared to set his foot where a foreign traveller had trod the day before. On then I went, very uncomfortable, I will candidly confess, but aided and impelled, notwithstanding, by that instinctive sort of wish, common, I believe, to all people, to know the worst in extreme cases. Curiosity, too, had its share—not merely excited by the ultimate object for which I was about

to venture myself in mid air, but a secret desire to see with my own eyes a pass which had so suddenly and unexpectedly assumed importance, in my fate. And after all, though there were very unequivocal symptoms of something terrible in the immediate vicinage of the undefined grey skreen of rock before me, I had as yet ~~no~~ certainty of its appalling realities.

For a furlong or two no great change was perceptible; there was a plentiful supply of twigs and shrubs to hold by, and the path was not by any means alarming. In short, I began to shake off all uneasiness, and smile at my imaginary fears, when, on turning an angle, I came to an abrupt termination of every thing bordering on twig, bough, pathway, or greensward; and the *Mauvais Pas*, in all its fearfulness, glared upon me. For a foreground, (if that could be called a foreground, separated, as it was, by a gulf of some fathoms wide,) an unsightly facing of unbroken precipitous rock bearded me on the spot from whence I was to take my departure, jutting out sufficiently to conceal whatever might be the state of affairs on the other side, round which it was necessary to pass by a narrow ledge like a mantel-piece, on which the first guide had now placed his foot. The distance, however, was inconsiderable at most, a few yards, after which, I fondly conjectured we might rejoin a pathway similar to that we were now quitting, and that, in fact, this short but fearful *trajet* constituted the substance and sum-total of what so richly deserved the title of the *Mauvais Pas*. "Be firm; hold fast, and keep your eye on the rock," said the guide, as I, with my heart in my mouth, stepped out.—"Is my foot steadily fixed?"—"It is," was the answer; and, with my eyes fixed upon the rock, as if it would have opened under my gaze, and my hands hooked like claws on the slight protuberances within reach, I stole silently and slowly towards the projection, almost without drawing a breath. Having turned this point, and still found myself proceeding, but to what degree, and whether for better or worse, I could not exactly ascertain, as I most pertinaciously continued to look upon the rock, mechanically moving foot after foot with a sort of dogged perseverance, leaving to the leading guide the pleasing task, which I most anxiously expected every moment, of assuring me that the deed was done, and congratulating me on having passed the *Mauvais Pas*. But he was silent as the grave—not a word escaped his lips; and on, and on, and on did we tread, slowly, cautiously, and hesitatingly, for about ten minutes, when I became impatient to learn the extent of our progress, and enquired whether we had nearly reached the other end. "Pas encore?"—"Are we half way?"—"A peu pres," were the replies. Gathering up my whole stock of presence of mind, I requested that we might pause a while, and then, as I deliberately turned my head, the whole of this extraordinary and frightful scenery revealed itself at a glance. Conceive an amphitheatre of rock forming, throughout, a bare barren, perpendicular precipice, of I knew not how many hundred feet in height, the two extremities diminishing in altitude as they approached the Drance, which formed the chord of this arc; that on our left constituting the barrier which had impeded our

progress, and which we had just ascended. From the point where we had stepped upon the ledge, quitting the forest and underwood, this circular face of precipice commenced, continuing without intermission, till it united itself with its corresponding headland on the right. The only communication between the two being along a ledge in the face of the precipice, varying in width from about a foot to a few inches; the surface of the said ledge, moreover, assuming the form of an inclined plane, owing to an accumulation of small particles of rock, which had, from time immemorial, shaled from the heights above, and lodged on this slightly projecting shelf. The distance, from the time taken to pass it, I guessed to be not far short of a quarter of a mile. At my foot, literally speaking, (for it required but a semiquaver of the body or the loosening of my hold, to throw the centre of gravitation over the abyss,) were spread the valleys of the Drance, through which I could perceive the river meandering like a silver thread; but, from the height at which I looked down, its rapidity was invisible, and its hoarse brawling unheard. The silence was absolute and solemn; for, fortunately; not a zephyr fanned the air, to interfere with my precarious equilibrium.

There was no inducement for the lesser birds of the field to warble where we were, and the lammer-geyers and the eagles, if any had their eyries amidst these crags, were revelling in the banquet of desolation below. As I looked upon this awfully magnificent scene, rapid train of thoughts succeeded each other. I felt as if I was contemplating a world I had left, and which I was never again to revisit; for it was impossible not to be keenly impressed with the idea, that something fatal might occur within the space of the next few minutes, effectually preventing my return thither as a living being. Then again, I saw before me the forms and figures of many I had left—some a few hours, some a few weeks before. Was I to see them again or not? The question again and again repeated itself, and the oftener, perhaps, from a feeling of presumption I experienced in even whispering to myself that I decidedly should. “*Si on glisse, on est perdu!*” how horribly forcible and true did these words now appear,—on what a slender thread was life held! A trifling deviation in the position of a foot, and it was over. I had but to make one single step in advance, and I was in another state of existence. Such were a few of the mental feelings which suggested themselves, but others of a physical nature occurred. I had eat nothing since leaving the old convent, and the keen air on the mountains had so sharpened my appetite, that by the time I had reached the summit we had just quitted, I felt not only a good deal exhausted, but extremely hungry. But hunger, thirst, and fatigue, followed me not on the ledge. A feast would have had no charm, and miles upon a level road would have been as nothing. Every sense seemed absorbed in getting to the end; and yet, in the midst of this unenviable position, a trifling incident occurred, which actually, for the time, gave rise to something of a pleasurable sensation. About midway I espied, in a chink of the ledge, the beautiful and dazzling blossom of the little *geni-*

tiana nivalis, and, stopping the guides while I gathered it, I expressed great satisfaction in meeting with this lovely little flower on such a lonely spot. And I could scarcely help smiling at the simplicity of these honest people, who, from that moment, whenever the difficulties increased, endeavoured to divert my attention, by pointing out or looking for another specimen. We had proceeded good part of the way, when, to my dismay, the ledge, narrow as it was, became perceptibly narrower, and, at the distance of a yard or two in advance, I observed a point where it seemed to run to nothing, interrupted by a protuberant rock. I said nothing, waiting the result in silence. The guide before me, when he reached the point, threw one foot round the projection, till it was firmly placed, and holding on the rock, then brought up the other.—What was I to do? Like Arthur Philipson's guide, Antonio, I could only say, "I was no goat-hunter, and had no wings to transport me from cliff to cliff like a raven."—"I cannot perform that feat," said I to the guide; "I shall miss the invisible footing on the other side, and—then!"—They were prepared for the case; one of them happened to have a short staff; this was handed forward, and formed a slight rail, while the other, stooping down, seized my foot, and placing it in his hand, answered, "Tread without apprehension, it will support you firmly as the rock itself; be steady—go on." I did so, and regained the ledge once more in safety. The possible repetition of such an exploit was not by any means to my taste, and I ventured to question the foremost guide as to the chance of its recurrence, and the difficulties yet in store. Without pretending to disguise them, he proceeded to dilate upon the portion of our peregrination still in reserve, when the other interrupted him, impatiently, and in French, instead of Patois, (forgetting, in his anxiety to enjoin silence, that I understood every word he uttered,) exclaimed, "Not a word more, I entreat you. Speak not to him of danger; this is not the place to excite alarm; it is our business to cheer and animate;" and in the true spirit of his advice, he immediately pointed to a bunch of little gentians, exclaiming, "Eh, donc, qu'elles sont jolies! Regardez ces charmentes fleurs!" Long before I had accomplished half the distance, and had formed a correct opinion as to what remained in hand, the propriety of turning back had more than once suggested itself; but on looking round, the narrowness of the shelf already passed presented so revolting an appearance, that what with the risk to be incurred in the very act of turning about, and forming any thing like a *pirouette* in my present position, added to an almost insurmountable unwillingness to recede, for the reasons above mentioned, and the chance that, as it could not well be worse, the remainder might possibly be better. I decided on going on, estimating every additional inch as a valuable accession of space, with a secret proviso, however, in my own mind, that nothing on earth should induce me to return the same way, notwithstanding the declaration of the guides that they knew of no other line, unless a bridge, which was impassable yesterday, had been made passable to-day; and we knew the people were at work, for a man had gone before us with an axe over his shoulder.

Thus persevering with the speed of a tortoise or a sloth, the solemn slow movements of hand and foot forcibly reminding me of that cautious animal, we at last drew near to a more acute point in the curve of this gaunt amphitheatre, where it bent forward towards the river, and consequently we were more immediately fronted by the precipice forming the continuation of that on which we stood. By keeping my head obliquely turned inwards, I had hitherto in great measure avoided more visual communication than I wished with the bird's-eye prospect below; but there was no possibility of excluding the smooth bare frontage of rock right ahead. There it reared itself from the clods beneath to the clouds above, without outward or visible signs of fret or fissure, as far as I could judge, on which even a chamois could rest its tiny hoof; for the width of whatever ledge it might have was diminished, by the perspective view we had of it, to Euclid's true definition of a mathematical line, namely, length without breadth. At this distance of time, I have no very clear recollection of the mode of our exit, and cannot speak positively as to whether we skirted any part of this perilous wall of the Titans, or crept up through the corner of the curve by some fissure leading to the summit. I have however, a very clear and agreeable recollection of the moment when I came in contact with a tough bough, which I welcomed and grasped as I would have welcomed and grasped the hand of the dearest friend I had upon earth, and by the help of which I, in a very few more seconds, scrambled upwards, and set my foot once more, without fear of slips or sliding, on a rough heathery surface, forming the bed of a ravine, which soon led us to an upland plateau, on which I stood as in the garden of paradise.

In talking over our adventure, one of the guides mentioned a curious circumstance that had occurred either to himself or a brother guide, I forget which, in the course of their practice. He was escorting a traveller over a rather dizzy height, when the unfortunate tourist's head failed, and he fainted on the spot. Whereupon the mountaineer, a strong muscular man, with great presence of mind, took up his charge, threw him over his shoulder, and coolly walked away with him till he came to a place of safety, where he deposited his burden, and awaited the return of sense; "but," added he, "had such a misfortune occurred on the *Mauvais Pas*, you must have submitted to your fate; the ledge was too narrow for exertion,—we could have done nothing."

We were now not much more than a league from our original destination, a space of which, whether fair or foul, I cannot speak with much precision, so entirely was every thought and sense engrossed in the business which had occupied so large a portion of the last hour. It is merely necessary to inform the reader, that at the expiration of a given time, I stood before the ruins of a stupendous mound formed of condensed masses of snow and ice, hurled down from above by the imperceptible but gradual advancement of the great Glacier of Getroz, nursed in a gorge beneath the summit of Mont Pleureur. Not a moment passed without the fall of thundering avalanches, bounding from rock to rock, till their shattered fragments, floundering down the inclined plane of snow, finally precipitated themselves into the bed of the channel through which the emancipated Lac

de Manvoisin had in the brief space of half an hour, rushed, after it had succeeded in corroding the excavated galleries, and blown up in an instant its icy barrier.

Seated on a knoll immediately fronting the stage on which this grand scenery was represented, we rested for some time, during which we were joined by one or two of the workmen employed in repairing the roads and bridge to which the guides had alluded; and the first question asked was, "Peut on le traverser?" No direct answer followed; it was evidently therefore, a matter of doubt, requiring at least some discussion, during which, although the parties conversed in an under-tone, I again heard, more than once, the disagreeable repetition of "Mais a-t-il bonne tête?" and a reference was finally made to me. It seems the bridge had been completely destroyed, but some people had that morning availed themselves of the commencement of a temporary accommodation, then in a state of preparation, and had crossed the chasm; and provided Monsieur had a *bonne tête*, there was no danger in following their example. Hesitation was out of the question; for whatever might be the possible extent of risk, in duration and degree it clearly could bear no comparison with the *Mauvais Pas*, discomfiting sensations of which were still too fresh in my recollection to indulge a thought of encountering them a second time in the same day. I therefore decided on the bridge without more ado. *coute qui coute*; and as we descended towards the river, I had soon the pleasure of seeing it far below me, and plenty of time to make up my mind as to the best mode of ferrying myself over. Of the original arch not a vestige remained; but across two buttresses of natural rock I could distinguish something like a tight rope, at the two extremities of which little moving things, no bigger than mites, were bustling about, and now and then I could perceive one or two of these diminutive monocules venturing upon this apparently frail line of communication. A nearer view afforded no additional encouragement. At a depth of 90 feet below roared the Drance, foaming and dashing with inconceivable violence against its two adamantine abatments, which here confined the channel within a space of about 30 or 40 feet. From rock to rock, athwart the gulf, two pine poles had that morning been thrown, not yet rivetted together, but loosely resting side by side. It certainly was not half.

"As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,

As to o'erwalk a current, roa'ing loud.

On the unsteadfast footing of a spear;†

but it was, notwithstanding, a very comfortless piece of footing to contemplate. Ye mariners of England, who think nothing of laying out on a topsail-yard to pass an earing* in a gale of wind, might have smiled at such a sight, and crossed merrily over without the vibration of a nerve, but let it be recollected, as a balance for a landsman's fears, that these two spars were neither furnished with accommodating jack-stays, supporting footropes, nor encircling gaskets, to which the outlayer might cling in case of emergency. They are rested, one end on each projecting pro-

† The technical term for an operation necessary in reefing topsails.

montory of the chasm, in all their bare nakedness. In the morning, I might have paused to look before I leaped; but what were 40 or 50 feet of pine vaulting, in comparison with the protracted misery of a quarter of a mile of the *Mauvais Pas*? So forthwith committing myself to their support, on hands and knees I crawled along, and in a few minutes trode again on *terra firma*, beyond the reach of further risk rejoicing, and, I trust, not ungrateful for the perils I had escaped.

E. S.

THE OLD TOLBOOTH.

[FROM THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL, NO. 40.]

One of the most remarkable criminals ever confined in the Old Tolbooth was the celebrated William Brodie. As may be generally known, this was a man of respectable connexions, and who had moved in good society all his life, unsuspected of any criminal pursuits. It is said that a habit of frequenting cock-pits was the first symptom he exhibited of a defalcation from virtue. His ingenuity as a joiner gave him a fatal facility in the burglarious pursuits to which he afterwards addicted himself. It was then customary for the shopkeepers of Edinburgh to hang their keys upon a nail at the back of their doors, or at least to take no pains in concealing them during the day. Brodie used to take impressions of them in putty or clay, a piece of which he carry in the palm of his hand. He kept a blacksmith in his pay, of the name of Smith, who forged exact copies of the keys he wanted, and with these it was his custom to open the shops of his fellow-tradesmen during the night. He thus found opportunities of securely stealing whatever he wishes to possess. He carried on his malpractices for many years. Upon one shop in particular he made many severe exactions. This was the shop of a company of jewellers, in the North Bridge Street, namely, that at the south-east corner, where it joins the High Street. The unfortunate tradesmen from time to time missed many articles, and paid off one or two faithful shopmen, under the impression of their being guilty of the theft. They were at length ruined. Brodie remained unsuspected, till having committed a daring robbery upon the Excise-office in Chessel's Court, Canongate, some circumstances transpired, which induced him to disappear from Edinburgh. Suspicion then becoming strong, he was pursued to Holland, and taken at Amsterdam, standing upright in a press or cupboard. At his trial, Henry Erskine, his counsel, spoke very eloquently in his behalf, representing in particular, to the jury, how strange and improbable a circumstance it was, that a man whom they had themselves known from infancy as a person of good repute, should have been guilty of such practices as those with which he was charged. He was, however, found guilty, and sentenced to death, along with his accomplice Smith. At the trial he had appeared in a fine full-dress suit of black clothes, the greater part of which was of silk, and his deport-

ment throughout the whole affairs was completely that of a gentleman. He continued during the period which intervened between his sentence and execution, to dress himself well and to keep up his spirits. A gentleman of our acquaintance, calling upon him in the condemned room, was astonished to find him singing the song from the Beggar's Opera, " 'Tis woman seduces all mankind." Having contrived to cut out the figure of a draught board on the stone floor of his dungeon, he amused himself by playing with any one who would join him, and, in default of such, with his right hand against his left. This diagram remained in the room where it was so strangely out of place, till the destruction of the jail. His dress and deportment at the gallows were equally gay with those which he assumed at his trial. As the Earl of Morton was the first man executed by the Maiden, so was Brodie the first who proved the excellence of an improvement he had formerly made on the apparatus of the gibbet. This was the substitution of what is called the *drop*, for the ancient practice of the double ladder. He inspected the thing with a professional air, and seemed to view the result of his ingenuity with a smile of satisfaction. When placed on that terrible and insecure pedestal, and while the rope was adjusted round his neck by the executioner, his courage did not forsake him. On the contrary, even there, he exhibited a sort of joyful levity, which, though not exactly composure, seemed to the spectators as more indicative of indifference; he shuffled about, looked gaily around, and finally went out of the world with his hand stuck carelessly into the open fronts of his vest.

The Tolbooth, in its old days, as its infirmities increased, showed itself now and then incapable of retaining prisoners of very ordinary rank. Within the recollection of many people yet alive, a youth named Reid, the son of an inn-keeper in the Grassmarket, while under sentence of death for some felonious act, had the address to make his escape. Every means was resorted to for recovering him, by search throughout the town, vigilance at all the ports, and the offer of a reward for his apprehension. Yet he contrived fairly to cheat the gallows. The whole story of his escape is exceedingly curious. He took refuge in the great cylindrical mouseoleum of Sir George Mackenzie, in the Grefriars' churchyard of Edinburgh. This place, besides its discomfort, was supposed to be haunted by the ghost of the persecutor—a circumstance of which Reid, an Edinburgh boy, must have been well aware. But he braved all these horrors for the sake of his life. He had been brought up in the Hospital of George Heriot, in the immediate neighbourhood of the churchyard, and had many boyish acquaintances still residing in that munificent establishment. Some of these he contrived to inform of his situation, enjoining them to be secret, and beseeching them to assist him in his distress. The Herioters of those days had a very clannish spirit—insomuch, that to have neglected the interests or safety of any individual of the community, however unworthy he might be of their friendship, would have been looked upon by them as a sin of the deepest dye. Reid's confidants, therefore, considered themselves bound to assist him by all means in their power against that general foe—the public. They kept his secret most faith-

fully, spared from their own meals as much food as supported him, and ran the risk of severe punishment, as well as of seeing ghosts, by visiting him every night in his horrible abode. They were his only confidants—his very parents, who lived not far off, being ignorant of the place of his concealment. About six weeks after his escape from jail, when the hue and cry had in a great measure subsided, he ventured to leave the tomb, and it was afterwards known that he escaped abroad.

SPORTING SCENES IN INDIA.

[FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NO. CV.]

There are spots among the Naggery Hills that will never be forgotten by those who have perspired through them, but it is amid the endless and inimitable variety of the forests that we meet the scenes that we love to recollect. There Nature is before us in her grandest and most foreign garb. The awful stillness—the masses of foliage and of shade—the naked and fantastic crags that burst abruptly forth—the luxuriant fertility of the mountain, seen through the transparent clouds that float along far below their forest-crested summit—the delicate proportions, and the marvellous immensity of individual objects, are pregnant with amazement and delight to us; even night, which in other lands spreads one blank shadow over all creation, is here spangled into loveliness by the twinkling flight and swarming clusters of the fire-flies. I have really looked and looked amid these wilds, while beauty after beauty bore in upon my eye and mind, till I have turned away with an almost painful fulness at my heart, as if my delight were more than was fit for the frame that felt it. I have really sometimes thought there must have been some deleterious power in the perfumed air* we breathed (for I am not the gentleman who indulged in half-and-half) in these scenes, until I remembered their palpable, their irrefutable beauty. The last I saw—though one of the least lovely, it was the last—is still before me, as when I rested on my fowling-piece, and looked as if I knew I should never look on them again. The red-topped mountains were towering above, the sea of forests spreading around me; far below, the beautiful lake rippled in the sun, and sent up the music of its plash. The small Hindoo temple, overshadowed by the banyan, which still held together a part of the ruin it had made, † crested the rocks on the opposite shore; whence streams spread through the bright green land they fertilized, to where a bulwark of hills rose to the clouds beyond the picturesque pagodas and palmyra-trees of Narnaveram.

* Where the lemon-grass grows it is delightful.

† The seed of the banyan insinuates itself amongst buildings, and as the trees grow out it destroys them. Shoots from the trunk, however, often embrace and hold up large masses of masonry, which a touch of the finger will set in motion, and a single cut of a case-knife would led down. Sept.—VOL. XXVI. No. CV.

The jungle-fowl was heard on every side, while occasionally the shrill scream of a pea-fowl broke from the more retired heights, and seemed attained by nature to the wild and beautiful world about me. Sounds depend too much on locality and association for me to ask for sympathy with my fondness for the pea-fowl's note; but I love to hear it, and as it broke upon me yesterday I really felt something like pain as I smiled, and muttered Barn's complaint, "Ye break my heart, ye little birds!" There is a spot near Mulkapoor that I always see when I hear or think of them. Every cleft of a wall of rocks, that rose four hundred feet, seemed crushed full of the noblest trees, and from every crevice long pliant grass hung waving lazily in the air. We stood silently gazing on the calm yet savage sublimity of this scene, still some one said, "How beautiful!" and at once the words were thrown back, with a startling harshness, from the masses before us, as if they mocked at the applauses of such atoms of humanity. At this moment a pea-fowl screamed, and launching itself into the air, floated forth in majestic buoyancy, hopelessly high above our heads; while a dozen echoes returned its cry from every side, filling the space through which it passed with their wild commingled peals. If my reader remembers why I quitted India, I can forgive him muttering, "*Voilà un homélie qui sent furieusement la fièvre*;" and therefore to business. Touching pea-fowl-shooting—though I have seen seven on a table at once, I am convinced a man who does not find a repaying pleasure in merely following these birds, as they strut in all their splendour of plumage up their wildly picturesque haunts, ought to fix on some other sport; he will find this too tantalizing. Results may be much more surely calculated on amongst the jungle-fowl, by ascertaining from successive cries the way they walk, and hurrying through the cover by a circuitous route, so as to intercept them. But this requires a certain tact.* The slightest stir, and often the keenness of the bird's sight—for they come slowly, and look well around, as they strut and flap their wings, and challenge—are enough to discover the sportsman, when the crowing ceases, and they are off at a hopeless rate. These birds are the aboriginal cock and hen, but neither they cry nor their plumage is exactly that of domestic fowl. Whoever looks for them, will see black partridges and spur-fowl running about the base of the rocks. The latter has double spurs, and is of a dusty brown plumage, brightening on the breast to amber, and prettily picked out with white and black spots. A sportsman, in thick jungle, should have one beater behind him, to strike a bush if necessary; but his plan is to walk on as quietly as possible, and keep ready to fire at the moment a turn or opening shows an object. This, and the poaching system of ly-

* I know not if this word has any right here; but, as my uncle Toby says, "a soldier is no more exempt from saying a foolish thing than a man of letters." Perhaps the following instance may help to make me intelligible:—A beast is trotting on a path where another step puts him out of sight; before he makes that one, a person (who has but the second to see, think, and execute) utters so peculiar a cry, that the beast, rather surprised than alarmed, dwells on his step to turn and look, and as his head comes round the rifle-ball crashes through it. This person has "a fine tact" in sport. I take it to be "an inexplicably rapid and correct perception of the relation of things."

ing hid, are the only ways to secure game in thick jungle ; and even with these he will often return empty-handed, and learn to consider a peafowl, or a brace of jungle-fowl, as a very satisfactory day's work. A man should make up his mind in the deep jungle whether he will fire ball or shot. Nothing is worse than the half-and-half system ; it distracts the attention. Men leave the one object of their pursuit often at the very moment they are nearest success ; and if surprised, hesitate which barrel they are to fire, and very generally whiz a ball at a hare, and distribute a charge of No. 6 among a whole sounder of hogs. A loose ball can be carried to drop on shot, for there is no doubt it is insufferably disgusting to hear a beast snarl and have no ball to fire at him. But to neutralize a barrel, as a security from danger, is quite wrong. If there is any peril, a man will encounter in the jungle from which his own hand can guarantee him, it is the possible event of coming so hastily on a *cobra de capello*, or other deadly snake, that the reptile rises instinctively to face the danger it thinks inevitable ; and in this case shot is safety. Unless it be the elephant or buffalo, (which I have not seen, and which are only in particular places,) or the tiger under peculiar circumstances, there is nothing in the jungle that will not willingly avoid collision with man, if he will let it. It is only when wounded that the other animals are dangerous, if even then. Panthers and Cheetas, I have often met, and have wounded the latter without irritating them into resistance. One of them was killed by a fine young fellow I knew, who went in upon him with shot in his fowling-piece, and a hog-spear. Their courage, like much in this world, depends greatly on that of their antagonist. Wolves and Hyenas invariably retire as soon as the idea of danger strikes them ; and bears (though I confess they growl crossly) have, in the few instances of our meeting, concealed themselves as soon as they could do so. Of Tigers I speak conjecturally. I think this beast has an instinctive dread of the human form, and avoids as much as possible coming in contact with it ; but if he be hemmed round or wounded, or if the necessities of hunger, or a sudden encounter, hurry him into a disregard of this feeling, and he finds how easy a prey man is, his idleness will make him prefer that to any other and he becomes troublesome. In this case, the natives soon muster enterprise to kill or drive him away, or exhort others to do so ; whereas the haunts of such as were not man-killers have been pointed out by them to me, and the tigers spoken of with almost as much consideration and respect as other powerful occupiers of the land. We one day fell in with a party of Mussulmauns beating for a man-killer, and took the liberty of joining the good company ; but in a few minutes the tom-toms ceased, the matchlights were out, and the party walked away one by one, as they discovered that the meeting with Caffers the first thing in the morning, when about a service of danger was too palpable an intimation of Heaven's disapproval of their proceedings to be disregarded.*

* How is prejudice of this sort accounted for in a predestinarian ? " Il y a de quoi parler beaucoup." I wonder no one capable of the investigation has explained to us the cause of the very opposite and palpable effects of the doctrine of absolute predestination on the Christian and Moslem believers in it.

But if a man should come upon a hungry or enraged tiger, or intrude too abruptly even upon a well-disposed one, as Mr. Nym says, "things must be as they may,—there must be conclusions!" I look on their pat as I do on a flash of lightning—both as things that may kill accidentally, and that will kill effectually; but I never saw reason to expect that either would kill me. In the jungles I have frequented for years, tigers' foot-prints were visible at the tanks and along the sandy beds they choose as paths. We have traced them around the circuit of our tent pegs after a night's rain; have had cattle killed in open day within two hundred yards of our tent, and at night had sheep carried off from beside it. We have beaten for them through and through their haunts, have tumbled over the bones in their *sallos à manger*, and slapped off a pistol into the bush through which they have vanished, but never have I had what I call a fair full view of one of them. Most of my friend were more fortunate, but in no one instance did the tiger show any wish to attack^o them. How many thousand British officers have shot through these jungles, and how small is the chapter of accidents occurring in them!* I should as soon think of arming myself against sharks and alligators when I bathe in the surf, or in a river, as of carrying a ball in my gun when I wished to fire shot in a jungle, under the idea of its diminishing my danger. If a man wants to kill the beasts, he should think of nothing else; if he does not go prepared to do so, he had better let them alone. A circumstance which was current conversation when I was in India will illustrate this, though I dare say it will be read with the same incredulity with which I listened to it. "An officer came suddenly upon a bear, and fired charge of shot at him: this salute proving most unacceptable to Bruin, he turned outrageously upon the gentleman, who fled before him (in his haste throwing down his gun with its undischarged barrel,) till a re-entering angle of the rocks obliged him to face his pursuer. This he did in so energetic a manner, clenching his first, grining, and advancing towards him, threatening, cursing, swearing, and gesticulating so extravagantly, that the bear, after looking at first astonished, then aghast, scuttled away (as Mr. Addison expresses it) with a rapidity only exceeded by that with which his triumphant antagonist scudded in the opposite direction." I once heard of a doctor who met his death from being clawed by one of these animals he had wounded, but it was believed

* I was once traversing a rock with some friends looking for two tigers, which one of them had seen there, when a poor old female devotee, who had fixed her dwelling in this perilous neighbourhood, came up and informed us they had gone into a jungle that was near, about an hour before. It is a devotional practice common in India, to fix a habitation near the lairs of tigers leaving to chance the time at which the victim may be carried off. This woman was a picture of squalid self-satisfied wretchedness—her hair was matted to her feet, and her haggard features seemed to speak of famine. I should have said she had weaned herself from all interest with the world, had not her errand, when we met her, showed the mother even in the superstitious enthusiast. She was looking for her truant-boy, whose shook head, popped up above a ledge of rock, had just been leveled at by one of us. A person who does not like to look along a barrel pointed at him should be careful how he breaks abruptly through a bush when he sport in company. In the jungle we level mechanically at every sound.

he died the victim of his own mal-treatment rather than the bear's. I think the story went that he applied precipitate to his head, and induced mortification. We were more lucky. I do not recollect when we could have thought ourselves in danger, unless we chose to do so once when, as we lay within a bush, a large snake dashed in, (I suppose pursuing or pursued, and in a moment was erect between our three faces, which were not a yard apart. To spring to our arms, cock both barrels, and level at the spot, was the business of a moment, but in this moment the snake was gone. We laughed heartily at the wild looks of each other.

It flatters our self-love to see what we think a weakness in ourselves common to those we respect and we respect them the more, (and *par parenthese* ourselves) that it does not make them dare the less. An odd coincidence connected with a snake occurred one day when a friend and myself were stretched on a boat-cloak under a mango tree. Amongst other abuse of India we remarked, "Why at this moment some brute of a snake may be close to us;" and on looking up we saw a long and beautiful green one gliding from branch to branch above our heads—a charge of shot whistled about him in one moment, and in the next a ball cut him in two, and the two divisions dropped upon the boat-cloak. Our most unquestionable dangers were from the night air. We often bivouacked under bushes, with one as sentry, to try for hogs and tigers, and not unfrequently sat up in trees or among the rocks, to get a shot at them. But one gentleman proposed a flask of brandy; another, were there was cover, insisted on a segar; and in fact our night-shooting degenerated into little less than drinking and smoking in solemn silence in a tree, instead of performing that ceremony noisily under canvass. These affairs ended one night, when a sheep was picketed where a cheeta was said to walk, and the two of us who were nearest were told he was there. The moon was rather clouded, and, as I looked, I whispered to my comrade, "Why I don't even see the sheep."—"Hush!" he replied, hastily and emphatically: "there, don't see the beast stalking along there."—"Where?" I asked, all anxiety.—"There—don't you see him just at the edge of the moonlight?"—"I do, I do," I murmured, as I levelled—and pulling the trigger, fired,— "Why what the devil!" he roared out, "you've shot the sheep!"—It was but too true; the poor old ram, of which I never thought he could have spoken with such mysterious solemnity, was shot through the heart. This put an end to our sociable lucubrations, but I persisted in this night work, and to tell the truth I preferred to be alone. I loved that loneliness of earth which at once overawes and elevates our minds; and a rock that looked upon some moon-lit lake, or that showed me a sunset casting the gorgeous glow of the Western heaven on the woods, the waters, and the craggy mountains, was to me as sure a spot for a preaching as a field of battle to Blackadder. I confess that on the battle-fields I have trod, I should have been glad to persuade myself that Heaven had thought as little of me as I had done of it during their procedures; but in these sublime and beautiful scenes, where the weakness, deceit, and wickedness of the world are from before us, and we stand in singleness and naked-

ness of heart before the boundless and mysterious veil of God's eternal temple, it hardly requires enthusiasm to fancy one's-self nearer a communion with the deity, and to conjure up the fearful yet pleasing persuasion that our maker is looking on and listening to his creature. A man must do his duty among his fellows—but he will do well to go into solitude to think of it. Whether these solitudes have done much for my morals is not for me to say, but I know I have to thank them for much happiness; and amongst the days that live as oases in the desert retrospect my memory shows me, few are clearer than those in which I have gazed from the cliffs, or wandered through the glades of these majestic woods. I know what they have cost me—but at this very moment, when I feel but too palpably the decay of my memory, my sensibility and imagination dulled, and my feelings blunted, and know how much of these and other ills I may attribute to my residence in this climate, I do not regret one hour of it that was passed in them. I think with affectionate regret of the bright beams of the East, and the land they beautify, in a home where long absence has almost given the freshness of novelty to the cherished objects of my recollection. I sleep in England or in France, but I dream of the “strife-breeding clime of the Deekan.”*

THE METROPOLIS IN DANGER.

[FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NO. CV.]

It is astonishing to think of the insensibility of people in general to the most extreme cases of distress, except when accident draws their particular attention to them!

We were ourselves sitting, on a fine evening in June, gazing with our accustomed placidity on the golden clouds which adorned the western sky and reflecting with much complacency on the general state of this great city, of which the sun had just taken his leave for the night. As we watched the mysterious process by which a very well-dressed person was evoking flame from the successive gas-lamps of the long line which we command a view of, our thoughts were full of London, of its elegance, its gaiety, its intelligence, its comfort, its immense population; and we were endeavouring to comprehend the means by which a daily supply of food was quietly and regularly conveyed to a million and a half of people, when our reflections were painfully attracted to another point of view; indeed, to a lamentable state of things in general, and to a sense of intolerable calamity in particular, of most of the residents of the English metropolis. This was effected by a very interesting publication we at that moment received, with a lion and unicorn at the top of it, on the subject of a Royal Filter for Cisterns, of which one George Robins, not apparently a member of the Royal Society, is the avowed author; a man who evidently feels a painful sense of the distress under which his fellow-citizens are labouring, and is anxious to put an end to what threatens, if unchecked, to put an end to them.

In fact, now we think of it, we had observed a general face of affliction

* So called from its beauty and riches by the Mahometan historians.

in the streets, and in the parks; a kind of sentimental sorrow mingling with the smiles of social meetings, and giving a more than usually interesting appearance to the fashionable world. The very people in the pit at the Adelphi, when they laughed convulsively at Mr. Mathews, looked as if they had previously been in tears; and as they had cried till they laughed, so many of them, we perceived, laughed, till they cried. More than all, we had noticed among those "who slay in chariots," the physicians and surgeons of this town, a peculiar gravity, a tender melancholy, which we had at first hastily ascribed to the general healthiness of the season; and it was in the course of our reflections upon these things that we were led to pass in review all the circumstances in the condition of the giddy crowd below our windows, from which train of thought we were aroused by the Royal Filter.

The clever little work before us begins by stating, very truly, that the health and comfort of every family are intimately "bound up" with the supply of pure and wholesome water; and very reasonable surprise is expressed, that a fact so important should have passed without any notice until about fifteen months ago, when people became convinced, by an eloquent treatise, entitled "*The Dolphin*," (we are ashamed to confess we never saw it,) that water was actually supplied to them, in this very town, in a polluted and unwholesome condition! It is curious to see how ignorant people may be of their own sufferings. Here were, as we have said, more than a million of people, all of whom, could read and write, most of whom could cast accounts, many of whom had even read the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, and all of whom, or nearly all, had two eyes wherewith to see, a tongue wherewith to taste, and a nose for the main purpose of smelling, yet literally beholding and drinking a water for years and years, from infancy to youth, from youth to manhood, from manhood to decrepitude, boiled in a morning and evening, unboiled at noon, or later, as might be, fancying all the time that it was a bright, clear, and good water, until "*The Dolphin*" (how we regret that no copy was sent with the author's respectful compliments,)—until "*The Dolphin*," we say, convinced all these people that they were, with eyes and mouth open, but blinded understandings, daily swallowing such a combination of filth and horror as all the words in Johnson's Dictionary would fail to do justice to, and productive of dyspepsia, consumption, ill-temper, small-pox, and a long train of evils, including loss of appetite and hair, and premature old age; a water, in fact, so destructive, that there had been nothing so well calculated to destroy the human race, and put an end to the Emigration Committee, since the waters of the general deluge!

But truth is always unwelcome. The author of "*The Dolphin*" was threatened with prosecution. He appealed to the general voice. A public meeting was held at the West-end; Parliament was petitioned; the whole country awakened; and a Royal commission (hence the lion and unicorn) appointed to find better water. By these Commissioners a Report has been published, which the author before us (Robins) states to be a document of as great importance as was ever laid before the public. It is a report of one hundred and fifty folio pages, and contains, we are assured, a set of statements so staggering, that "all of them will be read

with interest, and some with sensations bordering upon horror." This is really, then, a very shocking business.

Let us see what is said. Nobody can expect us to read a report of a hundred and fifty folio pages at this season of the year; but the work on our table presents us with some very lively extracts. We turn then to Robins. First, we very properly mean to notice what is said by the President of the College of Physicians, who is also physician to the King, and appears as a witness against the vagrant water of the Thames; far different from that lovely stream which erst the poets sung of! then a river of life and beauty, glancing through the richest valley in the world! now a river of darkness and death; "sad Acheron, of sorrow, dark and deep;" flowing in sullen majesty through a population on either bank waiting to be devoured! We are not exaggerating: Sir H. H—— "pronounces the water sent to his house to be a filthy fluid, with which he is disgusted." It was even said, but we believe it is incorrect, that Sir H——had given up practice, and left town, after solemnly performing his last duty to the King, by trying to persuade his Majesty to pull down St. James's and to blow up Buckingham palace, dome and all, and had the royal towers of Windsor removed into Warwickshire. It was evidently impossible to bear up against such a body of water as came to Sir H——'s house; and, although it is well known that he is one of the kindest and best of physicians, it must have rendered the ordinary duties of life burthensome, and public avocations odious. We look back upon the cheerfulness with which he went through the latter astonishment, "whilst all the while" his domestic cisterns ran liquid filth. Little did we think, that when we heard him so agreeably illustrate the madman of Horace, (*"Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,"*) that there was so little cause for speaking of London water as another ancient, Pindar surely, spoke of water in general, in that admirable commencing line, which has so puzzled the translators; that line, which an English translator has rendered, "Water the first of elements we hold," but which a French author has expressed, "*C'est une excellent chose que l'eau.*"

Then we have another physician, Dr. H——, who has actually retired from practice; and who says, from his seclusion, that the decayed vegetable matters in the Thames water produce faulty digestion and impurity of blood, "of which the inhabitants of the metropolis are constantly complaining." Really this is still more wonderful! Here are we dining out not unfrequently, say about six days in seven, and if the people whom we meet have a bad digestion, they are surely unconcerned enough about it. Soup, turbot, patties, chicken and tongue, mutton or venison, pastry and trifle, all are trifles to them. Wines innumerable and unpronounceable, besides dessert, they make nothing of. Nor do they vehemently object to supper. So much for faculty digestion! Then, as to impurity of blood, blind and ignorant must we have been in rides and walks, in parks and gardens, to have seen no outward signs of it not even at the Horticultural, where the heavens smiled not, but rather wept at the prospect of the calamities which now occupy our reluctant pen. "Ah!" as our good friend M. de Pourceaugnac says, "*que c'est une excellente chose que de savoir les choses!*"

Mr. K——, a surgeon, says every meal is injurious to thousands. Surely the faculty have very little reason to complain of that. But levity is misplaced here, for it is plain that the people of London are dying fast. How can it be otherwise? think of the *sewers*, (we regret the unavoidable necessity of alluding to this subject,) the hundred and forty-five sewers, equal to the hundred and fifty pages of the Water Report: think of the refuse of the streaming gas—of the off-scourings of lead—of the refuse of soap, and colour,* and every kind of deadly drug: think only of the numberless unconscious kittens daily consigned to this oblivious water; and all those “unutterable things,” as Dr. J—— says in his evidence, reeking, floating, bubbling, oozing, melting; things rank, things sour, things bitter, things oily, things acrid and poisonous, with now and then a dash of suicide—for it is well known, that when the nights are dark, hardly a week passes without some unfortunate girl springing over the parapet of the bridges amid the unavailing screams of watchmen. The only wonder is, that the Thames—*Father Thames*, as he has been called, and who, like Saturn,* seems inclined to devour his children—should have been allowed to conduct itself through London in such an indecorous way for such a length of time; and all the time, too, every man and woman dyspeptic, taking dinner pills, daily becoming more bilious, and deaths frightfully increasing.

Why, Dr. J—— himself, we see, was actually obliged to leave Spring Gardens on this very account; giving up a very advantageous lease, and leaving a comfortable residence in that rural part of the town to be demolished by the rats. It was impossible for him to remain: he states that he had “a pain after taking his breakfast,” every morning, as sure as the morning came. No sooner had he taken his tea or coffee, no matter which, with a little dry toast, and perhaps an egg, or a small portion of broiled salmon, or fried bacon, which the faculty, after some thousands of years’ *tinkering* of the human body, (as Mr. Colton was pleased to call it, have discovered to be the sovereignest thing on earth against indigestion—than there came on a prevailing pain in all the regions of the bowels; first slight, a kind of pleasing colic, hardly interrupting the perusal of “The Times” newspaper; then more serious, and inconsistent with study; and at last perfectly frightful. This was entirely caused by the turbulent water of the Thames; and we are assured that the good Doctor (for whom we have a great regard, having once consulted him ourselves—a case of morbid sensibility, &c.) has exceedingly improved in health and looks since his removal. He still hints that several young ladies have “bowel complaints” from the same cause. We are very sorry to hear it; for neither beauty, nor delicacy, nor wit, nor the utmost art in devising albums, and finding out charades, or acting them, nay, not even music and drawing, can make any young lady interesting in our imagination, who has a real, true substantial pain in the bowels every day of her life in London. We quite agree with Dr. J——, that “a time *must* come, when the people will open their eyes to this scene of corruption, veiled and concealed as it is by iron tubes and stone pavements.”

Dr. K—— says, “That he *saw* (fancy that!) the foul and black stream from the Ranelagh sewer, passing between the Company’s steam-engine

and the Dolphin, loaded with no small portion of undivided, floating filth——.” We must refer for the remainder of the sentence to Robins, p. 3; the stomach cannot dwell on these reflections with composure.

Dr. S——, a physician to Chelsea Hospital—near to which Dr. K—— saw what we have just mentioned—Dr. S—— says, “The tide stirs up the mass of impurity (produced by all that is corruptible in the animal and vegetable world, together with the noxious filth of gas and other manufactories.) that constantly flows into the Thames from Battersea down to Gravesend.”—Robins, p. 4. There is something grand in the idea of this stirring up, this mighty turbulence and conceit of the tide, and of all the animal and vegetable world between Battersea Bridge and the Three Tuns and Gravesend; but the mind, absorbed in the immensity of the danger, refuses to be romantic. Dr. S—— it appears fled from Hanover-square as Dr. J——, from Spring-gardens, both being literally washed out.

Another highly respectable physician, Dr. P——, well known as the author of an excellent book upon diet, is equally distressed. He even goes so far as to say that the water positively *stinks*! He does not say merely that is rather unpleasant—that it is disagreeable—that it is offensive—that it is “rather high,” but plain out, that it sinks. “The Company (some most unreasonable company surely) send in mud with the water, and then complain that the cisterns are not kept clean.” We never heard of such impudence, Nay, Dr. P—— goes on to affirm, that he “cannot find terms sufficiently expressive of the awful effects it may be likely to produce upon the health, and even lives, of the inhabitants of the metropolis.” And we learn (Robins, p. 4.) that in the last edition of his work, he goes still farther, and assert, “that if a remedy be not applied to the evil, the ravages of some epidemic may be fairly anticipated.” There is quite enough for us. No more contributions will flow from our pen; no more Magazines will enliven and enlighten the first day of the month. Every Periodical will become an obituary. No wonder town is emptying so fast. There they fly, at this moment, for their lives, with horses four, and postilions in nervous haste—that stout lady and gentleman, all those seven children peeping out of the coach-window, the footman and the lady’s-maid and the blue spencer and green veil—there they go; they have drunk the waters of bitterness; they have had pains in the bowels; they have been to Battersea, and they fly lest they should die! We will not be long after them; our part is taken, and our place too, in the Edinburgh mail; we will leave this city of the watery plague, and refuge take where no water is but most excellent whiskey. From thence, about two years hence, we may return, and write reflections in a solitary valley where was once the famous city of London. We shall sit and muse by the side of a stream, which was once the ditch of Fleet, or perchance the sewer of Chelsea: there amidst ruins, we shall behold but one solitary figure—a female widely clad, her garments flickering in the breeze, and her looks unearthly; some ancient woman, who when the city was in its pride, was accustomed to sell gin to the sailors at Blackwall, and who kept them in spirit until the gin became too largely diluted.

Yet may we not have been too easily frightened? Are the doctors to be believed? Alas! another page of Robins settles that matter for

ever! Here we see, page the 5th, Mr. Mills, "the engineer," deposes that the Thames is the common sewer of London; that it receives the contents of all the other sewers; forty-six on the south side, and ninety-nine on the north side; and ninety-nine and forty-six make one hundred and forty-five, so all the witness agree: there is no hope for us.

Listen to Mr. Goodhugh, "the fishmonger." "Put," says Mr. Goodhugh, "fresh fish into the water of the Thames, and in six hours they die;" and they not only die, which is bad enough for them, but they turn a yellow colour, which is worse for us. They are disgusted into a fit of the jaundice, and so die. Then, Mr. Butcher,—not a butcher, but a very humane "fish-salesman,"—says, "he has known three-parts of a cargo of eels to die by the gas-water passing the vessel." The eels cannot stand it. His evidence is corroborated by the melancholy master of a Dutch skipper, who says that the eels become effected with low spirits as soon as they reach the Thames water; change countenance, that is to say colour, become spotted like snakes, and quit this world of frying and stewing in numbers without number: at least, out of twenty-six thousand pounds of eels, (it is not the etiquette to mention the eels individually, but as collected into pounds—twenty-six thousand pounds,) only nine thousand pounds survived the shock; or in the master's words translated from the Dutch, were "marketed *alive*." The rest, we hope and trust, were not marketed at all.

So it seems that physicians, young ladies, the heads of families, and the heads and tails of the finny inhabitants of the deep, are equally affected. Neither fish or flesh can escape; and there is much reason to fear that the fish do not get out of life before they suffer some of those peculiar twinges in the bowels which have made a desert place of the Spring-gardens. To conclude, another captain says, if the water gets worse, (we do not see how the deuce it can,) "they must give up the business." So that we shall not only be half-poisoned in a few months, but have no fish to eat; and all the people employed in the fish trade will flock in fearful multitudes to the shore, and overstock the different professions, mingling their wonted cries with the din of Westminster Hall, or disturbing the repose of the College of Physicians itself.

"Such is the picture, the faithful and frightful picture, of the condition of the water of the Thames, as supplied by the Companies to their customers."—Robins, page 5.

Is there no remedy? we are asked on all sides. There is a remedy. In heaven's name what is it? Our friends flock about us as if we were of the faculty of physic, and the remedy, the remedy, resounds from many lips. Is it that we can roll back the black and fatal stream of the Thames, and by sacrificing Chelsea, and a few other places of no consequence, save London? Can the sewers be annihilated, or the river dried up? Or shall Alderman Atkins and the Corporation of London be petitioned to set the Thames on fire? By no means. None of these things are required. The people of Chelsea may sleep on dry land, and the sewers flow on for ever, and the Corporation be spared the exertion of talent implied in the supposed combustion of the water, and all may be well. The remedy is simple, and consists of "a general system of filtration; a system not limited to the fifty-three thousand fa-

milies daily drinking the filthy fluid of which we have been speaking, but extending itself to the hundred and seventy-six thousand tenants of the New River and other companies, consuming the twenty-nine millions of gallons daily supplied to the metropolis." It belongs to the subject to observe, that this is "as clear as mud" to all who have any head for figures. Here, then, is a remedy for you; a ray of hope illuminating the valley of the angel of death. "The Royal Filter for Cisterns will be found superior to all filters hitherto invented" (Robins, page 6.) You suppose, perhaps, that it only keeps back the thicker portion of the fluid, leaving much that is unpleasant to the eye, offensive to the nose, and so forth, or even productive of pains after breakfast. No, such thing. Be the water ever so foul, turbid, stagnant, black, heterogeneous, pass it through the Royal Filter, and out it comes "of a crystalline brilliancy." (Robins, p. 6.) You doubt this, perhaps; you suspect that Dr. Robins has an interest in recommending it. But you have no apology for doubting. Go to Long Acre, and ask Mr. Hume,—not Mr. Joseph Hume, but a man who has analyzed water as much as Mr. Joseph has accounts, and been no less successful with this filter in making that clear which was confused and turbid before. Ask him to have the goodness to filter a gallon of water, Imperial measure, before your eyes. Take the most emetic-looking gallon you can find; and when passed through the filter, you will behold it purity itself,—no mountain-stream by dreamy poet haunted, or by naiad, ever made a more respectable appearance. Before being filtered, it held nearly fifty grains of solid matter,—(do you suppose we know nothing of chemistry?) most part of it deadly poison to the bowels. Now it has only sixteen grains of solid matter. What can you say to that? You remark, perhaps, with your usual acuteness, that if "sixteen grains" of solid matter are left, the water is not pure. This arises from the little attention you have paid to chemistry. If you attended regularly at the Royal Institution, you would know that all water which has not been distilled, or boiled, or broiled, or bedeviled in some way, contains exactly sixteen grains of solid stuff in every gallon, and is thus actually meat and drink, though not clothing. And this solid stuff deleterious, and for that reason the Royal Filter allows it to pass through. Mr. B——, a distinguished surgeon, says, he procured some of the "foulest water his house afforded," and (that being too agreeable,) mixed it with water pleasantly impregnated with gas from coals; and yet this horrible compound passed rapidly through the major filter, so changed as to make a very reputable presence in a decanter at the dinner-table; and a young gentleman, with rings on his fingers, delicately lifted a beautifully cut tumbler inverted on it, from its top, poured about half a glass of the water in, and drank it in a very inoffensive manner in the face of the whole company; little knowing what tricks had been played with it. So you see your argument about the sixteen grains cuts a very poor figure.

It is evident that there is one branch of this interesting question on which we have not touched. We refer to the possibility of devising remedial means for the fish. But this is too important a subject to be spoken of at the end of a paper.

RICHARD HAWKINS.

[FROM THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.]

When a young man, Richard Hawkins was guilty of the heinous crime of betraying the daughter of a respectable farmer in the west of Galloway, of the name of Emily Robson. As he yet loved the injured maiden, he would have married her, but in this he was determinedly opposed by her relatives, and particularly by her only brother, betwixt whom and himself an inveterate hostility had, from various causes, been growing up since their earliest boyhood. From remorse partly, and shame and disappointment, and partly from other causes, Hawkins hereupon left his home and went abroad; but after making a considerable sum of money he returned to Scotland, determined to use every remonstrance to win over Emily's friends to allow him yet by marriage to make reparation to the gentle maiden, the remembrance of whose beauty and faithful confiding spirit had unceasingly haunted him in a foreign land. He arrived first at Glasgow, and proceeded thence to Edinburgh, where he proposed to stay a week or a fortnight before going southward to his native county, in which also Emily Robson resided.

During his stay in the metropolis, having been one evening invited to sup at the house of a gentleman, originally from the same county with himself, scarcely had he taken his seat in his host's parlour, when Emily's brother entered, and instantly recognizing him advanced with a face of grim wrath, denounced him as a villain, declared he would not sit a moment in his company, and to make good his declaration, instantly turned on his heel and left the house. The violent spirit of Hawkins was in a moment stung to madness by this rash and unseasonable insolence, which was offered him, moreover, before a number of gentlemen; he rose, craved their leave for a moment, that he might follow, and show Mr. Robson his mistake; and sallying out of the house, without his hat, he overtook his aggressor on the street, tapped him on the shoulder, and thus bespoke him, with a grim smile:—"Why, sir, give me leave to propound to you that this same word and exit of yours are most preciously insolent. With your leave, now, I must have you back, gently to unsay me a word or two; or, by heaven! this night your blood shall wash out the imputation!"

"This hour—this hour!" replied Robson, in a hoarse compressed whisper; "my soul craves to grapple with you, and put our mutual affair to a mortal arbitrement. Hark ye, Hawkins, you are a stranger in this city, I presume, and cannot reasonably be expected easily to provide yourself with a second; moreover, that no one would back such a villain;—now, will you follow me this moment to my lodgings, accept from my hand one of a pair of pistols, and let us, without farther formality, retire to a convenient place, and do ourselves a pleasure and a justice."

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I am a weary of living under the same sun with you, and if I can shed your foot blood beneath yon chaste stars of God, I would willingly die for it. Dare you follow me?—and quickly, before those fellows think of looking after us?"

To Hawkins' boiling heart of indignation 'twas no hard task so to follow, and the above proposal of Robson was strictly and instantly followed up. We must notice her particularly, that as the parties were about to leave the house, a letter was put into Robson's hand, who, seeing that it was from his mother, and bore the outward notification of mourning, craved Hawkins' permission to read it, which he did with a twinkling in his eye, and a working, as of deep grief, in the muscles of his face; but in a minute he violently crushed the letter, put it in his pocket, and, turning anew to his foe with glaring eyes of anger, told him that all was ready. And now we shall only state generally, that within an hour from the first provocation of the evening, this mortal and irregular duel was settled, and left Robson shot through the body by his antagonist. No sooner did Hawkins see him fall, than horror and remorse for his deed rushed upon him; he ran to the prostrate youth attempted to raise him up, but dared not offer pity or ask forgiveness, for which his soul yet panted. The wounded man rejected his assistance, waved him off, and thus faintly but fearfully spoke:—"Now, mine enemy! I will tell you, that you may sooner know the curse of God, which shall for ever cling and wrap itself round all the red cords of your heart—That letter from my mother, which you saw me read, told me of the death of that sister Emily, whom I so loved, whom you—oh, God!—who never recovered from your villainy. And my father, too!—Off, fiend, nor mock me!—you shall not so triumph,—you shall not see me die!" So saying, the wounded youth, who was lying on his back, with his pale writhen features upturned, and dimly seen in the twilight, with a convulsive effort now threw himself round with his face upon the grass. In a fearful agony stood Hawkins, twisting his hands, not knowing whether again to attempt raising his victim, or to run to the city for a surgeon. The former he at length did, and found no resistance; for, alas! the unhappy youth was dead. The appearance of two or three individuals now making towards the bloody spot, which was near the suburbs of the town, and to which, in all probability, they had been drawn by the report of the pistols, roused Hawkins, for the first time, to a sense of his own danger. He quickly left the ground, dashed through the fields, and without distinctly calculating his route, instinctively turned towards his native district.

As he proceeded onwards, he began to consider the bearings of his difficult situation and at last resolved to hasten on through the country, to lay his case before his excellent friend Frank Dillon, who was the only son of a gentleman in the western parts of Galloway, and who, he knew, was at present residing with his father. Full of the most riotous glee, and simple-witted as Mercutio, Frank, he was aware, could be no less gravely wise as an adviser in a difficult emergency, and he determined; in the present case, to be wholly ruled by his opinion. Invid-

sted, from not having settled for himself a definite course, he walked swiftly forward through the night, which shone with the finest beauty of the moon. Yet what peace to the murderer—whose red title not the fairest duellist, who has slain a human being, can to his own conscience reduce? The cold glittering leaves on the trees, struck with a quick, momentary gust, made him start as he passed; and the shadowy foot and figure of the lover coming round from the back window of the lone cottage, was to his startled apprehension the avenger of blood at hand. As he looked afar along the glittering road, the black fir-trees upon the edge of the moor seemed men coming running down to meet him; and the long howl of some houseless cur, and the distant hoof of the traveller, which struck his listening ear with two or three beatings, seemed all in the track of pursuit and vengeance. Morning came, and to the weary fugitive was agreeably cloudy; but the sun arose upon him in the forenoon, shining from between the glassy, glistening clouds, with far greater heat than he does from a pure blue sky. Hawkins had now crossed many a broad acre of the weary moorlands, fatigued and thirsty, his heart beating in his ears, and not a drop of water that he could see to sprinkle the dry pulses of his bosom, when he came to a long morass, which barred his straightforward path. His first business was to quench his thirst from a dull stank, overgrown with paddowpipe, and black with myriads of tadpoles; there, finding himself so faint from fatigue that he could not brook the idea of going round by the end of the moss, and being far less able to make his way through the middle of it, by leaping from *hagg* to *hagg*, he threw himself down on the sunny side of some long reeds, and fell fast asleep.

He was waked by the screaming of lapwings, and the noise of a neighbouring bitterness, to a feeling of violent throbbing headache, and nausea, which were probably owing to the sun's having beat upon him whilst he lay asleep, aggravated by the reflection from the reeds. He arose; but finding himself quite unable to pursue his journey, again threw himself down on a small airy brow of land, to get what breeze might be stirring abroad. There were several companies of people at work digging peats in the moss, and one party now sat down very near him to their dinner. One of them: a young woman, had passed so near him, as to be able to guess, from his countenance, that he was unwell; and in a few minutes, with the fine charity of womanhood, she came to him with some food, of which, to satisfy her kindness, rather than his own hunger, he ate a little. The air changed in the afternoon, and streaming clouds of hail crossed over that wild country; yet he lay still. Party after party left the moss, and yet he was there. He made, indeed, a show of leaving the place, at a quick rate, to disappoint the fears of the people who had seen him at noon, and who as they again came near to gather up their superfluous clothes, were evidently perplexed on his account, which they showed, by looking first towards him, and then at each other. It was all he could do, to get quite out of their sight beyond a little eminence; and there once more, he lay down in utter prostration of mind and body.

Twilight began to darken upon the pools of that desolate place. The wild birds were gone to their heathy nests, all; save the curlew, whose bravado was still sung over the fells, and borne far away into the dim and silent night. At length a tall, powerful-looking man came stepping through the moss, and as he passed, near the poor youth, asked, in slow speech, who he was. In the reaction of nature, Hawkins was, in a moment, anxious about his situation, and replied to him that he had fallen sick on his way, and was unable to go in quest of a resting-place for the night. Approaching and turning himself round to the youth as he arose, the Genius of the place had him on his back in a moment, and went off with him carelessly and in silence over the heath. In about half an hour they came to a lonely cottage, which the kind animal entered; and, setting the young man down, without the least appearance of fatigue on his part, "Here gudewife," said he, "is a bairn t'ye that I hae found i' the moss: now, let us see ye be gude to him." Either this injunction was very effective, or it was not at all necessary; for, had the youth been her own son, come from a far country to see her, this hostess of the cottage could not have treated him more kindly. From his little conversation during the evening, her husband, like most very bulky men, appeared to be of dull intellect; but there was a third personage in the composition of his household, a younger brother, a very little man—the flower of the flock—who made ample amends for his senior brother's deficiencies as a talker. A smattering of church-history had filled his soul with a thousand stories of persecution and martyrdom; and from some old history of America, he had gained a little knowledge of Upper Canada, for which Hawkins was during the night repeatedly given to understand, he was once on the very point of setting out, an abiding embryo of bold travel, which, in his own eye, seemed to invest him with all the honors and privileges of *bona fide* voyagers. His guest had a thousand questions put to him on these interesting topics, less for his answers, it was evident, than for an opportunity to the little man of setting forth his own information. All this was tolerably fair; but it was truly disgusting, when the little oracle took the Bible after supper, and, in place of his elder brother, who was otherwise also the head of the family, performed the religious services of the evening, presuming to add a comment to the chapter which he read; to enforce which, his elbow was drawn back to the sharpest angle of edification, from which, ever and anon unslinging itself like a shining rhomboid, it forced forward the stiff information in many a pompous intimation. The pertinacious finger was at work too; and before it trembled the mystic Babylon, which, in a side argument, that digit was uplifted to denounce. Moreover, the whole lecture was given in a scolding, pragmatic voice, which sounded like the sharpening of the *litham*.

Next morning the duellist renewed his journey, hoping against evening tide to reach Dillon's house, which he guessed could not now be more than forty miles distant. About mid-afternoon, as he was going through a small hamlet of five or six cottages, he stepped into one of them and requested a little water to drink. There was a hushed solemnity in

could see in a moment; throughout the little apartment into which, rather too unceremoniously, he had entered; and a kind-looking matron, in a dark robe, whispered in his ear, as she gave him a porringer of sweet water, with a little oatmeal sprinkled upon it, that an only daughter of the house, a fine young woman was lying, "a corpse." Without noticing his presence, and indeed with her face hid, sat the mother, doubtless of the maiden heedless of the whispered consolations of two or three officious matrons, and racking in that full and intense sorrow with which strangers cannot intermeddle. The sloping beams of the declining sun shone beautifully in through a small lattice, illuminating a half-decayed nosegay of flowers which stood on the sunny whitewashed sill—emblem of a more sorrowful decay!—and after traversing the middle of the apartment, with a thin deep bar of light, peopled by a maze of dancing moths, struck into the white bed, where lay something covered up and awfully indistinct, like sanctified thing not to be gazed at, which the fugitive's fascinated eye yet tried to shape into the elegant body of the maiden as she lay below her virgin sheets purer than they, with the salt above her still and unvexed bosom. The restricted din of boys at play—for that buoyant age is yet truly reverential, and feels most deeply the solemn occasion of death—was heard faint and aloof from the house of mourning. This, and the lonely chirrup of a single sparrow from the thatch; the soft purring of the cat at the sunny pane; the muffled tread of the mourners over the threshold; and the audible grief of that poor mother, seemed, instead of interruption, rather, parts of the solemn stillness. As Hawkins was going out, after lingering a minute in this sacred interior, he met, in the narrow passage which led to the door, a man with the coffin, on the lid of which he read, as it was pushed up to his very face, "Emily Robson, aged 22." The heart of the murderer—the seducer—was in a moment as if steeped in the benumbing waters of petrification: he was horrified: he would fain have passed, but could not for want of room; and as the coffin was not to be withdrawn in accommodation to him, he was pushed again into the interior of the cottage to encounter a look of piercing recognition from Emily's afflicted mother, who had started up on hearing the hollow grating of the coffin as it struck occasionally on the walls of the narrow entrance. "Take him away—take him away—take him away!" she screamed, when she saw Hawkins, and pressed her face down on the white bed of death. As for the youth, who was fearfully conscious of another bloody woe which had not yet reached her heart, and of which he was still the author and who saw, moreover, that this poor mother was now come to poverty, probably from his own first injury against the peace of her family, he needed not to be told to depart. With conscience, that truest conducting rod flashing its moral electricities of shame and fear, and with knees knocking against each other, he stumbled out of the house, and making his way by chance to an idle quarry, overgrown with weeds, he there threw himself down, with his face on the ground. In this situation he lay the whole night and all next forenoon; and in the afternoon—for he had occasionally risen to look for the assembling of the funeral train—he joined the small group who carried his Emily to the churchyard, and saw her young body

laid in the grave. Oh! who can cast away carelessly, like a useless thing the finely-moulded clay, perfumed with the lingering beauty of warm motions, sweet graces, and young charities! But had not the young man thank ye, tenfold reason to weep for her whom he now saw laid down within the dark shadow of the grave?

In the evening, he found his way to Frank Dillon's; met his friend by chance at a little distance from his father's house, and told him at once his unhappy situation. "My father," replied Frank, "cannot be an adviser, here, because he is a justice of the peace. But he has been at London for some time, and I do not expect him home till to-morrow. So you can go with me to our house for this night, where we shall deliberate what next must be done in this truly sad affair of yours. Come on."

It is unnecessary for us to explain at length the circumstances which frustrated the friendly intentions of Dillon, and which enabled the officers of justice to trace Hawkins to his place of concealment. They arrived that very evening; and, notwithstanding the efforts of Frank to save his friend secured the unhappy duellist; who within two days afterwards, found himself in Edinburgh, securely lodged in jail.

The issue of Hawkin's trial was, that he was condemned to death as a murderer. This severe sentence of the law was, however, commuted into that of banishment for seven years. But he never again returned to his native country. And it must be told of him also that no happiness ever shone upon this after-life of his. Independent of his first crime, which brought a beautiful young woman prematurely to the grave, he had broken rashly "into the bloody house of life," and, in the language of Holy writ, "slain a young man to his hurt."

O! for that still and quiet conscience—those third heavens within a man wherein he can soar within himself and be at peace, where the image of God shines down, never disarmed nor long hid by those wild racks and deep continents of gloom which come over the soul of the blood-guilty man!

MEMORY.

[FROM THE FORGET ME NOT, FOR 1830.]

Kind memory, like a Mocking-bird,
Within the widowed heart is heard,
Repeating every touching tone
Of voices that from earth have gone.

VOYAGE ON THE NILE, FROM CAIRO TO THE CATARACTS.

[FROM THE ORIENTAL HERALD.]

El Arâba Medforun, or Abydus, Nov. 16.

As I was desirous of visiting the ancient Abydus, and seeing this part of the country, considered to be the most fertile and best cultivated of the Said, we furnished ourselves with provisions from the boat, and despatched her to the village of Schel' Badjoura, the port, or scala, of Farshout, through which we intended to pass, and after devoting an hour or two to the examination of the interior of Gûgeh, we prepared for our journey.

The town, though conspicuously marked on the map, and very generally considered the capital of Upper Egypt, is one of the least agreeable among the many others of the same size and consequence. Its Catholic monastery, dedicated to St. George, and giving name to the town itself, supports two or three Italian monks, in very poor condition, who are always glad, by attention to travellers, and speculation in illicit trade, to increase their scanty store. Built upon the very edge of the Nile, every inundation sweeps away some of their mud dwellings, and undermines others, though some of its habitants are always to be found, who are stupidly inconsiderate enough to replace them by others, notwithstanding the certainty of a similar fate awaiting them. 'God is great,' say they, 'whatever he has decreed will come to pass;' and this pompous declaration of confidence in heaven, is incessantly applied to the most trivial as well as the most important matters. Its bazaar is dirty and scantily supplied; its scala, or landing-place, is one of the worst we had yet seen; and though there are both mosques and baths here, and it is the station of one of the Pashas gun-boats, it is, at best, a miserable and dirty assemblage of huts.

Two asses being provided, one of their drivers was sent to purchase bread, of which we had not sufficient, with directions to follow us to El Araba, where we were going to see the antiquities, having with him the sack which contained the stock we had previously put up, as well as my map, and some papers, memorandum-book, &c. We had trotted three or four miles, looking frequently behind us, but no driver appeared in sight; and after waiting upwards of an hour with impatience, we determined on returning to take him with us. On reaching Gizeh, and enquiring at the caravanserai from which we started, we learnt that he was pursuing us, with all speed, on the road to El Birbeh, a village about two hours' distant, but unfortunately in a contrary direction to our proposed route; and this mistake had arisen from a very pardonable apprehension. He had heard we were going to see the antiquities, which in Arabia are called El Birbeh, and, confounding this with the literal name of the village to which he had gone, he was confident of finding us there. To wait his return would be idle, since he would have no means of discovering his error, and we accordingly rode after him, as the boat had already departed

and he possessed all our treasures. This diversion from our journey was not one of the most agreeable kind ; but vexed as I was at such a cause of delay, I could not be angry with the painting Arab, who had run all the way there after us ; and when Giovanni attempted to reprove him, he very naturally replied, “ You wanted to see El Birbeh, and to El Birbeh you are come.”

“ So trifling an affair was not difficult of adjustment, and we endeavoured to recover the loss of time by additional speed, until we were again detained at Hawhemer, a village in which was held a grand bazaar of cattle, accompanied with all the diversions of a country fair in England.

It was here that the same Assiniere, being himself a villager, had met with a number of his former comrades, and joined their holiday circle, who had been privately regaling their spirits on choice rakee, under the concealing shade of an ample cloak, or brown chemise, through which the eye of the prophet himself could not have penetrated. The meeting was a matter of such joy to all parties, that they earnestly prayed the release of the beast, for the sake of its masters, whom they had determined not to part with so easily. I remember perfectly well that the Sunday morning petition of *La Fleur* instantly occurred to my memory, and though male enjoyments are not entitled to the same sympathy which love engagements deserve, the same train of reasoning was applicable, and for so temporary an inconvenience, I could not refuse the liberty asked.

My servant could not at all comprehend how I had arranged this matter with myself, nor was I desirous of explaining it to him. But he could not comprehend how a ‘ *Milord Inglese*,’ could part with his animal and its driver, and consent to walk three miles for a villanous Arab ; this, he thought, was an indignity that nothing could equal. It put him dreadfully out of humour, nor was it the first instance in which I perceived that he had so incorporated his fate and feeling with mine, as to be fond of adding on all occasions to my consequence, purely for the sake of increasing his own, and felt any thing like a degradation more sensibly by far than I did. There may be cases, certainly, in which such qualities are valuable in a domestic, but I began to find that in mine, they were both expensive and inconvenient.

An hour’s walk brought us to the village of Courahaan, with an excellent appetite, and while we dined under the shade of a thick grove of Palms, upon a fine carpet of green turf, our guide had replaced the relinquished animal by one of equal excellence, and at an hour and a half past noon we resumed our journey, somewhat inconvenienced by the heat though this was tempered by the freshness of a strong northern breeze.

The crossing small canals, and making extensive circuits, to avoid the grounds from which the waters of the inundation had not yet retired, considerably retarded our progress, but I was in some measure repaid by the opportunities it furnished me of observing the mode of irrigation, and the state of their culture, in different parts.

In passing the village of Yabcomb, a crowd of half-starved and ferocious dogs rushed from a Santon’s tomb, in which they had taken up their quarters, with such fury that the staffs of our guides were inadequate for

defence, and even after we had shot three of the boldest, they continued to advance, and stun us with their howling. The report of the pistols brought a Turkish soldier towards us at full gallop from an adjoining village, to know the cause of the firing he had heard. When the matter was explained, he chose to be warm and angry. 'I thought at first,' said he, 'It might have been some of the obstinate Fellahs you had shot, which would have been no matter, as it is the only way of silencing their impertinence; but dogs fed by the saints could never deserve such a punishment.' I told him I possessed the Pasha's firman, and if he was at all displeased he might report the matter to him, but until saints fed their hungry dependants better, and lessened the danger of their devouring the unresisting passenger, I should endeavour to cure their rage, by the notion that he thought suited to the Fellah. He muttered some kind benedictions on Franks and Infidels, and we pursued our course, reaching El Araba Medfoun at five o'clock.

The Sheik of the village had come out to meet us, and learning the object of our visit, led us to a heap of rubbish, in which were scattered some fragments of red granite, and part of the base of an obelisk of the same stone, not more than three feet square, having two sides plain and the others ornamented with hieroglyphic figures, deeply cut, and well preserved, but not of remarkably good execution.

The events of war had not allowed Denon to visit El Araba; and having no other guide, I knew not what remains there were of the ancient Abydos, so that I ought not to have been disappointed at hearing these were all; yet it is so difficult to relinquish even the hopes of imagination, that I was divided between regret and incredulity, when a lad, observed that there was a sort of hole into which one must crawl over dirt and stones, that was larger on the inside, where it was like a house. If I were disposed to see it, he said, he would conduct me, as it was not far off, and he had frequently hunted jackalls there with the other boys of the village. Of this place the Sheik knew nothing, though living here from his infancy; so indifferent are they to every thing of the kind, but the sun being yet half an hour above the horizon, I was desirous of seeing it, and we proceeded thither together.

A walk of ten minutes over the sands of the desert, brought us to the spot which, on approaching, appeared to be only a heap of rubbish, with large stones scattered over the surface in different directions. On descending the western side, however, I could already perceive that it was a building of some magnitude, though its plan was not distinct from its being covered up to the very roof, by the loose sand and friable rock, blown into it by the western winds from the Lybian hills. Clearing away some of the principal obstructions, we could trace a roof supported by columns, of about five feet diameter, the inner frieze and ceiling, full of figures, and the painting yet remaining, but it would be a work of much time and difficulty, to remove the accumulated heaps which every wind covers it. Upon the architrave I observed a variety of animals well executed, amongst which the grasshopper and jackall were conspicuous, and of a large size; the stone was of a yellow colour, friable in its nature,

and the figures deeply cut, with a very shallow relief below the level of the surface. Above this fragment, twenty or thirty paces more easterly, preserving the same line of direction in-running north and south, are six arched recesses, which I at first thought to be tombs, from their figures. On entering them, however, successively, which I was enabled to do without much difficulty, I was convinced from the relative situation with the fragment in front of it to the westward, and their uniformity of space and direction, that they were a portion of the same building; their arches were a perfect semi-circle, sufficient of the walls being visible to ascertain their length, about forty feet, and breadth less than twenty, having square apertures or windows pierced perpendicularly through their roofs, for the admission of light and air. At the inner end were doors, the top of which could be seen about a foot below the centre of the circle, or the point from which the arch of the roof begins, and all of them were uniform in size and shape. Of their decorations I know not how to speak. The tombs at Lycopolis were the infancy of art compared with these; neither the figures at Hermopolis, nor those at Antæopolis, which I had so much admired, were at all equal in point of execution, and for richness of design they surpassed every thing I had thought Egyptian severity of style capable of producing.

I remember to have seen in the possession of one of my friends in England, a complete collection of the embellishments of the Vatican at Rome, yet I could call nothing to my recollection which it contained more beautiful than the ceiling which I now saw so imperfectly before me. The principal figures were vultures with extended wings, grasping a globe in each talon, and, being large as life, occupying some space on each side, beyond the centre of the roof, every interval being filled up with groups of smaller hieroglyphics, clusters of stars, &c., preserving an admirable uniformity, amidst the richest profusion. Over the door, at the inner ends, were winged globes, the wings drooping with the figure of the arch; the friezes that surrounded the inner walls were rich borders, formed of animals and hieroglyphic figures, regularly arranged, and the walls themselves were literally covered; these were executed in full relief, above the level of the surface; and being on a close-grained stone, the smaller figures were almost like a collection of cameos.

To describe what is visible even above the rubbish at present, would require volumes—to draw them accurately would need months; and if the whole of the buildings, of which I conceived this to be a portion, were executed in a style of equal profusion and magnificence, the life of any individual artist would be almost inadequate to the bare copying and finishing the drawing only of this superb pile. I was so lost in admiration of the thousand objects that pressed on me at once, that I knew not which way first to turn, and regretted when I left them, more than ever, my inability even to steal a day to range over the beauties with more pleasure.

The sun had already sunk below the hills; I had brushed the dirt from my clothes, and we were proceeding to the Sheikh's house, when the lad observed, with an air of discontent, that I had not yet seen the place he mentioned. We returned, and about the same distance easterly of the

arches, as they themselves are from the first column; we found a hole, through which more than one person could not enter at a time. I pierced it with much difficulty, and seeing light before me, still crawled on; but what was my surprise, what also was my pleasure, when, rising I found myself amid the columns of a superb temple! This was a gratification so much beyond every thing I had anticipated, that I could scarcely credit my good fortune, or believe that I was so suddenly transported from the exterior of a heap of sand, to the centre of a grand and majestic building—'twas like enchantment. From the shortness of twilight, it was already too dark to prolong our observations, and ordering my servant to assist in removing the obstruction of the entrance, the Sheikh hastened to the village for wood and oil, to make temporary torches, and the lad remained to be our guide.

Furnished with this assistance, I was enabled to enter still further, and, gaining the extremity, which was surrounded by a solid wall, found there sufficient height to walk erect with ease. It was then I could trace a magnificent portico, of at least one hundred and fifty feet in front, by fifty in depth, composed of forty-eight columns, in four ranges, of twelve each, distant from each other about eight feet, and the central ones twelve feet; their diameter at top not exceeding five feet, formed of a white and close-grained stones; plain shafts, and no capitals, resembling a sort of Egyptian Doric pillar; the only ornament I could perceive on it was an encircling border, round the upper extremity of the shaft, formed of serpents bearing globes, like the columns at Antæopolis,

The upper part of the door, or entrance to the nave, was on a level with the sand, surmounted with hieroglyphics; the architraves were ornamented with large figures, cut deep in outline, without relief; but the ceiling was precisely the counterpart of the arched roofs I had just left near them. I could have pronounced them designed by the same genius, and executed by the same hand. The painting that had here assisted in the embellishment, was better preserved, and showed the figures prominently on a purple ground. The extended vulture, bearing globes in his talons, was identically the same; and even the hieroglyphic inscriptions, infinitely multiplied as they were, bore a strong resemblance, in style and arrangement, to those I had so much admired there. Yet this splendour of ornament, this richness of decoration, lavishly bestowed on every portion of the building, was so enclosed on every side, as to be completely hidden from the light of day; and the whole had now become, by the accumulation of the desert sands, almost subterraneous ruins.

It was thus impossible to speak decisively as to its plan; yet, after examining the interior as perfectly as the communication would permit, and traversing the ground repeatedly on the outside, I could not but be of opinion, that the temple itself, like that at Antæopolis, faced the West; that the part at which we had entered was either the front of the grand portico, or a second assemblage of columns, connected with the six arched passages we had seen before it, and these again with the roof and pillars, still westward of them, which, in that case, would have been the

grand portico itself. The solid wall met with at the western extremity, is alone a sufficient proof of the sanctuary, or body of the temple, having its connection there, but the heaps in which it is buried allow, at this moment, no traces of it to be seen; and each succeeding year increasing, will soon overwhelm it so completely, as to be inaccessible, every western breeze even enlarging the accumulation.

Though I left its ruined darkness with a regret known only to those whose pursuit of the arts is restrained by want of time and means, who are often forced from that which they admire, and closely chained to occupations they dislike, yet it was not without self-congratulation at the good fortune of having thus made such a discovery; and by such accidental means.

Was it the temple built by Osymendyas, or the palace in which Memnon had resided? for these were both at Abydos; or might it not have been both in one building, since conjecture has almost amounted to proof; that temples were the residence of the great, as well as the abode of the priesthood, and that the royal power, the national treasure, and the religion of the state, were all under the jealous eye of that omnipotent body. It could have been no other, and from the portions that remain, imperfectly as they can now be seen, stamp deserved immortality on the genius that designed, and the hand that executed it. One knows not how to express the surprise and admiration excited by a single view of fragments so full of beauty and perfection; but that surprise is increased in more than a tenfold degree, when recurring to estimates, and the minutiae of calculation; it is here we discover the skill, the labour, the time, the perseverance, necessary for a work of infinitude—'tis like counting the stones of the Pyramids, the computation itself is a task that staggers the boldest.

When our torches were extinguished, and I sat to repose myself for a moment on the ruins themselves, the history of the last hour appeared to me like a well remembered dream. It was with difficulty I could persuade myself that I had seen objects so grand and magnificent, as those with which my memory was so strongly impressed, and the rich imagery of the countless figures I had seen floated incessantly before my imagination. If I had been entirely without companions to verify my own suggestions, I should have deemed it a vision of fancy, but all was real. How did I long for an hour's uninterrupted solitude, I desire to be left alone, and bade my servant come to me when he had prepared our supper, but frightened himself at the long dark passages we had traversed, observing me unusually thoughtful, and terrified at the idea of leaving me in the desert, at such an hour, nothing would prevail on him to depart, and as the Sheik himself remained, I accompanied them to the house. Egyptian taste, Egyptian skill, Egyptian wealth, Egyptian power, Egyptian splendour, were all that I could think of; a nation, the very period of whose destruction is imperfectly recorded—whose history is buried in the darkness and obscurity of fable—whose soil is peopled by the last link in the chain of civilization—whose descendants are bought and sold like the beasts of the stall, and deemed worthy only to be the slaves of the but

man race — yet whose eternal monuments, after having founded all the schools of succeeding art and science, laugh in their indestructible duration at the puny efforts of her barbarous destroyers and tell to him who views their venerable ruins, a tale of greater force, than the pen of history has ever yet complied. Fatigued as I was, I could have bartered sleep to indulge the train of feeling it inspired, but even the luxury of thinking is not always to be enjoyed.

We had scarcely reached the Sheik's dwelling, before the whole of the male population came out to meet us; a mark of respect arising from the mingled motives of curiosity, hospitality, and a regard for their leader, whose guests we were. This latter being the avowed reason I was desirous of knowing who those Sheiks were, from what origin they derived their authority, and by what means it was transmitted and preserved; when forming a circle on the ground before his door, where a clean mat had been spread for us, the chief himself told us, that from time immemorial (even before the building of the antiquities we had seen, and according to his opinion, coeval with the creation itself) all the countries of the Arabs had been governed by Princes, Caliphs, and Sheiks, who presided over the districts God had given them, in justice and in peace, and that as their government was a gift from Heaven, it descended regularly in their families without interruption or dispute, every one improving his own province as much as possible, without encroaching on that of his neighbour; that the Turks and Mamelukes having alternately disturbed them in their quiet possession of power, all the Princes and Caliphs were soon destroyed; but finding they could not well govern the villages without Sheiks, they had very prudently suffered them to remain in the exercise of their prerogative, which was simply this — to be the arbiter of all disputes among the peasantry — to check all dissensions, and dispositions to revolt — to preserve the peace — report criminals — and to assist the enforcement of all orders from the Government. In reward for these duties, the Government gave them the distinction of making them responsible for the conduct of all the subjects committed to their care; while they themselves paid to the Government a small contribution, amounting to less than 100 piasters per annum. Such a pre-eminence one would not think enviable: but the honour of supporting this petty magistracy in person, and retaining it in the family of Hadjée Abdullah, was his recompense.

He would not suffer us to eat of our own provisions, though there yet remained some in our sack, but set some of the villagers to prepare a supper of the best from his own store — adding, that all the world knew the hospitality of the Arabs, and he hoped they deserved the character given them. They were in the midst of a discussion on the harvest, the production of the soil, the waters, &c., when a little girl of interesting figure and features, having dislocated her right arm from the shoulder, was brought to me in the cries of agony from the very recent fall that had occasioned it, for they believe all Franks to be either soldiers or physicians. By a happy turn of fortune, which was neither the result of skill or practice, I succeeded in replacing it in its socket, and restor-

III VOYAGE ON THE NILE, FROM CAIRO TO THE CATARACTS.

ring ease to the sufferer; we had her stretched on a mat with bandages to prevent its further injury. Happy as I thought myself in success, it was a most unlucky incident upon the whole, for ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, before the lame, the blind, the leprous, and almost those who were possessed of devils, came to seek relief; in fact, those who could not of themselves find strength enough to repair hither, were absolutely brought on the shoulders of their friends, and I believe those who of old, sent out into the fields and highways, to collect together the halt, the lame, and the blind, to partake of the supper prepared for those who were bidden, and would not come, could not have brought together a more varied, or a more miserable group than I had now before me, without the power of relieving them. What was to be done? I confessed I knew nothing of the art—it was not believed. I had, according to their opinion, restored a broken limb, and it was now cruelly to refuse to relieve others. I had no medicines, and my servant attested my travelling without drugs of any description.—‘A proof of your knowing how to cure diseases without them,’ said they.—In fact, for every reason I urged, they found an answer, and it was only prolonging the exposure of the poor wretches to the night air to delay.—I therefore began to examine them with all possible gravity—the pulse of one, the tongue of another, the eyes of a third, the ribs of a fourth, and to listen to the painful history of every separate sufferer.

To one I prescribed a milk diet; to another, abstinence from salt food; to a third, the avoiding night dews; to a fourth, privation from raw vegetables; and so on, until I had numbered up all the catalogue of their errors in diet and living; so that, if any one individual had adhered to the combination of those separate prescriptions, he would soon have ceased to need the medicines of this world.

I felt a relief from something more than the fatigues of professional duties, when the audience was at an end, and the thankful patients retired; and as our appetites had by this time begun to demand the medicine of the healthy, we withdrew to the hall of the Sheik, this honoured magistrate of the village, where our supper was prepared. Let me describe the scene: four mud walls, of nine or ten feet high, enclosing a square space of double that dimensions, without roof or window, the door-way serving the purpose of the latter, and the former being perfectly unnecessary. At one end were two oxen, an ass and its foal, and the beasts we had ridden from Gizeh, all very tranquil and happy, having supped heartily on chopped straw, and occasionally testifying their mutual congratulations, by their very significant responsive brayings.

In the centre was a fire of dried dung, on which our meal had been prepared; and though its fumes were less fragrant than the wood of aloes, it possessed the advantage of separating our companions from the view, or at least rendering them so indistinct, that we could only perceive them in the obscurity of distance; a visual deception that would have induced us to have imagined them far remote from us, did not the scattered spray of their streams regale our senses with its odour, and sprinkle our garments with the dew of blessing. On a straw mat, at the other

end, sat the Sheik governor and myself; and while the villagers were crowded round the fire, holding dried date branches for lights, before us were set ten pigeons, broiled on the dung, about fifty eggs, made into a sort of paste with linseed oil, and served up in the pan which fried them; five wooden bowels of cows', goats', and camels' milk; a large heap of roasted dourra, a bowl of yahourt, some raw sugarcanes, and a bottle of our own aqua vitæ! I asked his worship, Hadjée Abdallah, what he thought of English appetites? He replied, that since they were all kings that he had seen, he was certain they must live well at home; and for that reason he had provided the best, and he hoped enough! Giovanni thought the pigeons were delicious, after he had rubbed them with a head of garlick, which he generally carried in his pocket. The eggs and oil suited the Sheik best; and luckily for me, they were so busily employed themselves, that I emptied one of the bowls of milk by cups into the rest, after having drank sufficiently, without their perceiving the deception. And this pleased the Arab, by the proof I had given of my valuing his hospitality, without his perceiving the stratagem.

The manners of the villages differ considerably in proportion to their distance from the river; and this being situated on the very edge of cultivation, in the desert itself, partook of a very close approach to the Bedouin mode of living.

A long and entertaining conversation on their customs, opinions, &c., detained us up until nearly midnight, when we all lay down together, in the most perfect state of equality, the very beasts themselves being as well lodged as their masters, and their drivers snoring by our sides.

ANECDOTES OF THE BALTIC EXPEDITION.

[FROM THE UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL, NO. 9.]

There were times in the annals of our warfare, in which the co-operations of our army and navy were not conducted with that unanimity and cordiality which the service required. It was not a generous emulation, but rather a narrow jealousy of taking the lead, which not seldom paralyzed the efforts of both, and rendered some of our expeditions singularly abortive.

At length great commanders in either service, saw the necessity of effecting the most perfect union of sentiment in the common cause of the parent country; thenceforward our expeditions were eminently successful, and the union flag flew triumphantly over every part of the habitable world. There was not one of our generals or admirals that cherished and promoted this mutual good feeling more than Nelson; though bred a seaman from his boyhood, he was ever partial to the army; and pleased when he could obtain detachments of soldiers to assist in his enterprises. With this view, he got the 49th regiment, commanded by the late gallant Major-Gen. Brock, and part of the rifle corps under Sir Sydney Beckwith, to embark on board the fleet in the expedition, to the Baltic, early in the year 1801.

That expedition has been variously narrated, it now forms a part of our historic annals, and it would be therefore superfluous here to describe an important event with which the world is already so well informed. But there are many details and interesting anecdotes which are not so generally known, and which might be occasionally furnished by surviving officers of both navy and army who were on board the Baltic fleet.

The Danes were apprised of the destination of our armament, and had made formidable preparations to defeat it. At the head of the line of their floating batteries, there were two redoubts called the crown batteries, erected on sandy islets, which rose about ten or twelve feet above the surface of the water. They were mounted with many very heavy guns, and covered the entrance of the inner harbour. As the possession of these forts would much facilitate the success of the attack and prevent a great loss of lives, it was intended that the troops on board should embark in launches and storm them under cover of some of the ships; but on a close reconnoissance made by Lord Nelson in person, it was found that they were commanded by the citadel which overlooked them in the rear, and whose fire would have swept off any hostile force that might have carried them by assault. This plan, therefore, was given up, and the troops acted on board the fleet as marines. There were only nine sail of the line engaged, and these of the smallest class of seventy-fours, on account of the shoalness of the water. Lord Nelson took his station in the centre on board the Elephant, which got a-ground. At the head of the line and opposite the greater crown battery, the Monarch, commanded by Capt. Moss, supported by the Amazon frigate, Capt. Riou, was moored. The loss on board the Monarch and the Amazon was enormous. Both captains were killed. Capt. Moss was struck at the same moment by a pole-axe on the head, and by a cannon-ball which had hurled on that weapon in its course. He fell dead in the arms of Major, now, Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Hutchinson, who then commanded the grenadier company of the 49th, on board the Monarch. Such, indeed, was the carnage from the elevated fire of the crown batteries, that four wounded men were killed, and one of the surgeons was badly wounded in the cockpit, an accident which probably never happened before in any naval engagement.

On the other extremity of the line, the Bellona, commanded by the late Sir Thomas B. Thomson, was stationed. In taking up her position, she had unfortunately grounded, and was exposed to a raking fire from the enemy's floating batteries. Capt. Thomson had carelessly placed his foot on a gun carriage, and his leg was carried off by a cannon-shot which came through the port-hole. When the battle was decided, Capt. Thomson submitted to the amputation of the shattered limb with that firmness and cool *nonchalance* so characteristic of British sailors. Whilst the operation was performing, he was actually singing one of Dibdin's sea-songs, and applying it to his own case.

"Thank God, I was not popp'd off,
Though precious limb was lopp'd off," &c.

During the progress of the cure, Lord Nelson made frequent and early calls to the Bellona, and when he had ascertained from the surgeon in attendance how the patient had passed the night, he accosted his friend gaily and jocosely, particularly if he overheard him humming snatches from Dibdin's ballads; and thus in eight days, the gallant and musical captain was sufficiently convalescent to be removed to an hospital-ship, which had been fitted up from one of the Danish prizes, to bring home the wounded officers.

Sir T. Thomson inherited a fondness for sea lyrics from his father, the brave and accomplished Capt. Thomson, who, together with other esteemed literary productions, was the author of the fine sea-ballad, "The Storm,"—"Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer," sung with such energy and pathos by Inceledon. Dibdin's Lyrics, however, from their variety, sterling merit, and universal adaptation to every circumstance of a sailor's life, have taken entire possession of the British navy. A midshipman's library generally consists of two books, "Hamilton Moore," and "Dibdin's Songs." These have certainly contributed to enliven and encourage young sailors, and to diffuse a knowledge of the achievements of the British seaman, wherever the English language is understood.

The most important consequences resulted from the victory of Copenhagen. The Northern Confederacy, set on foot by Napoleon for the express purpose of totally excluding the English from the Continent, was broken up and dissolved. The Russian fleet of fourteen sail of the line was at sea, to join the fleets of Sweden and Denmark. Nelson, immediately on settling affairs with the Crown-prince, went in pursuit of the other hostile squadrons. He first chased the Swedes into Carlsrona, and then followed the Russians, who found it convenient to return to port. We just missed catching their fleet in the Bay of Revel. It had sailed only the day before for Cronstadt. Being apprised, however, of the revolution at St. Petersburg, and of the sudden demise of Paul, he sent forthwith Sir Thomas Fremantle, who commended the Ganges, and Col. Brock, to congratulate the Emperor Alexander on his accession to the throne; and also sent Major Hutchenson home with despatches to the Admiralty. "Tell Lord St. Vincent," said the Admiral to Major Hutchenson, "that I did not come to the Baltic to die a natural death." How prophetic of his subsequent fate!

Sir William Hutchenson was very happy in his repartees and *bonmots*, of which an *ana* might be collected. I shall conclude with relating a very interesting one. He accompanied Sir Ralph Abercrombie in the expedition against the French West India Islands, (in which Sir William distinguished himself, and was twice wounded.) The flag and staff ship was the *Glory*, of seventy-four guns. They encountered in the out-bound passage a furious storm. The ship was struck by a tremendous sea, and laid on her beam-ends. The masts were ordered to be cut away, and at this dreadful crisis, there was an awful silence, when Hutchenson exclaimed from Gray's *Elegy*—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

This might be termed a sublime pun: and if another such sea had sent

her to the bottom, it would have been a suitable epitaph for the gallant ship. However, a more fortunate billow striking her on the opposite quarter, she righted, and the danger was past. E. W.

MARTIN'S BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

[FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. 98.]

Though, we estimate Mr. Martin's power of *physiognomical* expression at a somewhat humble rate, there is, another species of *expression*, in which he stands almost unrivalled. Its influence has been felt by all who have received pleasure from his works; but by very few has the secret of its strength been perceived. This expression it is, by which every part of a picture is made, as it were, in one grand harmony to sound the chord of that emotion which is to it as the soul by which it lives:—it is the convergence of every ray towards the one burning point;—the bowing down of every subject-part before the throne of the one ruling sentiment. And in this fine concord resides the real unity of the picture, and not in its relative fewness or multitude of parts. A disciplined army beneath one chief, is itself but *one*, though consisting of thousands; and a painting may possess its integrity unbroken, though out of its fractional parts might be formed a thousand pictures. We must illustrate our meaning by referring to one of Mr. Martin's works; and shall select that which, like a sudden sunshine, burst upon the unexpected public—his *Feast of Belshazzar*.

The story here told is of a supernatural visitation—of an immediate act of the hand of God working visible to the human eye. A wicked and arrogant king sits with his thousand lords, his wives, and his concubines, at the feast, and impiously profanes the vessels which have been consecrated to the worship of the One God; but the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone, they praise and worship. The measure of his guilt is full; and the punishment must follow. But in the face of all has the crime been perpetrated, and before the eyes of all must his doom be announced. In the height of their sacrilegious banquet, a hand—and armless hand—writes upon the wall the irrevocable words; and, having written them, disappears. Then is the king's countenance changed, and his thoughts trouble him, so that the joints of his loins are unloosed, and his knees smite one against another. The astrologers and the soothsayers strive in vain to read the unknown characters; but the prophet of God appears, and interprets them to the king. This interpretation is almost immediately verified; for, 'in that night in Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain.' This is the subject of the picture,—a theme grand, awful, and difficult. It is not a subject for a *fine colourist* merely, or an *expert draughtsman*, but for a *poet* who can embody his conceptions in *form and colour*.

What, then is the great sentiment impressed by such a subject? and what is it, consequently, that the painter has to accomplish? To answer

this, we again ask,—what must have been the prevailing sentiment of the spectators in the actual scene? Various emotions might, at moments, mingle in various bosoms: the king might mourn his downfall,—the queen might lament her son,—the thousand lords might tremble for their power and their riches;—but these, and every other possible feelings, must be in subjection to the overwhelming awe arising from a belief in the immediate presence of an offended and threatening God. This, then, is the great sentiment; and this it is which the painter must attempt to infuse into his picture: every thing in it must have relation to this; all must be solemn, sublime, mysterious, and awful. He has to represent a scene in which the Deity himself, not all invisibly working, is an immediate agent: but how is this to be effected? The fingers ‘of a man’s hand, writing upon the wall,’ were to the actual spectators, sufficient to attest the supernatural presence; but as so many preceding painters have shown in a picture, the motionless hand is merely ridiculous. It looks too often like the fragment of a statue, or like an inflated glove, or like any thing rather than the living, but not human hand, whose possessor, though viewless, was *felt* to be present. It was in the *actual motion* of this bodiless hand, leaving behind it the unknown characters, that the token of a supernatural agency was acknowledged. The moveless hand merely, or the written letters merely would have been thought the trick of an impudent impostor; but the armless hand *moving* before their eyes, was indeed a terrible and unearthly spectacle. *But the pictured hand cannot move*; and the painter has therefore apparently nothing left but an unhappy choice betwixt the dead unmoving fingers, and the characters ready-written out,—an alternative which seems to promise little success, as is shown in the labours of other artists. We do not mean to say that *The Feast of Belshazzar* has not been admirably painted by others, but that, before the present work, there has not been—as far as our knowledge extends—any thing that could pretend to be even the faintest shadowing forth of the *supernatural denunciation from God against the king of Babylon*. Mr. Martin was the first to perceive, that it was not in the bodiless hand merely, or the unknown letters, that the mystery and the terror consisted,—but in *the sense of a present supernatural power*. To awaken this sentiment was, then, his first great object; and he perceived that, though he could not give to the hand a *supernatural motion*, he might yet impart to the already written letters a character of mystery and terror, which would equally excite the sense of a supernatural presence. This he has triumphantly accomplished, by giving them vastness of size, and a splendour, as though the hand that had traced them had guided the lightning over the wall, and left its yet burning fires imprinted there. Having accomplished this,—having raised emotion of a character so awful and sublime,—it was necessary that all the accompaniments of the scene should likewise sustain a character of grandeur and awful magnificence. Letters written as with the lightning, would have been ill matched with a mean and familiar-looking chamber,—with common place decorations, or such subjects as are every day beheld around us. To the spectator of the *actual event*, the effect might have been of equal force in a temple or in a closet; but not so the spectators of *the picture*. By the former, nothing would have been seen but the bodiless

hand, and the letters; but, by the latter, every thing will be deliberately examined? and every thing should therefore be made to sustain the mind, as much as possible, at its highest tone. The ruling sentiment of the present subject is *a sublime and supernatural awe*, and every part of the picture should, therefore, receive its character from that sentiment. Vastness and strength of architecture powerfully excite a sense of awe and grandeur: such an emotion, though differing in kind and in degree, is therefore in harmony with that ruling sentiment; and Mr Martin has accordingly presented us with a hall of dimensions and gorgeous strength unparalleled. But when to the grand and the gigantic we superadd some powerful moral association,—when we give to it the hoariness of antiquity,—when we deepen its solemnity by the obscurity of night,—when by concealing its limits, we lead the imagination to draw out the vast almost into the infinite,—then, indeed, do we awake to a sense of awe and sublimity, beneath which the mind seems overpowered. How nobly has not the artist provided for this feeling by tremendous tower, which buried in clouds, and darkly visible under the flaring of the distant lightning, looks grimly over the roofless palace-hall, as if its impious builders had indeed made its top to reach unto the Heaven! Every thing, in a word, combines to excite and sustain that emotion of sublime and supernatural awe which is the ruling sentiment, the very soul of the subject.

We have heard it said that Mr. Martin has never copied a picture of any other master,—that he has never studied anatomy,—and that he has rarely, if ever, painted from the living figure. If these assertions be true, we do not know how he could satisfactorily clear himself from the charge of a negligence that must have been most injurious to him. The neglect of these two essential studies may amply account for two of his chief imperfections,—the generally incorrect drawing of his figures, and the inferent colouring of his flesh. Assuming that he is himself conscious of these two failings, it must appear surprising that the obvious cause should not have occurred to him, and that the remedy, as obvious, should not have been resorted to. He colours his flesh ill,—but, to colour well is not an instinct,—it is an art; and an art is never, in its perfection, the produce of a single mind, but the result of the accumulated labour and experience of many. He that avails himself of all that has been done by others before him, may hope, by the superaddition of something, to excel them all; but he that trusts to his own unaided genius for that which can be learned, in its most perfect state, only from the labours of others, places himself, to a certain degree, in the disadvantageous situation of the man who had to struggle against the difficulties of its first feeble beginning. Whatever the native powers of such a man may have been, he probably effected little, and was soon forgotten. The painter that would colour well, must not hope, by the force of his own genius, to leap at once to that height which has been attained only through the united and long-continued labour of all that have gone before him; but must diligently study the best patterns which they have left, and endeavour to add perfection to that which seems the most perfect. Nature alone must not be his study, for he does not make *his* man from the dust, and breathe into *his* nostrils

the breath of life: his flesh is of another clay, and must be wrought after a different fashion. Nature must be his model, but Titian, and Vandyka, and Velasquez, must be his instructors. We cannot believe that it is even yet too late for Mr. Martin to resort to the living model, and the glowing canvass of his great predecessors, for improvement in his figures and in his colouring. The striking superiority, in these two particulars, of his last great picture over all his preceding works, justifies the belief that he might still, in the practical part, at least, of his art,—far surpass that which he has done the best; and encourages the hope that he will, with unrelaxing diligence, pursue every means which may conduce to farther excellence.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS; OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. JONATHAN WILD, THE YOUNGER.

[FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NO 43.]

It has long been a favourite hypothesis of mine, that a great man—and what is a felon but a conqueror, exercising his predatory faculties on a confined sphere of action?—is bound, before death, to give his memoirs to the world, as some compensation for that peculiar ingenuity by which, through life, he has entitled himself to its respectful abhorrence. Acting upon this principal—the most disinterested that can influence an unprejudiced mind—I hasten to present the public with an autobiographical sketch, whose chief merits—to say nothing of its other ethical capabilities—are its strict truth, sound moral, and unflinching integrity of purpose. With this hint, I commence my narrative.

I was born in the year 179—, in a cow-shed, during a shower, near the little Irish village of Ballyshannon. My father was an itinerant vender of books—my mother a washer-woman, and grand-daughter of the never-to-be-forgotten Jonathan Wild, whose nearest relations, after the sad catastrophe that befell that great but eccentric genius*, resolved to fly an ungrateful country, and civilize the more congenial provinces of Ireland. With this view they came over, to the number of five, to Ballyshannon, from which place one, by means any thing but miraculous, was speedily transferred to Botany Bay; another died of a broken heart in the county jail; a third fell a victim to a severe cold, caught, while gazing at one of the prettiest prospects in all Ireland, from a damp pillory; a fourth got his head accurately divided into two distinct departments, by his dearest and best friend, at a wedding; while the fifth, a lady of infinite whim and vivacity, espoused my father, the respected merchant above-mentioned. Of this last individual I must here pause, and say a few words. He was a wild, rambling character, full of fun, frolic, and whisky; endowed with principles that sat gracefully and easily upon him, like an old coat; and of so restless a temperament, that, except when in the stocks—an accident to which the most unexceptionable moralist is at times liable—he was never known to remain more than three days in the same place. From this father I inherit all that is sound in my

* He had the misfortune to be hanged. Vide Fielding's; Life of him.

moral, and talented in my intellectual character. He it was who first induced me to read, imbued me with love of enterprise and petty larceny, taught me to "cast off the shackles thrown around the mind" (so the Venerable old gentleman used to express himself) "by priestcraft and despotism," to consider man and woman as the lawful victims of my superior address, and to peruse attentively, and with a view to their practical application the independent sallies Tom Paine. I should mention, perhaps, that this highly-accomplished parent was one of that numerous horde of Irishmen, who, during the Rebellion of '98, distinguished themselves by their impartial robberies of Orangeman and Papist. In consequence of his exertions on this occasion, strengthened no doubt, by the fact of a Protestant officer's purse being found in his waistcoat pocket, my father, together with twelve others of the same stamp, was discovered, early one fine November morning, swinging from the lamp post of the bridge at Wexford; a mishap which my mother took so grievously to heart, that she was seen, a few days afterwards, stretched lifeless on her husband's grave. Whisky and strong affection had been too much for her: she was always delicate and sensitive.

By this calamity I was left with nothing but an accommodating conscience, and ten remarkably agile fingers, to rely on for support. Luckily, there dwelt in Wexford a certain rosy linen-draper, good natured, but prosing, like his own ledger, who, seeing what he was pleased to call my hazardous condition, took me into his service, where I had the happiness of cleaning boots, running errands, waiting at dinner, and committing much extra mischief on my own private account. But this servitude was of short duration; for my employer, fancying that he discovered in me evidences of superior genius, dispatched me to a grammar-school in the neighbourhood, where I soon distinguished myself by a zeal for learning perfectly miraculous, inasmuch as I had got my grandfather's memoirs and the Forty Thieves by-heart, and had often wept over the sufferings of the heroes and heroines of the Newgate Calendar—a captivating miscellany, which made a deep impression on my youthful mind.

After remaining two years at school, during which time I had frequent opportunities of observing the superiority of our own divine religion to the idolatrous doctrines of popery, I was expelled, in company with a lad named O'Connell, for attaching two squibs to my master's Sunday coat. This was the alleged reason for my expulsion; but the real one was my refusal to become a proselyte to Catholicism. The head usher—a fat man with a short neck, and the thickest part of whose face was downwards, like a bee-hive—was always urging me on this point; and I should probably have become a convert to his opinions, and thereby—I shudder while I think of it!—have forfeited my hopes of eternal happiness, had I not caught him one night on his knees before a saint, who though, like Cecilia, of the feminine gender, had more of the Magdalen than the Vestal in her character, and who honoured my recognition of her by a blow which marred my beauty for a month, and my two front teeth for ever. This chastening—which, I make no doubt, was intended, by the all-wise Disposer of events, for the best purposes—

proved my salvation. In a paroxysm of rage, I flew to the master for protection, but, receiving no satisfactory reply, resolved at once on quitting the academy. With this view I proceeded to pack up my wardrobe in a red cotton pocket-handkerchief, took an affectionate leave of my companions, and, after duly abstracting the head usher's pocket-book and snuff-box, as a pleasing memento of my school-boy days, set out, with O'Connell, for my patron's house at Wexford. To this beneficent old gentleman I gave the real version of my case; but, nevertheless, anticipating that it might be misconstrued, I resolved to make the most of what little time I had yet left, so acquainted myself forthwith with the contents of his till; after which I wrote him a kind but spirited note, wherein I assured him that my mind soared for above the idea of dependence; and that in future, I should look upon myself as my own master. It is with regret I state that this notification was unavailing. Towards the evening of the day on which I had written it, as O'Connell and myself were pursuing our road to Dublin, we were overtaken by a sheriff's officer, who, arresting me at the linen-draper's suit, compelled me—notwithstanding I told him I was in a hurry, and could not be detained—to accompany him back to Wexford. It will hardly be believed, that, for this harmless frolic, I was tied to a cart's tail, flogged through the market-place, rubbed down with vinegar, and then set in the stocks to dry. Scandalous perversion of justice! Is not genius, whatever shape or character it may assume, still one had the same divine, inestimable faculty? Is not——But enough: I resume the indignant history of my wrongs.

On quitting Wexford, which I did the moment I had adjusted my inexpressibles, I started off for Dublin, where I again came in contact with O'Connell. My independence, at this period, was unquestionable. I had neither money, friends, nor prospects to encumber me; so was compelled, in self-defence, to commence business as a pocket-operative. It was at the Crow-street theatre that I made my first appearance as a performer in this line. The house, I remember, was crowded; and, as good luck would have it, I chanced to find myself standing next a wheezing old gentleman, in a pepper and salt spencer, to whom I imparted my suspicions of there being thieves in the house, and hastened to prove the fact by decamping with his watch and seals. This promising specimen of ingenuity raised me so highly in the opinion of O'Connell—himself a genius of no slight consideration—that we agreed for the future to divide our profits. But there is a restlessness in human nature that knows not where to stop. Scarcely had I attained celebrity by the felonious capabilities of my fingers, when my mind, born for higher objects, began to languish for pre-eminence in burglary. On sounding O'Connell on the subject, he readily agreed to join me in an affair which had for some days engaged my undivided attention. Our plan was soon arranged: we agreed to meet at ten o'clock on a particular night at the Duck and Coach-Horse, and thence to set forward towards Rutland-street, where I had previously ascertained that a rich merchant resided, who, having been lately married, had just purchased a handsome service of plate, which I myself had seen carried home that morning

from the silversmith's. I selected this gentleman's house for my *début*, because I rightly conceived, that, from the circumstance of his honeymoon being still young, he would have quite enough business on his hands, without troubling himself to look after a few comparatively unimportant articles of plate. Punctual to the moment, we proceeded to effect a lodgment in his kitchen; but, unluckily, while we were ascending towards the drawing-room, a stout scullery-girl, who, unperceived, had witnessed our operations, assaulted us both with her fists in so cowardly and unprovoked a manner, that we were compelled to make a precipitate retreat. I should not omit to add, that, during the bustle of escape, O'Connell contrived to pick my pocket—a species of dishonourable treachery of which I should never have suspected him, had I not made an application to his for a similar purpose.

It was at this period of my life that I paid my first visit to London, where I became acquainted with the celebrated but ill-starred Barrington. We shook hands—strange enough—in the coat-pockets of an extensive alderman, who had stuck himself at the back of one of the dress-boxes in Covent Garden, and against whom our professional dexterity was at one and the same time employed. It has been said, that admiration, like love, originates at first sight. Such was my case with this great man; so much so, that, when I learned his name, I thought I should never have overcome my veneration. Still, notwithstanding his unquestionable abilities, Barrington, I think, was overrated. The artists in his own line of business seemed to consider him as the Shakspeare, whereas he was only the Pope, of petty larceny. Certes, his mode of operation was quick—intelligent—decisive; but it was monotonous, and wanted versatility. You might know him any where by his style. His friend, Major Semple, on the contrary, though undervalued by his contemporaries, possessed far superior talents. He never operated twice in the same manner; yet such was his invariable adroitness, that he could I am persuaded, have picked the pockets of even the ghost in Hamlet. His address, too, was mild and gentleman like, and he had the finest conception of a burglary of any man I ever met with.

To return from a digression into which I have been beguiled by my enthusiasm for departed genius: I had now been some years well acquainted with a London life; was respected at the east, and not undervalued at the west end; and, with the exception of P——, the police-officer, was looked on as the most promising artist about town. But there are limits to human greatness: Napoleon was vanquished by destiny, and I was *peached* by O'Connell. In consequence of this dastard's information, I was taken up, convicted, and transferred to his Majesty's colony at New Holland, where, in the charming vicinity of Sidney Town, I fell for the first time in love. Blissful state of the human heart, when life is fresh, time uncounted, and earth a paradise! The object of my attachment was a pretty simple girl, aged sixteen, only daughter of a Scotch emigrant, under whose superintendence I was kept to hard labour—a grievance which so affected her, that, in the intervals of relaxation, she would come and sit beside me, amusing me with her sprightly prattle, and feeding me in secret with the choicest dainties from

her father's table. Such conduct could not but prove highly flattering to an exile; and, accordingly, in my excess of gratitude, when from fear that my talents should rust for want of practice, I devoted a certain portion of my day to the conscientious discharge of my vocation, I invariably spared her own and her father's pockets.

I cannot say much for the society of Sidney Town. It consists for the most part of pick-pockets, a class of men, to whose ungentlemanlike practices it is owing that transportation has been brought into such disrepute. I was once in this line myself, but took the earliest opportunity of quitting it; for, among the members of our fraternity, the burglar has always been looked on as of superior rank to the mere pocket-operative. In fact, the one is not permitted to associate with the other. I have hinted that the inhabitants of Sidney are low lived: not only this is the case, they are worse, they are positively barbarous. Instead of cultivating the gentilities, they cling to the vulgarities of society. The majority are red-faced, and of Hibernian extraction; but indeed Botany Bay itself is, strictly speaking, nothing more nor less than an Irish colony, all of whose members are zealous, and, I doubt not, conscientious advocates of Emancipation. For one or two of the most eminent among these Liberators I had brought letters of introduction from England, but as I have always been particular in my company; I scorned to avail myself of them preferring instead the society of my first and only love. This intimacy continued upwards of a year, at the end of which time, Rosa—such was my fair one's name—presented me with a thumping boy. This additional relationship sadly discomposed her father, and quarrels on the subject daily took place between them, till at last the distracted girl intreated me to take her altogether from home. At first I felt inclined to comply, but when I reflected on the clog that would be thereby thrown upon my genius, I resolved on declining the proposal. I almost regret to state the particulars of my separation from Rosa. Having decided on its necessity, I read her one evening a homily on the subject of filial duties; I told her that the claims of a father were far superior to those of a lover; and that if I deprived either herself or her boy of such protection, my conscience would never be at rest. Vain were my remonstrances; the poor girl clung to me with wild emotion, and, as a last resource, placed her child in my arms. For awhile I was wholly overcome by such an appeal, till recollecting the necessity of decision, I abruptly put an end to the interview, and escaping at once from the chains of love and labour, rushed far away into the woods adjoining Sidney Town. Here I remained concealed for three weeks and upwards, subsisting wholly upon wild fruits, and sleeping at night in the open air, till finding that pursuit had slackened, I ventured once again towards the coast, directing my steps as if by instinct towards the cottage of Rosa's father. As I approached the well-known spot, the toll of a death-bell came borne towards me, and presently appeared a funeral procession winding its way towards church-yard that skirted the cottage. My mind misgave me at this sight: nevertheless, I continued to advance, when—oh, heavens!—I beheld behind a quick-set hedge, a coffin lowered into the grave, with these words inscribed on the lid,

"Rosa McNeill. Obit. 181—, *Ætat.* 17." So dreadful a spectacle deprived me of all my usual caution; I rushed toward the groupe, gazed wildly on the decending coffin, and then, ere yet the bystanders had time for recognition, made the best of my way towards a schooner that happened to be lying at anchor in the road, and which in a few days bore me far away from Rosa, toward my own beloved England.—England, the land of freedom! England, the nurse of morality!—who shall say with what feelings a much-calumniated exile approaches thy cliff-girt coasts! So acute were my sensibilities on this head, that for the sake of concealing my weakness, I was actually compelled to hide myself during the day-time in the hold, and during the night in my hammock. My sense of the dignity of manhood was always very acute, and publicity I have ever detested.

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I now pass over a lapse of eight busy years, during which time I contrived to acquaint myself with every creditable operative about town. My feats in burglary alone were unprecedented; the watchmen especially envied them; and no wonder, they were far above the reach of their inferior capacities. Among the number of my disciples—for like my celebrated grandfather I was the captain of as choice a gang of spirits as ever did credit to stocks, pillory, or scaffold—was a gruff-looking fellow named Atkins. This man occasioned me a world of annoyance. He was a singular compound of the methodist and murderer, with black matted hair, furrowed forehead, yellow, bloodless cheeks, garnished with a convulsive grin, a hump-back, and a sinister, gloomy, dull eye, whose mixed expression of cunning, penitence, and ferocity, I never yet saw equalled. Altogether he made as close an approximation to pure diabolism as the imperfect limits of human nature will permit. This man was my lieutenant, under whose auspices I first withdrew my attention from suburban to sylvan speculation; from the west end of the metropolis to the highways and by-ways of the country. And this I take to be the perfection of a *conveyancer's* existence. During spring he practices his calling in town, but when fashion begins to migrate, he migrates along with it; by which means he not only improves his health, shattered by the necessity of keeping late hours, but can enjoy the pastoral beauties of the country, be talkative as a mute, and merry as an undertaker by day, take his sleep, like a watchman, by night, and employ his leisure in the diligent following up of his profession. For myself, I was always fount of the picturesque, and shall never forget one lovely moonlight night spent professionally with Atkins on Hounslow Heath. The hour was somewhat late; just twelve o'clock, and the clouds (whose health I never omit to drink) were massive enough to disk the moon's rays without absolutely throwing night upon the landscape. Around us on all sides Nature was fast asleep—an awkward predicament for the old lady, had she been animated and worn pockets—and the south wind alone was abroad, if you except six owls who went partners with as many bull-frogs in a duet by no means to be despised. As I stood beside my lieutenant, whose religious sensibilities were roused by the imposing age of the hour, a pleasing tranquillity stole over me.

The spirit of poetry permeated my mind : I became ethereal — imaginative—romantic. Just at this crisis the sound of wheels was heard ; in an instant my dream was ended ; from a poet I descended to a footpad and had barely time to conceal myself behind some adjoining trees, when a post chaise came rattling towards me. Drawing a pistol from my belt, while Atkins did the same, I rushed up to the vehicle with the usual highway anathema ; but discovering that there were only two females inside, I modulated my voice to its most agreeable tones, and hoping that I did not intrude, requested gentlewoman's purses and whatever other property they might have about them. My request was indulgently acceded to, upon which, wishing the ladies a good night, and cautioning them to beware of highwaymen, I contended myself with tying the post-boy with his head to the horses' tail, and set out with Atkins towards the Woodcock and Sugar-Tongs, Isleworth. Here, while we were dividing our booty, my confederate grasped me suddenly by the arm, and putting on an air of devout seriousness, " I am sorry, Wild," said he, " to find you so addicted to swearing. Had you operated on the ladies without an oath, I had said nothing it is purely professional ; but how can you expect the blessings of Heaven on your exertions if—" At this moment an uncontrollable drowsiness came over me under the influence of which I threw myself on a bench in the tap-room, fell fast asleep, and dream of the devil.

By day-break we set out for Bath, where we had appointed our gang to meet us. On the way we met a horse, which I forthwith appropriated and for which I should certainly have been hanged, had not a flaw in the indictment let me loose.—I quote the Judge's insulting remark—once again on society. About six months subsequent to this accident, the good folks of Hunslow and its vicinity, which we invariably made our head-quarters, having been kept in constant alarm by our depredations, began to put in force every stratagem against us, (one gentleman in particular, named Evans, a magistrate of Twickenham, was particularly active) the consequence of which was, that the majority of my gang, one after the other were taken up, convicted and executed. There is nothing more distressing to a feeling heart, than day by day to witness the dropping off of its dearest associates. This was my case ; every succeeding assizes diminishing the number of my confederates, until at last Atkins and myself were the only two that remained. And here I would caution my readers from running away with a notion because I am sentimental, I am of necessity weak in action. Nothing is further from the fact. True, I have a feeling soul, but I am also a man, and one that knows how to avenge an insult. Acting upon this impulse, I cherished an especial recollection of Evans, and after talking the matter over from time to time with Atkins, resolved one fatal night to attack his house, and leave there a memorandum of our visit, by doing as much mischief as we could conveniently compass within the night. Punctual to the hour, we set out, our minds inflamed with brandy. It was a dark sullen night, with just sufficient moon to do justice to my companion's countenance. As we reached the magistrate's house, I chanced to turn my eyes toward Atkins, and saw his lip convulsed with a strange Satanic smile. My blood curdled at the sight, but a spell nevertheless hurried me onwards, and together we ascended towards our victim's cham-

-ber. All was silent, except now and then when the stairs creaked beneath our footsteps, or the cricket chirped from behind the kitchen fire. When we reached the first landing-place, we saw a light shining down from a balustrade above us. We hastened immediately towards it, tore it from its niche, and proceeded with it to Evans's apartment. For an instant we paused, then stood beside our victim's bed, while Atkins drew a knife from his pocket. At this awful moment Evans awoke; but what was his affright when he saw scowling full upon him the dull grey eyes of Atkins! He prayed not for pity, instinct was lost in stupefaction; but he turned imploringly to me, who did all I could to save him. Vain were my exertions: coolly and deliberately the assassin bared his victim's throat, and drew the deadly steel across it. This deed accomplished we hastily quitted the house, overlooking, in the hurry of escape, a boy who, unseen, had watched our movements, and cutting across the high road, spent the night among some meadows at the foot of Richmond Hill. For my own part I was too much excited to think of rest, but Atkins soon fell asleep, while I kept watch beside him. It was an appalling hour: the hush of the grave was around me; and in whatever direction I turned my eyes, I saw but the lazy stirring of the trees, whose motions, rendered indistinct by distance, looked like ghosts, moving to and fro their gaunt arms. Suddenly a scream burst on my ear, and turning towards Atkins, I beheld him seated bolt-upright, and stiff as a corpse; his eye blood-shot, his blue lips convulsed, but his senses fast locked in sleep. "Hark!" he exclaimed, "there is no one in the passage—'tis well. The dead cannot rise against me. Cannot? Hah! hah! hah! Look you there—he comes—he comes—he points with his bloody arm towards me. Now he is standing right opposite me—his hot breath scorches up my veins—I feel it here—here, at my heart," and with a yell of tremendous agony the murderer started to his feet. This state of excitement continued more or less throughout the night, but toward day-break, Atkins had in some degree resumed his composure, and insisted (strange infatuation!) on our immediate return to Twickenham.

So mad a scheme of course proved our ruin, and accordingly we were both taken up within less than six hours on suspicion, when circumstances having arisen to confirm the prejudices against us, we were fully committed for trial. How Atkins kept up his spirits, I know not, I at least was miserable: maddened for the first time with horrors that levity had till now kept down, calling to mind my Rosa and my child, and even fancying at times that I was companied by the spirit of Evans. In this condition I remained, upwards of a week, when one evening, after his conviction, I was summoned by the jailer into Atkins's prison, whom I found quite an altered character. As I entered his dungeon, "Must I indeed be hanged?" said he, or rather shrieked, in a harsh, grating tone of voice.

"Yes," I replied, "you must, but it will be consoling for you to know that I shall be hanged as well."

"O God! I cannot die; I am not fit; my hand is yet hot with blood,"—and his eye looked horribly white. At his earnest entreaties, and by permission of the turnkey, I remained with him throughout this his last night;

my own trial as an accessory having by some informality in the indictment been postponed to the next assizes, and Atkins having precluded the necessity of one, by a frank and unreserved confession. At ten o'clock the jailer quitted us, and we sat down alone at an oaken table, lit by a dim lamp, and garnished with an odd volume of tracts. Until midnight Atkins remained tolerably composed; but when all at last was silent in the prison its awful solitude struck chill and damp to his soul; his teeth chattered, cold drops stood upon his forehead, he paced the floor like a madman and clanked his chains, glad even of such an opportunity to burst the horrid stillness. Just at the moment, the watchman of the jail passed close beneath the window calling the hour, in a tone which seemed to say "you hear it for the last time on earth! Its effect on Atkins was terrific. In such state—a state of the most abject wretchedness—hours rolled away, until at length the church clock struck four, and a few straggling gleams of day-light began to make their way through our prison bars. From this moment the murderer began to count each moment of his existence; and with all that desperate tenacity with which a weak mind clings, however falsely, to hope kept perpetually asking me the hour, and insisting that it was not so late as I supposed. At last he could no longer shut his eyes to the truth, for the day-light hitherto faint, now distinctly lit up every object in the dungeon. How pale and ghastly by its momentarily strengthening beams looked my confederate's face! how withering its expression! how intense and concentrated the character of its grief! But a few hours before, and his hair was black, a deep raven black: it had now a gray tinge—the effect of years, the sorrows of a long life, had been condensed into one single night. Precisely as the clock struck eight, the clergyman and sheriffs arrived, when after the usual ceremonies, the procession moved slowly on towards the scaffold. And here ensued a scene, which those who witnessed it, will, I am convinced, carry with them to the grave. Overpowered by intense affright, Atkins refused to proceed further; he shrieked for pity, clung convulsively to the jailer, and writhing in all the nervous fever of despair, prayed for only ten minutes reprieve—for six—for five—for two—for one—for but one single minute, while he repeated the Lord's Prayer. As the executioner approached to place the rope round his neck, his affright increased to madness. His red eye kindled, his mouth, white with foam, seemed twisted into a thousand shapes. But all was vain; the cord was adjusted; the cap drawn over his face; and the signal being given, one shrill, piercing cry was heard—then the slow—slow withdrawing of the bolt, a groan, and the murderer, like his victim, was a corpse!

I now return to my own personal narrative. At the ensuing Guildford assizes, my trial, in its turn, came on. The principal, indeed, the only evidence against me, was that of a boy between eleven and twelve years of age, who it seems had witnessed the whole transaction from an adjoining room, and of course could swear to my identity. This youth was subject to a rigid cross-examination, in the course of which, struck by some tone in his voice, some strange—indefinite peculiarity in his manner, "Who, in God's name," said I, "is your father?"

The boy hesitated a moment, then suddenly, with manifest confusion, "I know not; he left us when I was an infant; grandfather often speaks of him, but always angrily."

"And your mother?"

"She died just after I was born."

"Her name?"

"Rosa McNeill."

"Her residence?"

"The woods at the back of Sidney Town."

"Gracious God!" I exclaimed, shuddering all over with emotion, "it is indeed my child, my only deserted child, who now stands here to give evidence against his father, as that father was his mother's murderer."

On following up this fearful cross-examination, the following additional facts came out. The witness was the grandson of a Scotchman, who, having in the course of years accumulated property as an agriculturist in New Holland, had resolved to return home and enjoy it in his native Dumfriesshire. On his arrival in London, where he had business of importance to transact, he took that opportunity of placing his grandson with some respectable English farmer, for which purpose he advertised in all the papers; and it was in answer to one of these that Evans had personally applied to him, stating his want of such a lad, and proposing terms, which being accepted by the old Scotchman, the boy was transferred to Twickenham, where he had since continued to reside, up to the moment of his master's murder. On hearing this extraordinary statement, an intense feeling of horror pervaded the whole court, during which nothing could be heard but my own convulsive sobbings, as I vainly stretched forth my arms to clasp my injured child. After a short pause, the trial proceeded, and the facts being irrefragably proved against me, the jury, without a moment's hesitation, returned a verdict of guilty, and the judge condemned me to death. I was then removed from the bar, and consigned to the solitude of the condemned cell, never thence to depart, until the hour appointed for my execution.

In this desolate—this gloomy—this life-destroying dungeon, with no companions but my thoughts, no hope but what Heaven in its mercy may accord me, I await the final sentence of the law. The revolting levity with which, in the pride of my spirit, I some months since commenced these memoirs is gone; the bolt has reached my heart—the fire-brand has struck to my brain. How awful is this hour! Night is above—around—beneath me; night on heaven—night on earth—but what is that to the night within my soul? Hark, is that the church clock? Fool! 'tis the chink of the hammer on thy scaffold. O God! is there then no hope? Must I indeed die, be prisoned in some dark, rotting coffin, and feel the death-worm slowly creeping—creeping—creeping—inch by inch, across my heart? Shall the spider that now weaves his web above my head, have a longer existence than I? Shall Rosa—poor deserted Rosa—be revenged only by her seducer's death? My child know peace only by forgetting his father? Distracting thought!—I must compose myself awhile by Prayer.

NAVAL REMINISCENCES.

EL-ARISH.

[FROM THE UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL, NO. 9.]

Among the several attacks made in Egypt, under Sir Sidney Smith, the taking of El-Arish added another to the many laurels of England. It is well known that we co-operated with the Turks to expel Napoleon from Egypt, that he took possession of El-Arish having driven out the Turks, and that the English were preparing to retake the town in conjunction with its former possessors. The Vizier, in pursuance of this design, sent to Sir Sidney Smith, requesting the assistance of some English officers, to direct the operations against the town. Though many, no doubt, (I judge from myself,) were anxious to be chosen for this expedition, in order to signalize themselves, yet Col. Douglas, Col. Bromley, and Capt. Winter, from the ship "Le Tigre," (accompanied by some few sailors) were the only officers chosen by Sir Sidney. Col. Douglas wished some one to accompany him in whom he might place confidence, and, to my great delight and pride, I learned that he had fixed on me. We left Gaza, where we then were, on the 22d of Dec. 1799, and after two days and two nights of great fatigue, occasioned by the motion of the camels, lying in the open air at night without covering, together with the effects of the climate, we arrived at El-Arish, as much to our joy, as to the gratification of the Turks. As we marched through the desert, that seemingly boundless expanse of sand, the moon rose in silent majesty—affording a fine field for reflection on the Providence of whose aid we might so soon stand in need.—We commenced by erecting a battery against the town, so as to command the NW. and NE. towers, and flank the north entrenchment, by which means we rendered the musketry on that side of no avail. We then opened our ports, and sent the British thunder out in dense volumes of smoke; nor did we fire in vain; for after a most heavy and tremendous cannonading of seven successive days and nights, the French colours disappeared, and the town surrendered to the superior skill of the British, owing that it was the battery and heavy firing directed by us that made them resolve to capitulate.

During the firing I had nearly lost my life, for I was standing by and directing one of the guns, when a Turk came up to me, boasting of his superior skill at that instrument of destruction, and desired that I would let him manage the one I was then attending to. Believing him expert, I complied; but no sooner had he reached the spot, than a shot directed with fatal precision from the fort, rendered him a mangled corpse. Fancy me then, covered with gore and dripping with my ally's blood; fancy me lifting my heart to all-seeing Providence in the contemplation of my near approach to death, and wonderful escape; but my horror and my gratitude can be felt only by those who have seen the dying and the dead,

the sad remains of battle's bloody work.—But to the main story. The French flag was then struck and lowered from the towers of El Arish, and we all hastened to the gates to supply its place with the banner of England. A capitulation was signed, nearly to this effect,—That the French were to leave the castle within an hour, to lay down their arms on the glacis, leave all their baggage behind, become prisoners of war, and trust their sick and wounded to the humanity of the Turks. This capitulation, however, was violated by the Vizier, and numbers of the French fell beneath the sabres of the irritated Turks, to whom a sequin for every head had been promised by their commander. One poor woman, the wife of a French officer, ran up and down, frantic with despair, calling on her husband, and inquiring of those she met, in broken accents, of her husband's fate. Alas! I could have told her that she was a desolate widow, for by her description, I saw him perish under the dagger of a Turk.

An adventure nearly similar to this happened to me, and for the second time I was providentially rescued from destruction. The Turks hastened in the utmost confusion to the fort. Col. Douglas was there, and I was obliged to follow on foot, my horse having run away, being frightened by the fire. In the croud I lost my red mantle, and was therefore compelled to appear in blue; this accident nearly cost me my life. Some Turks perceiving me in a blue dress and without a turban, (for that I had also lost,) seized on me, believing I was a Frenchman, nor could my repeated cries of "English, English," undeceive or deter them from their purpose. I was dragged to a ditch full of heads and covered with blood: here I was laid hold of by a Turk, who had just dispatched one victim; he seized me by the hair, and was on the point of ending my existence, when one of the Vizier's own men, to whom I was well known, called out that I was English. This occasioned a dispute, some wishing to save, others to destroy me; the contest at length rose so high, that they both proceeded to lay hold of me, one party, of my body, the other, my legs. In this manner they fought for a considerable time, till at length a stout fellow rescued and carried me off, more dead than alive to a place of safety. I then endeavoured to crawl to the camp, thinking that all danger was over for that day at least, but I was mistaken; again I was taken for a Frenchman, but I happily escaped, in the most deplorable condition; my mouth was full of blood and sand, and I was tormented by a parching thirst, my sight failed me, and my clothes were torn to rags. Yet was all this suffering the means of my most providential escape; for when I was carried off by the Turks a desperate Frenchman fired the fort, and perished amidst numbers of his countrymen, and also of his enemies, upon whom he had revenged himself by involving them in the conflagration and ruin. Had I not been hurried away by the Turks, I must have shared their fate.

T. G. S.

A CHAPTER FROM THE MEMOIRS OF THE LATE MR.
HERMANN ALSAGER, STUDENT OF THE UNIVER-
SITY OF STOCKHOLM.

[FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NO. 44.]

I have thus brought down my narrative to the last year of my residence at the University. Hitherto what I have related has merely been in sketch—for what more does the record of tasteless and puerile debauchery deserve?—but graver matters now remain to be detailed. During the vacation of the preceding year, which, after the fashion of most university students I had spent in travelling, I had accidentally fallen in with a student of my own rank and standing, who accompanied me during part of my rambles among the picturesque, but seldom-trodden wilds of the Dofrafeld mountains. This collegian—whose name, for obvious purposes, I shall disguise under the fictitious appellation of Herwaldsen—was about 26 years of age; effeminate rather, and inclining to *embonpoint* in person; easy and graceful in address; soft in speech and manner; devoted to literature and the Fine Arts; a first-rate linguist; and, above all, a complete man of the world, though without the coldness, distrust, and heartlessness which an acquaintance with mankind rarely fails to engender. I have said that Herwaldsen was effeminate; I should observe, however, that though passionately fond of woman, he had about him a strong redeeming dash of boldness and enterprise. In after years he might have sunk into a mere Epicurean; but, at this, period, his mind was too active, his ambition too stirring to allow him—though his finances were already sufficiently ample—to rest satisfied with his present condition. He aimed at literary distinction, not in mathematics or the abstract sciences—those enviable, high-toned pursuits, whose chief objects are, first to prove, and secondly to disprove, that two and three make six—but in the more social and comprehensive arena of the Belles Lettres. Among modern authors, he chiefly admired Rousseau, whose voluptuous sensibility and nice apprehension of the beautiful in nature—I was going to add, in art—together with those striking creative powers by which he imparted reality to fiction, and steeped inanimate objects in the living splendours of a rich, sensitive, and prurient fancy, seemed, in Herwaldsen's eyes, to constitute the very perfection of intellect.

It may be conceived, from the sketch of his character, what an attractive travelling companion he must have made. Most literary men are pedants, with but usually one topic of conversation, into which as into a vortex, all other subjects merge. Books are their Maelstrom: into this they plunge their friends, with this they create their solitude. Over the narrow seas of learning, they can skim lightly and in perfect safety; but on the vast ocean of general information, they have neither skill, rudder, nor compass whereby to guide their course. Herwaldsen on the

contrary, was unlimited in the range of his conversation. Whatever tended to improve or enlarge the mind, was with him a matter of interest. He could laugh with Voltaire, weep, with Rousseau, philosophize with Rochefoucault, be simple with Fontaine, eloquent and impressive with Masillon, extravagant but profound with Rabelais, a special pleader with Montesquieu, a determined egotist with Montaigne. Such was Herwaldsen, in the year 1818. What is he now, in the year 1828? Now, when——. But I will not anticipate.

On taking leave of him at Carlstadt, previous to my departure for Upsal, whither it was my intention to vegetate till the university studies should recommence, I was no less surprised than gratified by hearing him press me to accompany him to Naples, whose classic shores he was desirous to explore. From some cause or other, which I cannot just now remember, I was unable to comply with his request; and, accordingly, he set out alone on his pilgrimage, nor did I hear a single syllable either of or from him, until about a month after my return to Stockholm, when a note was brought to my residence by one of the university porters, requesting that, if not better engaged, I would step up and pass an evening with a fellow-traveller at his lodgings.

I went accordingly, and found Herwaldsen as cheerful and diverting as ever. After a few indifferent remarks.—“I arrived here,” he said, “but yesterday, and am now fixed for at least two years longer. When we last conversed upon our mutual prospects, I told you that I was indifferent to university preferment. Circumstances, however, have since occurred materially to change my opinions, and I am now resolved to struggle hard for college emoluments.”

“And pray what may be the circumstances that have caused so abrupt an alteration?”

Herwaldsen paused; a flush came a cross his face, and he seemed undecided whether or not he would satisfy my curiosity. After a short struggle,—“I am going to intrust you, Hermann,” he began, “with a secret which, however trifling it may seem to you, is to me just now a matter of extreme moment. Will you then respect my confidence, if I give it you promptly and without reserve?”

“Certainly,” I replied, laughing at the very mysterious expression of his countenance, “provided it involve neither rebellion, heresy, nor schism.”

“Listen then,” interrupted Herwaldsen; and, drawing his chair closer towards me, commenced his narrative as follows:—“About three weeks after I parted with you at Carlstadt, I reached Naples, were, however, I made but a short stay, disliking its tone of manners and society—notwithstanding I had some excellent letters of introduction—and feeling myself altogether disappointed in the romantic expectations I had conjured up respecting its scenery. Baiæ and Brundisium are all very well in the pages of Horace, and there is something wondrously exciting to the fancy in Virgil’s Lake of Avernus; but see these places as I have seen them shorn of their honours changed in every part and tenanted by the most abject slaves in the universe, and you will regret that you ever allowed the sobriety of truth to displace the splendours of fiction. With

regard to Vesuvius, that stale plebeian Volcano, it is altogether a failure consisting merely of smoke, cinders, and Englishmen. With this opinion of Naples and its bay—which last, by-the-by, is over rated—I was not sorry to quit them, and take up my abode at Terracina—a retired neighbourhood, sylvan and unassuming, and one that happened exactly to hit my taste. Here, in due time, I managed to become acquainted with a French aristocrat of the old *régime*, whose family—consisting of himself a wife, and one daughter—received me with an abundance of kind but stately courtsey. Of the two former, I shall say nothing more than that they were poor and immeasurably proud; but, as regards the latter, I cannot be quite so epigrammatic in my details. She was, indeed—but you shall see her, and judge for yourself—an uncommonly fine young girl; of a warm, impassioned, but perfectly artless nature. In fact, she reminded me of Virgil's heroine; but her name, luckily, was more euphonious—it was Hortense. I see you are smiling, Hermann, and anticipating the upshot of my tale. You are right: I fell distractedly in love with this fair creature. We read, we conversed, we walked together; and a spell was thus thrown over Terracina, which Naples, with all its voluptuousness, with all its scenery, with all its classic associations, had wholly failed to inspire. But now comes the more serious portion of my romance. Poor Hortense had been for some years—and, as I verily believe, unknown to herself betrothed to her cousin, a foolish-looking fellow, whose sole recommendations were a thick head and a long pedigree, and who, at this particular juncture, was momentarily expected at Terracina. On receiving this intelligence I was, as you may conceive, in a very pretty state of anxiety, but was calmed by the solemn assurance of Hortense, made in the course of one of our long evening rambles together, that nothing on earth should ever induce her to marry her booby kinsman. And nobly she redeemed her word—the high-minded, generous girl! When her cousin came, and the purport of his mission was declared, she at once remonstrated with her father, and, on his refusing to listen to her supplications, explained to him candidly the state of her heart and even was so far as to implore his consent to our union. The old gentleman was thunderstruck. ‘Marry a heretic!’ he exclaimed, ‘dashing his hand against his forehead—‘my daughter, the descendant of a hundred ancestors marry a heretic!—Never! I would sooner see her stretched dead at my feet.’ And, accordingly, that very day month, Hortense, it being found impossible to overcome her abhorrence to her cousin, was sent off post-haste to a nunnery about twelve miles distant from Terracina. Here in due time she was entered as a novice, and compelled to undergo all those annoying preliminary ceremonies, which, though they do not irrevocably bind the nun to solitude, at least suffice to prevent her from ever marrying. In a few weeks, however—no matter by what means—I contrived to find out her place of abode; and, by dint of bribery, perseverance, and an incredible stock of that impudence which, I am proud to say, has never yet deserted me, managed to gain, first one interview with her, then a second, then a third, then a fourth, and finally to prevail on her to elope from the detested nunnery, and accompany me to Stockholm, where she now is.”

"And, of course, your wife. What an insipid termination to a romance!"

"Probably so; nevertheless, it is precisely that sort of insipidity which I am most anxious to secure to myself."

"How! are you not married then?"

Herwaldsen's countenance fell.—"I am not," he hurriedly replied; "for Hortense herself is the obstacle to our union. Whenever I entreat her to let me make the only reparation now in my power, she answers me—and the reply serves to shew the disinterestedness of her affection—by a reference to the conventual laws, which declare, it seems, at least in Italy, perpetual imprisonment to whoever is sacrilegious enough to steal a nun from her vows. Even here, in Stockholm, this dreadful idea pursues her. Knowing nothing of the world, it has grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength; and not all my persuasions—not even my remonstrances, which I push at times to severity—have power to change her mind. She sobs, it is true, bitterly—distractedly—as if her heart would burst; but, nevertheless, remains inflexible.

"Noble, generous-minded girl! But have you no idea that she will be induced to change her resolution?"

"Very little at present. She tells me, indeed, that when the heat of pursuit and inquiry has relaxed, we shall be married; but this desired period, judging from her notions of time, is like the Greek calends—vague—uncertain—visionary. Her chief argument is founded on her apprehensions for my safety. Our separation, she says, would at once kill her; she could not survive it an hour. I believe her; for the deep agitation she shews whenever the subject is mentioned, proves how closely it is entwined with her existence. Meanwhile, she is living with me here, in secret. I have taken a cottage for her on the Södermalm, close beside the Mount of Moses, and not a soul but yourself knows aught of our intimacy.—But see," continued Herwaldsen, pointing to his watch that lay on the table, "it is already seven o'clock, the hour at which I usually visit Hortense; so put on your hat, and come along with me—I will introduce you to her; nay, more, you shall sup with us to-night."

I did so; and never, to the latest moment, shall I forget that delightful evening. At the very extremity of the large island of Södermalm, and removed from the more bustling tumult of the city, stood Herwaldsen's cottage—homely, it is true, but the very picture of health, peace, and happiness. Hortense was at the window when we arrived: she was dressed in simple but attractive attire, eminently calculated to set off the luxuriant graces of her person. In stature, she was rather above than below the middle size, of a slender but not thin figure, easy and dignified in her gait, with a bust modelled by nature in her happiest and most classic mood. But her eye—her dark, languishing Italian eye, eloquent of passion, but tempered by the natural softness of the woman—her Grecian nose—her small, but characteristic mouth—her ringlets, glossy, luxuriant, and wantoning in wild profusion round her forehead, and down a neck such as Canova would have loved to model from—these were the attractions that, joined to a set of features whose general char-

acter was tenderness, but which varied according to each varying emotion of the mind, imprinted themselves at once on my imagination, never thence to be withdrawn. During supper, our conversation was not wholly without restraint; but, long before I left, it had become frank and unembarrassed. Hortense talked of France (of Italy she said nothing), which early prejudices had taught her never to think of but with fondness; of the sunny plains of Provence, where she was born, and where she said she hoped to die; and Herwaldsen kept up and illustrated the conversation by apt and familiar anecdotes. And so passed my first evening with Hortense. The next night was spent in the same delightful manner—and so with the next—and the next—and the next. Herwaldsen, now that the ice of his reserve was once fairly broken, honoured me with his entire confidence: his good opinion, of course, extended itself to Hortense—the consequence of which was, that I was always a welcome visitor at the cottage.

If I linger over this portion of my narrative, it is because I feel that it is the only part of my existence worth a moment's recollection; because, in short, it is the only part which I would gladly live again. Our progress through life is the progress of a traveller through an Arabian desert: here and there, when worn with toil and desirous of laying down our burdens, we arrive at an oasis sparkling with fountains and fresh with pasturage: would we, however, when once the sands are fairly passed, retrace our steps, for the sake of enjoying, a second time, the repose and the beauty of those few sunny spots? Never—so says instinct—so says experience. I, however, am an exception to this rule; for gladly would I retread the desert of my life, could I, by so doing, enjoy once again the full happiness of the time passed in company with Hortense. Every thing conspired to render this period a paradise. Not an hour passed without its particular avocation. During the day, my mind—influenced by Herwaldsen's example, who was now busily engaged in the composition of a poem for the university prize—was exerted in the acquisition of sound and useful knowledge; and, in the evening, the hours flew rapidly away in the witching society of Hortense.

Our usual mode of life was this. After the hall-dinner, Herwaldsen would call at my lodgings, or I at his, when, over a glass of *Alba Flora*, or *Burgundy*, we would converse on the subject of our morning's studies, comparing facts, suggesting ideas, commenting on style, and thus mutually receiving and imparting instruction; and, in the afternoon, we would both walk, or ride, or row up to the cottage in time for coffee, which Hortense had duly prepared, and over which we lingered, engaged in light and desultory chit-chat, carried on chiefly in French, for the sake of our pretty foreigner, who was yet but an imperfect linguist. As the long, social, autumnal nights drew on, the shutters were shut early; the candles introduced; the thick, warm, flowing curtains drawn; the sofa wheeled round to the fire; and Hortense taking up her mandolin, while Herwaldsen and myself sate beside her, would play one of those Italian airs whose tones, sweet and plaintive, like flutes heard across waters on a still summer evening, still ring, and will ring for ever, in my memory. To enhance our amusements, and steep them, if possible, in a richer glow of colour.

ing, we had every thing around us that taste or even luxury could suggest. The library—so Hortense called a small room, in which stood a tasty satin-wood book-case, with glass folding-doors, lined with rich crimson silk—was stored with an elegant selection of French, Swedish, and Italian authors. The drawing-room was hung with the choicest works of art, the result of Herwaldsen's researches; Titian was there, with his warm voluptuous colouring—Rembrandt, with his glorious depth of light and shade—Claude, with his sylvan witcheries, his sun-lit coasts, his classic fanes, splendid as a poet's dream, yet chaste as the virgin's first sigh of love; his dropping caves and emblazoned woods, where the Dryads would by choice resort, and where attentive Fancy might seem to hear the voice of Echo, like the music of the incarnate Apollo in the vales of Thesaly, swelling up, plaintively and sonorously, high above cliff, and glen, and waterfall, companioned by the sighings of the pine-tree, and the gurglings of a thousand streams;—there, too, was Salvator Rosa, the enchanter of the forest, the genius of romance, whose gloomy spirit throws a more sombre hue over the desert crag, the dun wood, the precipitous and tangled glen;—Domenichino, the most intellectual—and Vandyke, the most chivalrous, of portrait-painters. On a light mahogany stand, made expressly for it, stood, at one corner of the room, a cast from the Snell Venus; and, at the other, a model from Canova's Graces, sculptured by the nephew of our great northern luminary, Thorwaldsen. I know not whether I am singular in my opinion, but I have always contended for the superiority of sculpture over its sister art. In painting, the attention is diverted and bewildered by the variety of light and shade, and, in the human form more especially has, with either sex, an animal stimulant imparted to it by the voluptuous and fleshy tone of the colouring. But sculpture takes a higher flight; it appeals, not to the passions, but addresses the judgment—the sensibility—the poetic and religious enthusiasm of the spectator. Who, that has once seen them, can ever forget the spirit in which he viewed Canova's Graces? In those divine forms there lurked no stimulant to sense; though naked, they were robed in purity; no fire shot from their eye; no young blood ran riot in their veins; no wanton smile played round their lips; a white virgin modesty—cold—stainless as the marble out of which they sprung, clothed them from head to foot as with a garment, and kept off all impure ideas. It was in this light that I was in the habit of daily gazing on these august sisters, and fancying that, in the loveliest of the three, I could discern some faint resemblance to Hortense.

I have before observed, that Herwaldsen was a man of the world: I here repeat that assertion. Though devoted to his incomparable mistress, his affection for her was not of an engrossing character: it was shared equally with his ambition. Hortense, on the other hand, had but one idea—that of enthusiastic attachment to Herwaldsen. Never yet did Hindoo worship his favourite idol with one half the earnestness with which she devoted herself to my friend. Father—mother—kinsmen—friends—home—country, in his presence, were all alike forgotten: for him alone she lived—of him alone she thought—he was her study by day, her dream by night—for his sake she was content to immure herself in solitude—to forego even the commonest

privileges of her sex, and bloom a shy, sweet flower, preserved in native freshness by the vivifying power of that spirit which abideth in hearts that know no guile, and thoughts that need no restraint. Sometimes, when a cloud passed over her, drawn from the recollection of her father, a word of kindness from Herwaldsen—even a look—a smile—a fond pressure of the soft white hand held gently out to his, would at once dispel the gloom; and she would rise the lovelier from her tears, like the violet, when the April shower has passed over it. Once and but once I saw her, even in his presence, wholly overcome. We had all been to pay a visit to the cathedral, and were standing absorbed in admiration—Hortense, especially, to whom the scene was new—at its grand and harmonious proportions, its rich gothic fret-work, its vaulted roof, its tall, umbered columns, its magnificent stained windows, through which the red evening light shot in upon the broad stone floors with a brilliant but mellowed effulgence; when, suddenly, the organ, accompanied by the fine tones of choristers, who were rehearsing for the ensuing Sabbath, began pealing forth its awful hosannahs. As the music rose on the ear, climbing up the fluted columns, rounding the arched roof, and filling up each nook and cranny of the cathedral with its sonorous and soul-stirring melody, the eyes of Hortense filled with tears; sobs, deep convulsive sobs, burst from the inmost depths of her heart; she recalled to mind the scene, the hour, when she had last heard that music in the convent of Terracina, while her father stood beside her; and would have sunk to the ground, had not Herwaldsen, surprised and half-vexed at her weakness, whispered me to lead her out of the chapel, and accompany her back to the cottage, whither he promised he would shortly follow.

It was a dull evening, and our road home lay chiefly through the long streets of the Normalm, which, just at this period, happened to be less crowded than usual. Hortense, however, was too deeply depressed to be influenced by external objects: her thoughts were abroad over the waters with her father and her home, at Terracina; once or twice she turned imploringly towards me, as if to apologize for her unavoidable gloom; and there was such agony—such remorse—such utter abandonment of all hope and happiness in her looks, that it cut me to the heart to see her. That instant, and those looks—so lovely in their supplication, so strong in their weakness—decided my fate. The long-concealed passion, which, unknown to myself, I had cherished from the first moment I saw Hortense, burst forth: I spoke I know not what—I promised I know not what—I made vows of eternal fidelity: the words of love—of passion—of madness—of guilty, incurable madness—came bursting forth, like flames, from my heart; and, trembling in every limb—alive in every nerve—fire in my brain, and fever in my blood—I stood to hear my doom. That doom was at once and irrevocably pronounced. Insulted modesty brought back all her wonted energy to Hortense: she flung aside her raven ringlets, as if to clear her brow of some impure idea; and then, turning on me a glance—keen, searching in its expression, and lit up with all the stern dignity of the high-born Roman matron—waved me from her side, and walked on alone and silent.

The whole of that night—that memorable night—I passed in a state little short of distraction. I could not but feel that I had forfeited the esteem of the only woman in whom I had ever felt an interest: I thought, too, of the circumstances under which I had offered her such insult—of her forlorn, isolated condition; of her unavoidable estrangement from that society which she was born to bless and adorn; and, above all, of her intense agony of spirit—an agony which, so far from calling forth my reverence, had, through my pity, assailed my passions. But, with regard to Herwaldsen—oh! how I hated him! What was there, in his mind or manner, that should so long have blinded my judgment? His candour was a lie—his taste a cheat—his friendship, hypocrisy—his gentleness, the glozing subtlety of the arch-fiend!

For upwards of five days I continued in this bewildered state, never quitting home till nightfall, when, rapt up in my cloak, I would steal away to the cottage, deriving some little comfort from the idea that I was breathing the same air with Hortense, and that but a few yards lay between us. One night, I remember, I was rambling in this direction, when the more than usual beauty of the landscape, on which a full-grown virgin moon lay asleep and naked induced me to pause below the Mount of Moses, and think with still stronger emotion of her who alone could share my feelings. It was, indeed, a lovely hour! Above—around—beneath me, all was hushed as death, except when, now and then, the far-off voices of the Baltic fishermen came softened on the ear; or the waters of the Maelar, just roused by the passing breeze from their repose, woke for an instant, rippled towards the shores of the Södermalm, and then again sank heavily to rest. But though the scene was thus impressive in its character; though the spacious and romantic city, whose tapering church-spires pointed upwards, like guardian spirits, to heaven; though the vast and picturesque assemblage of vessels from all quarters of the globe; though the wild, uncouth precipice; the remote sky-topped mountain; the stilly moon-lit waters of the distant Baltic—though these varied objects, as they rose in mingled beauty and grandeur on my eye, called forth my warmest admiration, still there was but one that wholly absorbed it—one little humble spot, which for me had a central and engrossing interest, and from which, if my eye wandered but an instant over the more romantic landscape around me, it was but to return with an added zest. While I stood gazing upwards at this dear, secluded dwelling, a light glanced suddenly from one of the upper rooms, and, the next moment, Hortense appeared at the bed-room window. Awhile she looked abroad on the scene, and up to the blue studded-sky; her ringlets were hanging loose down her neck; the covering was partially withdrawn from her bosom: she was evidently preparing for repose. Just at this crisis, and while she was in the act of drawing down the curtain, another figure appeared beside her, and, touching her lightly and with a familiar smile on the shoulder, caused her to blush and slightly tremble. I could not be mistaken: it was Herwaldsen. With a wild scream, that resembled more the mowing of a dæmon than any thing human, I rushed from the detested sight; all the furies of jealousy, and

hate, and revenge possessed me; I would have cheerfully mounted the scaffold to have plunged that instant a dagger in my rival's heart; to have insulted his dying moment, and trampled on his carion corpse. Who is he that calls love effeminate? Who talks contemptuously of a passion which in one short day can live the life of years; can sap the springs of life; scorch the brain to cinders; and change the whole fabric of humanity? By the time that I reached my lodgings, I had worked myself up into a most unnatural frame of mind. Fancy—that busy, meddling fiend—exaggerated every part of my conduct; she left me not a single thought to fly to for refuge; but piled image upon image of annoyance, the Pelion upon the Ossa of recollection, till the wholesome daylight of reason was shut out. In her most winning charms, in her most perfect beauty, she placed the figure of Hortense before me. She bid her smile on me once more in kindness; she lent the encouraging tones of reconciliation to her voice; but when I would have rushed forward to avail myself of the proffered boon, Herwaldsen rose in repelling sternness between me and my divinity; and, though my brain fired at the sight, though my heart beat quick and loud, and I would have given worlds to have laid him dead at my feet; still there he stood, calm — moveless — sarcastic — a phantom only when I would have consummated my revenge by murder. But Hortense—not only by day, even in my dreams did her angel form pursue me. I then saw her in all her matchless attractions; I listened to the beatings of her heart; I felt the flushing of her cheek; I caught her thick, heavy respiration; I watched the undulating swell of her finely-rounded bosom; but the morning dawned, the lying vision disappeared, and I woke to the full wretchedness of recollection.

Such was my state of mind; when, one morning, about ten days after my *déclarcissement* with Hortense, I was surprised by a visit from Herwaldsen. His face was lighted up with extraordinary animation; and, grasping me by the hand,—“Give me joy, Hermann,” he exclaimed; “I have gained the university prize—But how is this?” he added, in an altered tone, alarmed at the burning fever of my hand—“Gracious Heavens, you are ill! Why did you not tell me of this before?”

Overwhelmed by a variety of emotions. I could make no reply, but, turning abruptly from Herwaldsen, burst into a passion of tears. He gazed at me with astonishment.

“You have lost a friend—a relative, perhaps?”

“I have,” was my rejoinder; “and such a friend as I can never—never hope to meet with again.—But leave me, Herwaldsen; I am not fit for society, and least of all for your’s.”

“Hermann, this is worse than folly!—But come, come, you shall go with me to Hortense; her society will relieve your gloom. By-the-by, your absence has half offended her, for of late, she has not once mentioned your name.”

In vain I conjured him to spare me, in vain to leave me to myself: Herwaldsen would hear of no reply, but vowed that he would not leave the room till I agreed to accompany him to the cottage.

I went, and again beheld that glorious being, the incarnation of grace and beauty—the gentle, the susceptible Hortense. She received me at

first with grave and distant courtesy; but, when she perceived the ravages that remorse had made in my person; when she saw my sunken eye; when she heard my faltering voice; when she marked the timid—the respectful manner, in which I listened to her condolences, and presumed to address her in reply, the stiffness of her demeanor left her; with a glance she vouchsafed forgiveness, and even condescended to seat herself beside me. That evening was the happiest I ever spent.

Early next morning, I received another visit from Herwaldsen. After congratulating me on my renovated spirits,—“I am come,” he said, “to receive your congratulation in return. When you left us last night I had a long and earnest conversation with Hortense. I told her of my approaching triumph; I appealed to her strength of affection; I even piqued her sense of honour; and at last wrung from her a promise, that the same day which should witness my success in the hall of the university, should also make her a bride.”

Herwaldsen ceased; but, had death itself been the consequence of my silence, I could have made him no reply. My head swam round—my limbs shook under me—I was struck as with an ice-bolt to the heart. After struggling some time with my feelings,—“Herwaldsen,” I at length faltered out, “I congratulate you on your good fortune, on that fortune which—— But no matter: you are worthy of Hortense, and she of you. May you be long happy together!”

“But you will be present at the wedding?”

“I will;”—and, unable to utter another word, I rushed in haste from the room.

The time for taking university degrees was now fast approaching. This is a period of great excitement among the literati of Stockholm. The distinguished candidates are every where the chief topics of conversation; their acquaintance is sought; they are pointed at in the street; they are made the lions of the day. Herwaldsen was one of the few thus honoured; and, could I have derived pleasure from any thing unconnected with Hortense, I should have been delighted by the notoriety I secured by his friendship. But my heart was formed to admit but one idea, and losing that, to lose every thing. The day appointed for my rival's marriage at length arrived; and, punctual to the hour, Hortense, Herwaldsen, and myself, stood beside the altar. Herwaldsen was unusually cheerful; but Hortense—poor, devoted girl!—seemed oppressed with strange despondency. Yet never had she looked so lovely! Arrayed in simplest white, she stood like some guardian seraph beside the shrine of its deity, her dark eye upturned to heaven, and her fair white hands clasped meekly across her breast. When the ceremony was ended—that ceremony which crushed my last, my fondest hopes—we returned to breakfast at the cottage, after which Herwaldsen and myself set out together towards the university. As we approached the hall, we met groups of students from the Academy of Antiquities and the Fine Arts, hastening in the same direction, and all conversing eagerly on the one great topic—the recitation of the prize poem. When we reached the door at which the public enter, Herwaldsen left me to make some few preliminary preparations; and I proceeded up stairs to

the gallery, which was more crowded than I had ever before seen it. In a few minutes the heads of the university and the different academies entered in procession, and having taken their seats, the usual routine business of the day commenced, after which Herwaldsen was publicly called on to come forward and recite his poem. At this moment every eye was turned anxiously towards the door, at which, after an interval just sufficient to give a keen edge to expectation, my friend—my triumphant friend—appeared. The instant he was discovered, the hall rung with acclamations; but when he commenced the delivery of his prize, a pin might have been heard to drop—so general was the stillness, so respectful, so profound. At first his voice was low; but, as the spirit of his poetry deepened in animation, his tones kindled with it, his fine eye flashed, his countenance glowed with intellect. For upwards of half an hour he kept the audience enchained by the riveting power of his genius; and when he ceased, such was the impression he had made, that the whole hall, excited by one uncontrollable impulse, rose in a body to do him honour. Never before had there been known so complete a triumph!

On quitting the gallery, I hastened to congratulate Herwaldsen, whom I found already surrounded by admirers. On seeing me, his eye sparkled with delight: the name of Hortense escaped him. "How delighted she will be to know of my reception!" he whispered; "but I must not tell her yet—the ceremony of my public dinner must first be gone through." Memorable dinner! who, among the numbers that attended, will ever forget it? Throughout the evening, Herwaldsen was as dazzling—as imaginative—as triumphant—as he had shewn himself in the university hall. By one successful flight, he seemed to have reached the very summit of his ambition. He laughed—he jested—he philosophized—he sported alike with the most elevated and familiar forms of eloquence—and even when, at a later hour than usual, the party separated, and we were left once again to ourselves, the fervour of his enthusiasm kept up undiminished and unimpaired.

But the time was now drawing near when, according to promise, he should return to Hortense. The night was far advanced, so, by way of dispatch, he resolved to go by water—a freak in which I foolishly indulged him. As we pushed off from shore, the wind, which had till then been brisk, subsided into a sudded calm; the sail hung drooping to the mast; the waters of the Maelar lay stretched out, calm, glassy, and unwrinkled, before us. Lightly, and with scarce a motion, we floated in succession past the noble bronze statue of Gustavus III.; the Royal Palace, that pride of our northern architecture; the outward ranges of the extensive and far-spreading arsenal; when, just as we had rounded a point that brought us full towards the Mount of Moses, Herwaldsen made a sudden move to the side of the vessel, and, in so doing, lost his balance, and fell headlong overboard. The moon was at this time unclouded, the water transparent as glass, and, as I gazed in the direction in which he had fallen. I could actually discern my unfortunate friend, struggling at a considerable depth below the surface, his hand spread out, his legs wide a part, his head bent back upon his shoulders, and his whole appearance indicating the extreme agony of convulsion and suf-

location. Twice he rose, and twice I made vain efforts to rescue him; but when, for the third and last time, he ascended to the surface of the water, the spirit of death was on him: he struggled—he gasped for breath; his eye was glazed, his lip blue, his mouth distorted; he made one last feeble attempt to clutch the oar which I had thrown out to assist him; and then, casting on me a look which rivers of tears—and God knows I have shed them since!—will never wash away from my remembrance, sank slowly, and without a struggle, before my face. I plunged after him: it was vain—he was gone from life for ever! The very heavens conspired together for his destruction; for, just as he sank for the second and last time, a dark, sullen, envious cloud crept over the moon; and the waters, thus secured of their prey, gathered darkly, slowly, and without an effort, above his head. How I myself subsequently contrived to reach the shore, I know not; for some hours my recollection, my very life itself, was a blank; and the first thing that recalled me to my senses, was a hurried visit from Hortense's favourite female domestic, with a request that I would instantly step up to her mistress, who was panting with impatience to see me.

It was a fearful trial; but I felt that it must be endured, and went without a moment's hesitation. As I reached the cottage, Hortense flew herself to the door to let me in.

"Where is Herwaldsen?" she exclaimed;—"speak, in mercy speak!—he has been absent all night."

She ceased, and life seemed depending on the answer she should receive.

"Compose yourself, Hortense," I replied, "you are too agitated—too terrified—too——"

"Man,—man! this suspense is torture: I cannot, I will not bear it. Speak at once, or kill me."

"Hortense," I resumed—and the tears, in spite of myself flowed fast down my cheeks—"your husband is——"

"Dead?"

"Even so."

She heard no more. Her eye glared wildly; the blood sprung to her brow, knotting the dark veins there till they seemed in act to burst; and, with a shrill yell—half-shriek, half laugh—she dropped senseless at my feet.

In about an hour, by prompt medical aid, animation was restored; but reason was fled for ever. Madness had at once succeeded insensibility—a deep, determined madness—which neither the kind voices of friends, nor the adroitest skill of science, had power to soften or remove. For three days and nights, Hortense continued in this state—rejecting all aid—refusing all food—and shrinking with a sort of instinctive loathing whenever any one approached her bed. Meanwhile, all was done that might possibly assuage her delirium. Music was tried—Italian spoken—the names of her father, her mother, her husband, whispered in her ear, in the hope that such sounds might strike upon her brain, and so bring back some little fragment, however broken or imperfect, of recollection; but all was vain: the very utmost we could do was to draw forth a faint, low, idiot laugh, or a fearful burst of phrensy. During the whole of this

eventful period, I never once quitted Hortense. Alone I kept watch by her bed-side; alone I marked the changes of that countenance, once so gentle—so lovely—so impassioned in its expression; alone I listened to the hollow sounds of that voice once so sweet and plaintive; alone I marked the glare of that red, dilated eye, which, except on one occasion, had never turned towards me but in kindness; and, as I observed these proofs of an insanity, that at one sudden blow, had torn up reason by the roots and shivered the stem to ashes, I prayed that the same bolt which had struck this lovely but fragile plant to earth, might ere long, lay me beside it.

The evening of the fourth day was now fast approaching. Hortense's attendant had gone into a neighbouring street upon some errand, and I sat alone beside the invalid. Night overtook me on my watch—a night of hurricane and tempest—of arroy lightuing—of loud, incessant thunder! But there was one who heard it not: for her the elements henceforth were still; a far other storm had swept the desert of her brain—she could never feel a worse! As I marked the changes of her countenance, and listened to her damp, heavy breathing, which every instant fell fainter and fainter on my ear, the cathedral clock tolled midnight.

At this instant a crash of thunder burst right above my head, and shook the house to its foundations.

Another—and then, in the sudden, unnatural pause of the tempest, rose a vision before my eyes, which, whether real or conjured up solely by imagination, has since fixed itself as an imperishable record on my mind. Dim at first, but strengthening gradually into a distincter shape, stood at the foot of the bed, his form arrayed in a pale, wan, sickly light, the spirit of the dead Herwaldsen. His face was set in the solemn expression of the grave; all trace of life had passed from it: the thin closed lip stirred not; the stony eye was fixed; but there looked out, methought, from its moveless orbs the soul of an intellect sublimed by the knowledge of eternity. Had the form before me indeed passed the portals of death? Had it penetrated that mysterious realm from which, ever and anon, comes forth a voice of power which awes us, though we may not comprehend it? I know not—who on earth shall ever know? For a brief while the spectre remained unchanged and moveless, when suddenly it pointed its upraised arm to the wasted form that lay before it, and then slowly melted into air—one dim, shadowy smile throwing over its countenance an expression of humanity as it vanished. Alarmed—breathless with awe—I turned towards the dying maniac. Life was ebbing fast away; but it was departing in triumph, to the wild dirge of the hurricane, the stormy music of the thunder, the sepulchral torches of the lightning! For upwards of an hour she continued in a state of hopeless, imbecile delirium; when, suddenly, she half-raised herself in bed, and, in a faint whisper—so faint, so very faint, that it was next akin to silence—pronounced her husband's name. Astonished, and even almost venturing to hope, I looked earnestly into her countenance—God of heaven! there was intelligence in its expression. With a wan, benignant smile, she held out her hand towards me, while her eye expressed all she would have said. This was her last

movement: the spring of existence were drained; the fountain had ceased to flow; the spark was just going out; and, as I caught its glimmer on the threshold, it dimmed—wavered—and then sank into eternal darkness. Hortense was dead!

CLEONE, OR THE PICTURE.

[FROM THE LADY'S MAGAZINE, NO. LXXX.]

Nicon, king of Lycia, was celebrated for his skill and valor as a military commander, and his wisdom and justice as a ruler; and the waters of the Mediterranean, in which his palace was reflected, were daily traversed by vessels from distant lands bringing merchants, suppliants, sages, and ambassadors, to the throne of the king. He had passed the middle period of life when his queen died. The corpse was laid on a bier in the hall of the palace, and the subjects of the king assembled to honor the funeral. Flowers were thickly strewn; and loud cries of lamentation burst from the multitude, mingled with the groans of Nicon, and the sobs of his daughter Cleone and his son Phineus. At the same time in the pauses of the shrieks and vailings a low and constant song was heard to be murmured, which sounded like a mixture of threats and prophecies; but no one could catch the import of the words, or knew the language to which they belonged. All were silent, and turned their eyes to the spot from which the song seemed to proceed. Its tones became wilder and more vehement; the crowd shrank from a part of the vast room, and trembling fingers were pointed to a dim recess in the wall. In this the outline of a female figure was faintly visible. It began to move; and the singer came forward with slow steps, which gradually were quickened as her song grew swollen and hurried. Her face was almost covered by a thick veil which shaded her brow, and by a mantle which was raised high above her bosom. But her eyes were seen to glance fiercely at the king and his children, and sometimes glared with a look of triumph at the unmoving and covered body. Still the phrensied chant went on; and, when she approached any of the spectators, they started from her as if she had been a panther from the wilderness, or a gliding serpent. She had nearly gone round the room when she approached the bier. She took from under her veil a chaplet of dark leaves, and was about to fling it among the garlands heaped upon the pall, when Nicon rushed to her, and seized her arm. She fixed her eyes on him for an instant, and shook off his grasp; and while he sank upon a seat, she threw down the gloomy wreath, and sang at the fiercest pitch of her deep voice. Her long dark hair fell almost to her feet; and she whirled around in a frightful ecstasy, which seemed impelled by a stronger and more terrible spirit than that of our earthly nature. She thus rushed through the throng, which dispersed itself like leaves before the north-wind, and in another instant she was gone. Before she disappeared, every garland but her own had withered; and, when they raised the pall, the beautiful corpse below had shrunk and faded into a sallow mummy.

Months passed away, and, on the bridal day of Cleone, a tall and dark-eyed woman approached the palace, sitting in a sculptured and gilded car, drawn by sable steeds, nobler than any in Lycia. She presented magnificent gifts to the bride; and the king received, as a princess, the visitor who brought with her so many evidences of her power and rank. It was observed, however, that he sometimes trembled under her look; and his attendants whispered, that the proud and fearless Nikon had never before been seen to quail in any human presence but that of this mysterious stranger. That evening, in the midst of the rejoicing, Cleone died. The kingdom was filled with lamentation. But, ere many weeks passed it was called on to make merry at the marriage of its sovereign with Mycalé. She was of a stately beauty, which few men loved to look upon; and she was conspicuous for the haughtiness of her air, and the boldness with which she guided her black coursers among the mountains, and along the margin of the sea. Many rumors were uttered; and it was said, that, in a night of tempest, she had been seen on the highest tower of the palace, her dark hair streaming round her, and the lightening innocently flashing on her brow. Her song, it was reported, had been heard in the pauses of the gale, and dark or fiery shapes had echoed it from the clouds. She collected around her a troop of bold men, and their captain, a barbarian from the mountains, who through her influence had been pardoned by Nikon, when accused of robbery, was now said to be her paramour.

At a great religious festival, the king suddenly flung off his diadem, overthrew the altar, and, by his gestures and speech, was evidently a maniac. Phineus was still a boy, and Mycalé obtained the supreme power. She confined her step-son in a small apartment, looking out on an enclosed garden, and never let him be seen by those whom he might be called upon to govern. But the phrensy of Nikon was ostentatiously displayed, and horror was frequently excited by the exhibition of his strange insanity.

Phineus lived a melancholy prisoner. His mind was filled with reflections on his dead mother and his maniac father. But, above all, he thought of his lovely and beloved sister, who had perished so suddenly. As he sat in his solitary chamber, or cultivated the flowers of his garden, his constant attendant was the image of Cleone. He brooded over her memory until at last it became so vivid that he resolved to give it an outward expression. He endeavoured to paint the portrait of his sister; and many days were employed in laboring, effacing, and again delineating, while the lines and colors maddened him by their feebleness and insufficiency; and many nights he lay awake cherishing his recollection of the beautiful maiden, and comparing it in thought with the faint ineffectual form, which alone he had been able to create. The longing to accomplish his purpose became the master-passion of his mind. In the shapes of trees and clouds his eye traced but only the lines which bore some relation to those he wished express in his picture. The colors of the world, the rays of light, had scarcely any interest for him but that which they derived from their resemblance to the hues of his pencil. But still every effort was baffled; and the imperfect shapes which he successively evoked seemed all alike to exist for no other end than to

mock and torment him; the disgust at the imperfection of each attempt added eagerness to the labor with which he destroyed it, and sought to substitute another. In the course of the many month which were occupied in this pursuit, he was frequently tempted to give up the project in despair. But the haunting image of Cleone returned to him amid his relaxations and his dreams with so bright an aspect of reality, that he started from his idle mood, or rushed from his couch at midnight, and again drew, with tremulous and burning fingers, an outline which his heart, at the moment, told him would prove as inadequate as all its predecessors. He tried to represent the maiden in her bridal dress, with jewels sparkling on her neck, and a garland of white violets around her hair; but the eyes, so full of love and gentleness, the flushed cheek, the form bending with emotion, like a lily bowed by the weight of its own beauty, he could not with all his skill properly exhibit.

He commonly labored in a room of which the door was left open, so as to show to corridor without, and beyond it the tranquil and flowery garden. When his exhausted heart and failing hand no longer would sustain the labor he imposed upon them, and his eyes were weary of that chaos of color from which he had been toiling to educe what for him was an universe,—he looked from the tablet and the walls to the clear deep air of heaven, and the little realm of silent life, which was filled with his bushes and blossoms, and peopled only by the wren and the butterfly. To this prospect his eyes were turned, after an attempt at painting so unsuccessful that the youth at last burst into tears. The evening had sailed along the sky, and steeped the earth in silvery twilight, and the stars were glittering brightly above the cypresses, poplars, and holm-oaks, which hid the garden wall. Amid these constellations, it appeared to him that a patch of air became suddenly darker and more definite. It moulded itself into shape and color; and Phineus beheld his sister. The form was that of Cleone, growing like a fair plant out of the heavens, and surrounded by the radiance of the quiet stars. She seemed to be imbued with their thin splendor; the last light of sunset was on her cheek, and her aerial locks were still surrounded by the wreath of pearly violets. Her eyes were fixed on him; and gradually she seemed to detach herself from the empyrean, and approach more nearly to the earth. She floated in the middle air; and he thought that her garments were faintly stirred by the breeze which he heard cooing among the trees beneath her. When he would have called to her, she seemed to shrink back towards the sky, and to diminish from his view; but, when he surveyed her with serene and motionless delight, she grew forth again into definite, though still visionary, beauty, until he almost believed that her feet, white and filmy as wandering gossamer, touched the topmost foliage of the dark trees in his garden. He gazed for many minutes, and persuaded himself that the eyes of Cleone glanced from his face to the tablet from which he had just effaced her portrait. He seized his pencil, and renewed his labor with all the earnestness of the enchanter in framing the talisman which is to give him immortal youth, wealth without end, and power without limits. Every moment he lifted his eyes to heaven, and still Cleone was before him. His work brightened beneath his hand, and

the lamp which burned beside him seemed to emit a clearer and more genial light than it had ever supplied before. He had wrought for a considerable time, when the moon rose, and, as its light pervaded the atmosphere, the figure desolved into air. That night, the first for many months, Phineus slept calmly and happily, and in the morning he awoke refreshed. His painting appeared to him more faithful, brilliant, and expressive, than he had ever dreamed of making it. He refrained from using his pencil, fearing that a touch might injure the magic woof he had already woven. All day he passed in his garden; his flowers had never appeared to him so exquisite, nor the sound of the waves so pregnant with music. He looked long at the region of the sky in which his sister had appeared to him; but nothing was visible except the bright blue depths, filled with sunshine, traversed by silken fragments of thin cloud, or skimmed by glancing birds. He placed his painting in the corridor; and many times, while he lay upon the grass, and imbibed the transparent noontide, he turned his eyes upon the tablet which bore so precious and potent a record of the event of the previous evening. As the day declined, his thoughts became more and more anxious; and when, at last, the sun had set, no racer at the games ever stood prepared to start with a look of keener expectation, or with the blood coursing more wildly through his limbs, and eddying more hotly at his heart. Again, at the same spot of heaven, and encircled by the same constellations, Cleone was visible. The moon rose later than before: and until its disk appeared, Phineus toiled delightedly at the picture. The third night, she appeared again; and, when the dimness of the air began to brighten in the moonshine, he thought that her face grew sad, and that, by a slight gesture of the hand and head, she indicated that she would appear no more. With a sigh he dropped his pencil, as she melted into the heavens: and, for some moments, he forgot that the picture was now completed, and that it displayed his sister even more perfectly and intensely beautiful than he had ever seen her when on earth.

The celestial figure had not long vanished, when a storm arose, and the moon was hidden in darkness. He turned from the agony of the elements without, and gazed upon that adored image which had power to withdraw his heart from every thing but the contemplation of its own loveliness, and the innumerable happy remembrance connected with it; but his attention to the outward world was soon excited, for it seemed to him that, in a brief pause of the tempest, he heard the well-remembered voice of Mycalè chanting her wild incantations. With a shudder, he crept to the corridor, and looked into the garden; and he beheld the queen, surrounded by those cypresses and cedars which were less black than the atmosphere, triumphing in a phrènsied dance beneath the drowning rain, and her black hair, writhing features, and fierce gestures, illuminated at intervals by the glare of lightening. Sometimes her song went forth in screams, accompanying the loudest fury of the whirlwind, and she stretched her hands and bared her throbbing bosom to the blast and the dim torrent of waters. Anon she stooped like some agile beast of prey, and plucked from the drenched sod various plants of necromantic virtue; and again she started into a whirling dance, muttered threats, and shook her uplifted hand as if against him. He shrank away in horror, and through all the night the sounds of the tempest bore to his ears, the accents

of the terrible enchantress. His terror ended in stupefaction, and, when he unclosed his eyes, wild yells were still ringing around him. But, after a moment's pause, he discovered that these were the expressions of his father's insanity, and not of the vengeance of Mycalé. The king approached his chamber, and he heard his own name mingled with the curses and ejaculations which broke from the lips of the madman. In another instant the door was burst open, and Nicon hurried into the chamber with a dagger in his hand, and his limbs were dropping blood from wounds which he had himself inflicted. He was rushing to the couch on which his son had sunk, when his eye was caught by the picture of Cleone. The lamp was still burning beside it in the darkness. The maniac knew the form of his daughter, and the dagger fell from his grasp. He looked intently on the lovely and innocent maiden; and, when his son approached him, he had fallen on his knees before her, and had clasped his forehead with his hands. His senses returned to him; and, ere long, the boy whom he had come to murder, was pressed by his embrace, and their tears were mingled. Mycalé now entered the room, followed by her guards, and by the savage warrior, her minion and their commander. The first objects that met her eyes, were the picture of Cleone, and the father and son supporting each other beside it. The change that came over her form and features rendered her a horrible realisation of all that we think of as most depraved; and, when she commanded her followers to seize Nicon and Phineus, her lover flung away his sword, and fled from the palace to his native mountains, while the guards pointed through the open doorway to the sky, from which (they exclaimed), amid the skirts of the receding tempest, the original of the heavenly form in the picture looked at them with a sad and awful aspect that plucked the weapons from their grasp. None of them, however, had courage to arrest Mycalé. With a sneer of defiance, she walked through their array, and was no more seen.

THE SONNET.

From the Spanish of Lope de Vega.

(FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, NO. CLIX.)

Violente says, a sonnet, I must write,—

I never felt so frighten'd as to-day:

A sonnet must have fourteen lines, they say—

Behold! while joking, three I've finish'd quite.

While groping for a word to rhyme aright,

The second quatrain is half-written—nay,

When to the first tiercet I've found my way,

There's nothing in the quatrains can me fright.

Now for the first tiercet: I should suppose

That in the proper style I have begun it,

Since with this line I bring it to a close.

Now for the second: lo! I enter on it—

Methinks I'm in the thirteenth line—here goes

The fourteenth—count them:—right—a perfect Sonnet!

W. H.

THE ELOPEMENT.

{From the MS. Notes of a French Usher, lately deceased.}

(FROM THE ATHENÆUM, NO. 102.)

She had said to me the night before, ‘Thy heart inhabits mine,’ and those magic words had removed the suspicions which an unjust jealousy had excited in me. Love, as my own experience tells me, is surrounded with fears and inquietudes: like the eagle, it dwells in the midst of storms; but a word, a look is sufficient to restore tranquility. It is natural to dread the loss of an adored woman’s affection, and it is as natural to believe the object of one’s love when her lips reveal such thoughts as bring back hope and inspire visions of happiness.

Still a remaining trouble, which I could not account for, tormented me! ‘Dost thou still doubt me?’ said she, in that tone which always made me start. ‘Cruel man! thou shalt doubt no more! Come, let us leave the place of his abode! I shall be blamed, contemned perhaps; and this persuasion wounds me. But what of world? Would I not purchase thy repose at the expense of all that is most dear? Come, then, and by the greatness of the sacrifice thou shalt estimate the strength of my love.’ ‘Tomorrow, then, at break of day,’ replied I, with a trembling voice; and I immediately left her to make the necessary preparations for our journey.

The moment expected with so much impatience had arrived. A post-chaise stood ready at the gate of Mondovi. The sun had for an hour been gilding with his faint rays the crown of the Appenines, when Ida suddenly appeared. Her dress consisted of a plain white robe, on which hung the jet cross given by her mother, and a brown mantle, *à l’Italienne*, which, varied by the morning breeze, disclosed her slender figure. The ringlets of her brown hair escaped from under a *chapeau de paille*, the azure lining of which gave ineffable sweetness to her expressive features. Her cheeks were alternately flushed and pale with modesty, tenderness, and fear. No king’s daughter ever was more noble, more graceful, or more lovely. ‘Olivia! it is I.—‘I am thine for life,’ said she, as she leaned upon my arm to ascend the carriage. For an instant she hesitated, blushed and bowed her head; I perceived a few tears within her eye-lids; then, as if she had taken a sudden resolution, she exclaimed, ‘It is done! let us go!’

We witnessed the waking up of nature. The sky was wonderfully bright and clear; the morning mist gradually dissipated by the early rays, discovered each moment fresh prospects of the partly cultivated and partly rich country presented along the Appenine range. A smiling verdure seemed to rejoice between the fissures of those terrible rocks which for twenty years served as retreat to the implacable force of the Capulets: a sublime contrast presenting to us the image of beauty on the lap of terror! My mind was not adequate to the profound impression which it felt; and in the intoxication of my joy, I could not find words to express it to her whose destiny was now inevitable bound up with mine. Both pleasure and pain when they have reached their highest degree overwhelm the faculties. May not this be one proof of the weakness of man, and of the

existence of the Eternal power who alone preserves all his might, whether amid the charms of spring, the frosts of winter, or the flashes of the tempest? 'Happy moment!' These words pronounced by Ida, aroused me from my trance. That voice, the melody of which is to my charmed ear more elevating than the conceits of angels, made a stream of pleasure thrill through my veins. I was then near her—alone with her! My head rested on her bosom, while her hand played among my locks, which she pressed to her adored lips. Ah! an hour thus spent is worth an age of existence filled up with future ambition and glory!

All on a sudden, the hand of Ida, at first glowing, became icy cold. 'The thought of separation from thee still haunts me,' she murmured; 'but it is an illusive memory to me; it softens my regret.'

'The thought of separation from thee,' replied I indignantly, 'never occurs to me but when thy irresolution calls it forth. So far from any such illusion being necessary to me it kills me. It is a horrible phantom tracking my footsteps, and tormenting my life! Ah! had I uttered such words, I could not by any means have atoned for them. How it is possible to regret not being beheld with indifferents by the object one has sworn always to love? My heart will never furnish the solution of that enigma!'

Meanwhile, the heavens were covered with clouds, which careering from east to west, resembled, in their fantastic forms, those iron-armed warriors who unceasingly chase each other in the paradise of Odin. An impetuous wind shook the trees that bowered the road along which we travelled. A thousand birds uttered ominous cries, flew about the carriage, and flapping their dark wings against the glasses, gave to the outward tempest an awful and mysterious character. At every repeated thunder-clap, and on each flash of lightning, I pressed Ida in my arms; I saw no danger but as it might harm her, and I sought only to make myself her shield. What was my surprise when she repelled my kindness. I gazed upon her! Her eyes were full of indifference and disdain; and the bitter expression of her lips seemed to say: '*His* only were the right, of acting thus—he only occupies my thought!' 'Hast thou then deceived me?' I exclaimed. 'Thou shalt deceive me no longer; for spite of thyself I will rend thy heart!' and as I uttered these words, in the fury which transported me, I tore with my hands her breast of alabaster, which opened with a horrible sound! What did I see, great God! in that asylum where I thought I only reigned! My own name almost effaced, and that of this man written in characters of fire! My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and I could not stir. Chained to that body, the touch of which seemed to scorch me, I felt as if I was suffocated and died! Hell has no heavier punishment! It seemed to me that the carriage fell into a deep abyss, and the violent shock which I felt restored to my limbs the motion they had lost.

I awoke, and still was doubting whether this horrible night-mare was not real, when I heard the silver sound of a clock. It was the signal which daily at the dawn of light called the pupils of the boarding-school at—to their studies.

By degrees my trouble was dissipated, and I recovered tranquillity of mind, repeating to myself a thousand times those words of Ida, 'Thy heart inhabits mine.'

DESULTORY REMINISCENCES OF MISS O'NEILL.

BY TIMOTHY CRUSTY, ESQ. M.A. AND F.P.S.

[FROM THE BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, NO. CLXI.]

"The début of the greatest promise, since the days of Mrs. Siddons!" I exclaimed, laying down the pages of that rich production—the Court Journal. Is Miss O'Neill so soon forgot? Is she quite merged in Mrs. Becher? Well, well! I ought to have known, at my years, that—

"To have done is to hang—
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery."

I took up the Times and the Morning Herald from the club table, in the club-room of the country town of O——, and looked for the large letters that pointed out so intelligibly Miss Fanny Kemble's début. "What, all in the same story!" I cried rather testily, "Let us see what my sapient friend, Mr. Jerdan, will tell us in his oracular organ of wisdom—the Literary Gazette, which is sometimes (Heaven help us!) full of not very airy litter!—Well, positively, he is bewitched too! Now I would bet any wager that this girl, this Fanny, or Fan, is no such mighty wonder. Handsome she cannot be—nay, I fear, it is too plain that she is rather plain; for had she possessed but a hundredth part of the personal charms of Miss O'Neill, (I hate to call her Mrs. Becher,) the papers would have raved about her form and face. Now they glide as gingerly over that matter, as a skaiter over suspicious ice,—and it is all her genius—her genius, forsooth. But truly we ought to be content with what we can get; and I do not wonder that even a plain bun should seem bride-cake to the theatrical public, after their long starvation." I must here pause to let the reader a little into my character. I will not mince the matter—I am an old gentleman,—I glory in the title. Many a person at my age, and with my (I must say) rather youthful look, would call himself a middle-aged man—perhaps even a man in the prime of life; but I scorn such half measures. I have passed my grand climacteric, and therefore am an old gentleman. Does not my candour deserve that I should claim all the privileges of one? I have no notion of being virtuous for nothing. The great privilege, then, which I claim in all companies and under all circumstances, is that of speaking my mind. Now, old as I am, and possessing, too, (I must say,) a great deal of observation, I never yet found that things which were loudly praised from the very first by the many-headed multitude did ever truly possess intrinsic merit. Timid and hesitating was the first tribute of newspaper applause to my ever-beloved Miss O'Neill;—a Miss O'Neill, as they called her—a promising debutante—a very tolerable performer. All this din of praise about this girl awakes my suspicion. Besides, my dear reader, to confess to thee, and thee alone, a truth, I am aware,—(for I must say that I have a great deal of self-knowledge)—I am aware, I say, that

"One fault I have above the rest—
With contradiction I am blest."

I do hate to hear a hubbub of praise about any thing—except my matchless picture by Corregio; it always stirs my bile. This partly results from my long experience; for I never yet was told by a friend, “I will introduce you to a charming person whom you are sure to like,” but I found this said charming person perfectly detestable. At this point of my meditations, my servant in his orange inexpressibles brightened up the club-room by his glowing presence, and bowing, respectfully (as he is wont to do) presented me with three letters, on a silver salver, brought from my own house, as was proper. “All with the London mark, I see,” thought I. “Now I shall perhaps hear something more near the truth of this Fanny Kemble—Um—Baker-street,—that must be from Lady Dorothy, my cousin;—I shall not hear much truth from her. The next, I see, is from my city friend, Mrs. Dykes of Houndsditch—she will tell the truth—as it appears to her;—and this, though last, not least, is the cheery handwriting of my *fidus Achates*, my *alter idem*, Frank Proser. By him I will abide;—however, I must give the ladies the precedence, I suppose. Indeed, it is better to read their nonsense first, and reserve Frank’s letter as a restorative. And first, let me make free with this pretty green seal, on which is engraved a head of Æolus puffing forth a zephyr, with the motto, ‘Je meurs en soupirant,’—a device of my lady’s own invention, as she informed me. If I did not open this letter from the court end of the town—this perfumed envelope, which ‘whispers whence it stole its balmy spoils,’ viz. de chez Delcroix—before the city dame’s square emblem of her own form, I should expect that the elegant billet would fly with horror out of the window.” So saying, I took from the right-hand pocket of my coat (I love to be particular) a green morocco case containing an almanack and divers useful instruments, and thence I selected a small (yet strong) pair of scissors, wherewith I carefully (as is my custom) cut round the emblematical seal. It would have been a sad pity to have split Master Æolus’s head in two. I then read thus.

“MY DEAR COUSIN,

“Sir Thomas being, as usual, indisposed to epistolary exertion, I take my pen to alleviate any anxiety you may feel respecting the health and welfare of our family. [The deuce a bit anxiety have I felt, muttered I.] My sweet Glorvina has caused me many a trembling moment of late, from a slight tendency to plumonary affection. The dear girl has less appetite—[indeed, thought I, I am glad to hear it]—less appetite than she is wont to exhibit ordinarily; and the roses have been, in some degree, usurped, upon her cheeks, by the hues of their paler sisters of the field. [Very pretty indeed!] With this exception, we are all much the same as when we had the pleasure of holding converse with you in the metropolis. [Alias, of seeing you in London. Will the woman never write her plain mother tongue?] Some slight metamorphosis has indeed taken place with regard to Sir Thomas; but I flatter myself that you will opine it is a change for the better. I have at length prevailed on him to make experiment of Barr’s Roman Toupee—an unrivalled invention for the concealment of that defect which caused the illustrious Julius Cæsar to wear a coronal of laurel. [Julius Cæsar and Sir Thomas! Well done!] As Barr not

unaptly say, his locks may now defy inspection. But how is it possible that I can think, speak, write of any thing but the enchanting Miss Fanny Kemble! [So, here we have it!—a good beginning, by Jupiter!] She is indeed perfection—a miracle of talent—a prodigy of genius! Thrice have I enjoyed the supreme felicity of weeping over her performance of the enamoured and luckless Juliet, in the Duchess of St. Albans' private box. My beloved Glorvina was so infinitely affected the first time she witnessed this great triumph of histrionic art, that she implored me to permit her to stay at home on the other two evenings, and her cousin, Henry St. Aubyn, kindly requested also to remain in our mansion, to cheer the sweet girl's solitude. On the third evening, my darling Virginia—you know her sensibility—actually fainted in Colonel Quintin's arms, who happened most fortuitously to be seated behind her, so that as she sank gracefully back from the high stool on which she was sitting—I think by the by this sort of *sédia* is but an uneasy place of repose—she could not avoid reclining on the Colonel's shoulder. I would that you could have seen how sweetly the poor thing blushed when she half unclosed her dark eyes upon the Colonel's moustachios! She has, however, promised not to be so naughty again. But what do I hear? A bell loudly rung,—it comes from my Glorvina's chamber! Scarcely an hour since, she expressed a wish for some mulligatawney soup, and I know she could not eat it, were I not to cheer her with the maternal presence of,

“ My dear sir,

“ Your very affectionate friend and cousin,

“ DORINDA.”

“ Alias,” said I, “ Dorothy, Dolly, or Doll, in the good days of our childhood! Oh, my poor Coz, thou art, indeed, sophisticated! I warrant me now, that thou thinkest thyself a second Madame de Sevigne! How much pains, I wonder, did the conclusion of thy letter cost thee? No doubt, thou wert vastly elevated at bringing in thy name so cleverly at the end. Ha, ha, I know a little!—But now for the huckaback of Dame Dykes. Coarse as it will be, I shall prefer it to thy flimsy tissue!”

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ This comes to enquire, whether you have done that little law-business for me, about which we talked, when you were last in town. I also want to know, whether you can recommend to me a good honest butler, for we have turned away our last; because the man was so silly as to write poetry, forsooth; and, would you believe it, he used to clap his hand to his forehead, when he was waiting at dinner, and run out of the room. Then, when he came back, he used to say, ‘Only a thought, ma’am, which I feared might escape me.’ But the worst of it was, that the silly gander chose to write verses to my niece Lucy; and, as I was settling the chairs in the best drawing-room, I spied Lucy's sack upon the sofa. Now, you must know *that* is a thing which I never allow; and, as I want to cure Madam Lucy of her trapesy ways, I turned all the things out of the bag, meaning to lock them up in my own drawer, and frighten the the girl by thinking she had lost them. But what should I see amongst

the things, but a copy of verses by Tripp, my butler—a rebus, I believe, they call it on Madam Lucy's name. I'll copy it for you.

'Lovely thou art, as planets in the sky—
Unless thou pity me, I soon must die.
Come, beauteous nymph, and bless these longing arms ;

[Shocking wasn't it ?]

Your face and form unite a thousand charms.'

"I must say, that, when I shewed it to Lucy, she was as angry as I was ; for she, poor soul, knew nothing about the verses being in the bag. It seems the impudent fellow had popt them in a little while before I found it. Of course, after this, I soon made Master Tripp trip off. I haven't yet filled my three pages, which I think it is genteel to do—for I like to give my friends as much as I can for their money—and postage runs very high. I scarcely know what to write about—Oh, I and the girls have been to Covent-Garden theatre, to see the young lady they talk so much about. I couldn't prevail on Mr. D. to go, for he hasn't been to a theatre, since he fell asleep the first night that Madame Catalani sung in England, and was woke up by her dying scream over her husband's tomb. I may say, that I know something of these things, for I always loved going to a play—and I remember Mrs. Siddons—and my opinion is, that Miss Fanny isn't a bit like her, though the newspapers say she is. I thought her more like Miss Betty Cuckoo, whom you and I remember, [Heavens, I exclaimed, then she must be lovely !] and I thought that she died very well indeed. I do wonder how persons can fall back so, quite like a stone, on the hard boards, without breaking all their bones. Perhaps the boards on the stage are only mattresses painted to look like boards. Nancy and Susy were very much pleased, and were obliged to ask me very often for my pocket-handkerchief, having—like careless chits as they always are—forgotten to bring their own. My niece Lucy, who is very clever, and reads Italian, says, that Miss Kemble has a very good notion of acting ; but not so good as Miss Aithœa Cod at Elysium-house academy, where she was brought up. She doesn't like her voice at all. In a day or two, you will receive a collar of brawn and a Stilton cheese, which our son Samuel brought, on purpose for you, from Trinity College, at Cambridge. He says, they do such things very well there. I am now come to the end of my paper. So with love from all, I remain,

"Your old friend to command,

"MARY DYKES.

"P. S.—I was so squeezed, and so hot at the play, that if I hadn't thought of bringing some apples and oranges with me from our dessert, I think I should have been obliged to come away before the dying scene, which would have been a pity, as that is always so much the best part of a play."

"P. S.—Encore. I forgot to tell you, that I think Miss Kemble screams very well. She made me jump three times, and creoble all over."

I laid down the letter to enjoy a quiet laugh, and then opened Frank Prosser's dispatch. "Dear Crusty—Um—um—3½ per cent—Norfolk tenants very backward with their rents—wet season—Russia has out-ma-

mœuvred us with a vengeance—[right, right!]
 Our old acquaintance Prodgers is dead—left a wife and thirteen children—badly off—[poor fellow, poor things—must see what I can do for them]
 —Court Journal a great humbug—[knew that before]
 —Fanny Kemble—[oh, here it comes at last.] You desire my opinion of Fanny Kemble. My expectations of her were too much raised in the first instance, and therefore I am hardly a fair judge. The drama has, for the last few years, been so far beyond the possibility of getting worse, that I have long hoped it might grow better. Tragic acting, especially, has been so completely buried in its grave that I have confidently expected a Phoenix to rise from its ashes. There have been many false alarms, many counterfeit births—from all I had heard, I thought we had got the true thing at last. And I do not say that we have not. Miss Kemble is a girl of sense and feeling, possessing an hereditary and instinctive talent for acting. But she has much to learn. It is, indeed, ridiculous to suppose that she should leap out at once, a ready-armed Minerva of the theatre, from her papa's drawing-room—yet, such is the insensible effect, which the opinion of the multitude has upon even such strong heads as ours, my dear Crusty,—[what an excellent observation!]
 —that I entered Covent-Garden, expecting I knew not what—something beyond nature. Of course I was disappointed, and deserved to be so. If Raphael's pictures disappointed Sir Joshua Reynolds, I must not quarrel with the fair Fanny for disappointing me. The fact is, that the human imagination is such a wonderful power, that its poorest operations transcend the finest realities. [There's a sensible man for you!] Miss Kemble is very young, and it would be hard to expect from her such excellence as practice and experience alone can bestow. Even Garrick, when he first appeared on the London boards, was by no means perfect in his art; as the contemporary critics prove by their not very courteous letters of advice to him. Yet we are so apt to deify things past, that I doubt not it would offend many excellent persons to tell them, that Garrick ever *improved*, from the first hour that he trode the stage. Perhaps I should even shock the enthusiastic by saying of their present idol, that she will improve—but to *you* my dear friend, who are not easily carried away by the popular breath, [That's very true!] I may assert, that Miss Kemble will, nay, *must* improve, not only mentally, but physically. At present, her figure is by no means wholly developed, neither has her voice reached its full powers. When she strains the latter beyond its pitch, it becomes unpleasing; and, in a scream, positively disagreeable. [Many men, many minds, Mrs. Dykes liked her screams.] Her countenance is intellectual, but not handsome. [I thought so.] To call it plain, would shock the gallantry of so devoted an admirer of the fair sex, as I am. [What would Mrs. Prosser say to that, I wonder?] The most promising circumstance of all is, that she evidently throws out her best *coups de theatre* from native genius, and not from teaching. The proof of this is, that when not highly excited and hurried away, as it were, by the passion of the moment, she rarely succeeds. When she is

‘Not touch'd but rapt, not waken'd but inspired,’

then it is that her acting may be called great, and even wonderful. In short, the girl will do very well ; and can only be injured by such injudicious praise as the papers lavish upon her, when they assert, that her *début* is the finest since the days of Mrs. Siddons ;—or, in a still a higher strain, that her *Belvidera* will be ‘ the sublimest effort of female genius ever beheld ! ’ ” “ Admirable Frank Prosser,” said I, as I consigned his letter to my green morocco pocket-book, and the two others to the fire by which I had been toasting my toes in the club-room—ramming them well down with the poker, at the same time that I mended the fire with my own peculiar dexterity, acquired by forty year’s practice. “ Admirable ; Frank you and I always agree. You know what’s what as any one. Well, now that the subject is fresh in my head, I’ll go home and write down all I can remember about Miss O’Neill. Perhaps my friend North will put in the cleverest Magazine going, just to give the public memory a jog, and remind nine-tenths of the world that such things were. He will forgive an old man’s garrulity ; for, if I remember rightly, he has an income in his leg himself, and almost as comely a frosty pow as I have.” But before I dash in *medias res*, I must make two needful observations. [Thus I begin, while seated in my own warm study, with my feet on a turkey rug.] The first is, that I have not the slightest intention of detracting from Miss Kemble’s fame. I do not mean to follow the poet’s recipe for complementing ladies—

‘ Who praises *Lesbia*’s form and feature,
Must call her sister ugly creature.’

Indeed I must needs be acquitted of any intent to institute odious comparisons, by the simple fact, that I have never seen the charming Fanny, who is, I doubt not, from my judicious Frank’s account of her, a girl of great and unusual endowments. That she is generous and amiable, her coming forward in the way she has done, sufficiently testifies. May all success attend her virtuous efforts ! My second remark is,—that I dare say persons will be not a little surprised, that I, who must remember Fanny’s aunt in her best days, and even the mild decline of that more distant luminary, Mrs. Yates, should depart so much from the usual habits of old men—the *laudatores temporis acti*, you know—as to rave, with all the fervour of youth, about an actress of yesterday. My dear readers, (if I have any,) be it known to you, that I always determined, even from my youth up, to avoid the common errors and follies of old men ; and I thank Heaven, that I have been enabled to to fulfil my resolution. By thus retarding the senility of my mind, I have managed (I must say) to escape the usual jests and jibes against old bachelors, and to establish myself an universal favourite amongst the young and the lively. Were I disposed to tell tales, I *could* mention various proofs of my present popularity with pretty girls ; but sweet creatures, depend upon my honour—I will never betray you !—Now, let me return to “ that which is immediate.”

The first character in which I saw Miss O’Neill, was *Isabella*, in the *Fatal Marriage*. She had already become popular, and drew crowds to the house ; a circumstance, so far against her, in my estimation, that I took

my place in the front row of the pit, with a dogged resolution not to be imposed upon and by no means to be hurried out of my critical composure by a start or a scream. But from the moment that the enchantress entered in her sable robe, which so admirably set off the snowy whiteness of her skin—from the instant that she had made her first most graceful courtesy, I was a gone man. I *felt* that she was the true thing. Even as the first note of a great singer rivets the attention—even as a single touch from a master's hand demands and satisfies the eye—so did Miss O'Neill's first look and word take possession of my heart and soul, and proclaim all her greatness. I never felt this with Mrs. Siddons. *Her* style addressed the intellect more exclusively. She was a great actress—but she *was* an actress. Miss O'Neill was a woman—a confiding, tender, passionate, love-inspiring woman; yet not without dignity and grandeur too, and a proudly humble sense of what was due to her feminine majesty. It is not my intention to go through her performance of that disagreeable play, the *Fatal Marriage*, which her performance alone could have rendered bearable,—or indeed to give any of her characters a regular and critical consideration. I rather wish to impart to my reader some general notion of her merits, if he has been so unfortunate as never to have seen her,—or if he has, to recall them to his remembrance. Miss O'Neill, in face and figure, might be characterised by the epithet *lovely*. There was a harmony in her features, and in the proportions of her form, which was music to the mind. Had she been taller, she might have been a tragedy Queen—but she would not have been Miss O'Neill. Had she possessed a dark eye and beetling brow, she might have frowned and scowled to the delight of the distant galleries; but what would have become of her smile—of all the just gradations of feeling which dawned and melted away upon her fair cheek?

I have always thought it a favourable circumstance that her countenance, when at rest, was not fixed and frozen into any marked expression. This allowed of its taking the impress of all. Some faces seem petrified into fierceness by a glance at the Gorgon; others appear always striving to repress a simper. Any malformation of the mouth, more especially, will give an unfortunate eternity to some one, and that, generally not very agreeable expression. But Miss O'Neill's face was wholly devoid of any professional or pertinacious look. Her countenance was the sleep of feeling. When awakened, it was but the instrument of the internal agency: Passion moulded her delicate features to its own purposes, and Genius hallowed it as the interpreter of his meaning. The mouth—that wonderful organ of intelligence, that distinguishing characteristic of humanity—which requires not the aid of words to confer upon it the gift of speech—that marvellous feature, whose mutable vitality baffles the painter's skill even more than the eye, common to all animated beings—the mouth of Miss O'Neill was exceedingly beautiful. The lower lip just protruded enough to rescue it from that symptom of fatuity—its retreat—"Some bee had stung it newly." Her brow, as I said before, was not marked enough for the beau-ideal of a tragic empress—and I am glad it was not. The manner in which her head was set upon her bust might have challenged the art of Phidias. Nothing could possibly be more de-

void of fault than the line from the back of her head to her shoulder, when her face was turned in profile. Her hand was beautiful, and her foot worthy of such a hand. From this exquisite conformation, and from the mind which dwelt within so fair a shrine, resulted a presiding grace, which modelled every gesture, and swayed every movement. Never, in the course of my long life, have I seen a being so graceful as Miss O'Neill—and I never expect to see one. Our actresses are, in general, sadly deficient in this particular. I remember, after being on the Continent for some time, that, when I returned, the women on our stage seemed to toss their arms like so many windmills in full sail. Miss O'Neill never displayed such starts and flings. I do not think that it was possible she could. Even had she been obliged to perform a saraband over the kitchen poker, she would have done it gracefully—she was grace even to the very tips of her fingers. I used to remark that she never *grasped* the arm of a lover or husband, as some ladies, whom I have seen give a gripe like a blacksmith's vice, but tenderly and delicately. She laid her white fingers *upon* the arm of him whom she addressed in love or in supplication. Talk of Lady Hamilton's attitudes!—I maintain that a woman, who was no better than she should be, could not be innately and truly graceful. Miss O'Neill's attitudes might have afforded a gallery of statues for the court of virtue—or for the court of George IV. In Isabella, for instance, when the tiresome man (whose name I forget) who married her into matrimony, first proposes to take charge of her child—never shall I forget the expressive gesture with which she turned round to the boy, clasped him with one arm, and, with the other, gave an apparently involuntary movement of repulsion. In Mrs. Haller, again, when she sunk upon the floor, and, clasping her knees, let her head fall upon them, so that her “wild-reverted tresses” hung as a veil before her, no ancient statue could have afforded a finer model for the chisel.

I scarcely know how it happened, but certain it is that Miss O'Neill never excited that burst of popular feeling which Fanny Kemble seems to be now exciting. It is so easy to see, when persons praise any thing or any body, from being really pleased? In such a case the sentence trip off the tongue without reservation. Now, Miss O'Neill was generally praised with an *if* or a *but*. Some whiseacres went so far as to discover, that *if* she had been Mrs. Siddons, she would have been a very fine actress. One cause of this comparative indifference to Miss O'Neill's superlative merits, I think, may be found in the peculiar aspect which folly has assumed in our enlightened era. There is a great deal of cant abroad about “deep passion,” and the “human heart,” and “thoughts that lie too deep for tears.” Now, as the language of all species of cant is very easily learned, it follows that the great proportion of fools who can do nothing else, adopt that which happens to be most in vogue. Accordingly, our ears are stunned with vain babblings about “green fields,” and “dark thoughts,” and I know not what. To hear the present generation talk, one would imagine that all the arcana of human nature had been just discovered, and made as easy as A, B, C. How Sophocles contrived to affect the feelings, or Shakspeare to get such an odd insight into things, must appear a mystery to the men of this generation, seeing

that *their* theories had not yet issued from the womb of time. Every one now a-days, who can write a novel or a poem, that shall set the young misses a weeping, is pronounced to be brimful of passion and profound reflection. Truly this profundity is that of a slop-basin, the bottom of which you cannot see, only because it is so full of dregs. Ah ! Mr. North, the good old days of Pope and Dryden are passed away ! Depend upon it, could *Paradise Lost* now issue from Murray's press, it would be pronounced—"Such a work as it is by no means lese-majesté in the court of criticism to pass over. A poem of some merit, certainly—but by no means distinguished by that depth of feeling and intuitive insight into the human heart which distinguish the productions of the present day." Do I exaggerate ? The Literary Gazette, which affirms that a drama by L. E. L. can only be compared to Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, *could* not consistently write of such a work as *Paradise Lost* in warmer terms than those I have imagined above. Of such critics one may say—

" Their praise is censure, and their censure praise."

To these blind leaders of the blind. I attribute the half-and-half praise which was too often bestowed upon Miss O'Neill—by their influence I explain the phenomenon of her being so soon "compounded with forgotten things." Persons of this stamp (stupid fellows !) discovered that Miss O'Neill wanted genius—forsooth ! In the character of Juliet, I remember that after the masquerade scene, when she had been eagerly enquiring who Romeo is, just as she was preparing to quit the banquet-room, she turned round and stood as if lost in unutterable thought, with her eyes fixed upon the spot where Romeo had lately passed away from her sight ; as if her fancy reproduced his form in that very place ; as if the ground, last hallowed by his footsteps, was dear to her as her heart's-blood. Her "rapt soul was sitting in her eyes"—her whole body spoke—then, with a deep, impatient sigh, she turned away, and cleared her brow for an encounter with this every-day world. Was not this genius ? Was it not genius of the first order ? And her acting was full of such touches—not, as I can answer for, repeated night after night but varied, and springing from the impulse of the moment. Such a power as this—of embodying the poet's meaning—of actually creating new ideas as if the poet's mantle had descended on the player—does itself deserve the name of poetry. What a pity that its creations should be so evanescent—dying with the tone or gesture that produced them ! How much more nobly would critics be employed in noting down and giving perpetuity to such fugitive graces, than in discovering wants and imperfections, how much better would they deserve of the world, if they handed down to posterity the true merits, instead of the faults, of an actor ! Wiseacres were for ever complaining that Miss O'Neill could not act Queen Catherine and Lady Macbeth like Mrs. Siddons. They never took the trouble to reflect that Mrs. Siddons could not act Belvidera, Juliet, Mrs. Haller, like Miss O'Neill. The powers of each were so essentially different, that the world ought to have been thankful to have had two such. But, say the critics, the style of Mrs. Siddons was a greater style than that of Miss O'Neill. I deny it.

Miss O'Neill not only had a wider range than her predecessor, but often invaded her province. She could rise to grandeur—but Mrs. Siddons could never melt to tenderness. I wish that all persons, who imagine that a fair brow and a blue eye could never awe the soul as majestically as those of a darker complexion, had seen Miss O'Neill's look of offended dignity, when Jaffier, in *Venice Preserved*, seems to doubt her power to keep the secret of his plots. I forget the exact words that Belvidera is speaking at the time, but she compares her lot with that of the wife of Brutus—"For Brutus trusted her." As she uttered the last sentence, her whole form seemed lifted from the earth by the spirit within. She could have made the world her footstool. Again, Mrs. Siddons has been excelled, within my memory, in some of her finest characters. The young and pert will laugh, perhaps, at an old man for asserting that Mrs. Yates was more completely the Lady Macbeth which Shakspeare drew—yet such is my opinion. To mention a single instance of superiority—in the sleep-walking scene, Mrs. Siddons carefully deposited her candle on a table, and then proceeded to rub her hands for the imagined purpose of effacing the "damned spot." Now Mrs. Yates was the actual sleep-walker, hurried from her bed by a guilty conscience;—the quick and sometime vacillating step—the candle not laid aside, but carelessly held with flaring flame, while she wrung her hands together—the open and unwinking eye—all indicated the sleep of the body and the wakefulness of the soul. On the other hand, it may be safely asserted that Miss O'Neill has never been excelled in her own peculiar characters. Where a part precisely seems to fit the powers, the appearance, the very look and gesture of a performer, the ideal personage and the real become thenceforward identified, as it were, in the imagination. This is the case with Kean in *Shylock*—this was the case with Miss O'Neill in *Juliet*. When she first made her appearance, with her hair so simply knotted up, she looked scarce fifteen—sorrow seemed never to have come near her! She waited upon her mother's eye with the dutiful innocence of a child. Her laugh came from the heart—her step was buoyant. After she had beheld the arbiter of her destiny, and pronounced the fatal words—"My grave is like to be my marriage bed—you saw the infusion of a new principle into her character. She thenceforth displayed the thoughtfulness of a devoted being. The bliss of loving and of being loved, was ever present with her—but she knew that she was playing a deep and desperate game. She had seen death from afar, and the shadow of his coming form visibly deepened around her spirit, even until the dark power himself enfolded her in his mantle. I have mentioned the fine touch of nature with which Miss O'Neill completed the masquerade scene—I have, therefore, only to add that during its progress, her performance was delightful. Her manner of receiving the guests, as they entered, was not that of an actress, playing the graceful, but of a noble and high-bred girl, moving in her accustomed sphere. It may seem to be small and trivial praise to say, that she was exquisitely lady-like; but, if the word *Lady* be taken in its old chivalric sense, undebased by modern associations, surely the praise is neither small nor trivial. In the balcony scene, she accomplished the difficult task of making Juliet's love—the growth of

of an hour,—appear natural, probable, and withal modest. There was an innate sense of delicacy gleaming through the fervour of her words like the tender pearly tint beneath the radiant colours of the opal. One did not feel that she “should have been more strange.” The deep enthusiasm of her general manner was relieved and lightened by an occasional sportiveness. When she called back Romeo, after having dismissed him, nothing could be more sweetly conscious, more smilingly delicate, than the manner in which she pronounced the words,

“I had forgot why I did call thee back.”

It was one of those felicities which take the ear and heart by surprise—inimitable—almost unrememberable. It was one of those wonderful effects in which the human voice triumphs—for what instrument could rival its soul-speaking inflections? Nothing but the feeling of the moment could have produced a tone and manner so perfectly consonant to the situation and the scene. It could never have been rehearsed. But what a vision rises before my inward eye of the timid, thoughtful, blushing, yet still dignified bride, whose passion, about to be hallowed by sacred rites, has trembled into a more intense, a deeper holiness! Never has the cell of Friar Lawrence, even though angels may have looked down upon his orisons, been irradiated by a light so lovely.

“That eye, of most transparent light,
Would almost make a dungeon bright.”

The vision passes like a dream. Juliet has heard that Romeo is banished—she has parted from him, and though the wedded lovers, after tearing themselves away, have returned yet again and rushed into another and yet another embrace, still the irrevocable hour has divided them. I can see her now, determined to encounter all the nameless horrors of the vault, bidding good-night, it may be for the last time, to her unconscious mother. How solemnly, how prophetically, how drearily, falls that sad good-night upon the ear! How different from the good-night which it was bliss to repeat, again and again, and hear repeated from a lover's lips!

“Farewell!—God knows if we shall meet again!”

This is the dirge to which that plaintive voice now wakes such melancholy music. But I am not going to rehearse a tragedy, and I neither want to weep myself, nor to make my reader weep. I shall therefore leave Juliet to swallow the potion, to wake in the tomb, and to consign herself to it for ever. The truth is, that I have not Mrs. Dykes's love of dying scenes represented on the stage. The earlier portions of a tragedy always give me the most pleasure, and appear to me to display a performer's powers most truly. The delicate gradations of human feeling are a far higher test of ability than the screaming and daggering and death-rattling, all of which I would banish to the hospital. In this one respect, at least, the French stage is more civilized than ours. I have only one more observation to make on the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. As it is now acted, Romeo's love for Rosalind is entirely omitted; because, in good troth, his *inconstancy*, as the turtle-doves call it, would shock our most sentimental sensibilities. It has been pronounced a *blemish* even by high

authorities. So, we know, it seems, more of the human heart than Shakspeare! Is it probable or possible that such a character as that of Romeo could have never felt the passion of love, till he saw Juliet? Has not every imaginative, and passionate nature, whether male or female, been compelled by "the strong necessity of loving," to deck some idol in the niches of its own creation, before the true deity of its worship has appeared? I know something of these things, Mr. North, though I *am* an old bachelor, and I pronounce that no one ever fell truly in love at three-and-twenty, who had not had many loves since he was fifteen. I dare say that neither you nor I have remained in the blessed state from not knowing what love is. *You*, I hear are about to prove to the world, that you have no insuperable objections to matrimony. I vow, I will dance at your wedding, and choose the youngest and prettiest girl in the room. Who knows but that *my* turn may come next?—No, no! Shakspeare never soared more nobly above the dull marshes of common-place, than when he broke up the ground of Romeo's heart to receive the celestial plant of love by the plough-share of Miss Rosalind's eye, and fertilized it by love-sick tears from his own.

I have been more particular in my notice of Miss O'Neill's performance of Juliet; both because I think it was her finest character, and because it is that which, as acted by Miss Kemble, is now exciting the fever of the town. I now return to the question, "Is the style of Mrs. Siddons a finer style than that of Miss O'Neill?" Mrs. Siddons was unrivalled in the representation of the more terrible passions—such as ambition, hatred, revenge, &c. Now, are these passions more noble in their essence than love, pity, sorrow, and the other milder feelings? I think not. The first are all selfish in their origin and end; their conflicts are great, but their results are mean. The last are not only noble but ennobling. As a great poet of our own day observes:—

"A potent wand does sorrow wield;

Repentance is a tender sprite,
If aught on earth have heavenly might,
'Tis lodg'd within her silent tear."

WORDSWORTH.

And the same great poet affirms that he can desire no loftier destiny,

"If he along that lowly way,
With sympathetic heart, may stray,
And with soul of power."

Now Miss O'Neill may be said to move along the way of real life with a soul of power,—nay more, she threw an imaginative influence over the way of common life. If I may be allowed the use of that much abused figure—antithesis, she idealized the real, and realized the ideal. Her love was heroic,—her pity was as the dew from heaven,—her sorrow, though the sorrow of a mortal,

"Was bright
With something of an angel's light."

Ambition, revenge, &c. deal in lofty phrases, and marked expressions of countenance; but there is nothing of this sort to bolster out the milder

(so called) passions. A heart and soul and plastic features are all that these last have to depend upon. As therefore the difficulties, in this kind are greater, so ought success to be attended with a greater triumph. Mrs. Siddons, I should say, possessed dramatic *talent* in the highest degree,—the palm of *genius* I should award to Miss O'Neill. In real feeling of the character which she represented, I must think that Miss O'Neill far transcended Mrs. Siddons. Stationed behind the scenes, I have watched the latter as she left the stage, after a wondrous burst of dramatic power,—I have seen her arms fall composedly by her side, her face pass in one instant from the extreme of expression to her common look. The wings of the stage once passed, she was no longer Belvidera, or Mrs. Beverly—but Mrs. Siddons. I have observed Miss O'Neill, in similar circumstances, *retaining* the impress of the passion which had really entered into her heart. There can be no doubt but that she wept real tears. I have her own authority for it. Professor L——, my very dear friend, and old school-fellow, who resides at Cambridge, told me that when Miss O'Neill visited that university, and acted at the Barnwell theatre, he asked her whether it was true that she really shed tears during the performance of affecting parts. She acknowledged that she did. "But you must not think, (she continued,) that such tears are painful. They are rendered pleasing by the consciousness of fiction. They are such as one would shed in reading a pathetic story. Moreover, the strong state of excitement naturally brought on by performing—the applause—the tears of those around me,—all conspire to elevate me, and to draw such tears from my eyes as all great emotions are calculated to produce. Were they such tears as guilt or agony really shed, I must have been dead long ago." Now I ask you, Mr. North, did not this explanation shew at once genius and good sense,—genius to feel, good sense to disclaim more feeling than was natural, or indeed possible? Rousseau wept thus over the sorrows of his own Heloise. We more often hear of, than see heroines, whose beauty is improved by crying, and instead of saying with Tommy Moore,

" You look so lovely in your tears,
That I must bid you shed them still,"

I should be disposed to address my mistress, were she much given to the melting mood, in the following distich—

" You look so frightful in your tears,
That I must beg you'll take a pill;"

videlicet, to get rid of the blue devils. But Miss O'Neill really *did* look lovely in her tears. In the character of Mrs. Haller, she reminded me (I hope it is not spoken irreverently) of that beautiful exclamation in Holy Writ—"Oh! that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night!" To use an old simile, she looked like a lily bent beneath a thunder-shower. Tears were her rest, her food, her luxury—she was steeped in tears. Yet she did not, after the old tragedy custom, brandish her pocket-handkerchief in the face of the audience. She did not get it ready as if she were pumping up her tears by some nice hydraulic calculation—but, with a trembling, and sometimes, a hurried hand, she felt for it, and drew it forth, and seemed

to strive rather to hide than to display her gushing grief. The scene, in which she restores the jewels to her husband, was almost too heart-rending to be contemplated. It pressed upon the senses with the conviction of reality. Her Mrs. Haller, in particular, and, indeed, all her characters, in general, possessed the rare merit of an unbroken unity of design. As, in a perfect picture, every accessory is harmonized by the master's hand so as to produce one great result—as every part tends towards the effect of the whole—so, in Miss O'Neill's acting, every ray of genius was but a component part of one resplendent orb. She did not strain after insulated graces, or surprising exhibitions of momentary power—neither was any portion of her part hurried over, or even carelessly touched, as if it were insignificant. She did not appear to be husbanding her strength for one ranting speech, or a few starts and screams. From the beginning to the end she *was* the being she represented. Not sometimes only, but continually, she was agitated by the same fears, awakened by the same hopes, impelled by the same motives of action—as might be supposed to influence the character which she delineated. This continuity of feeling was marvellously evident in the expression of her countenance. I remember being particularly struck with this, in her representation of Mrs. Oakley in the *Jealous Wife*. While conversing on indifferent subjects—while apparently rambling from the main plot of the piece—there was always an air of anxiety—a wandering of the eye—a slight abstraction—which indicated that there was an under-current of more important thought. In society, as well as in solitude, she was still the uneasy jealous wife. Miss O'Neill's performance of this very character sufficiently refuted the invidious assertion that she did not succeed in comedy. When I speak of comedy, I must be understood to mean the drama of real and every-day life, in distinction to the drama of ideal and heroic life. As there has been much misapprehension on this point, I will explain myself more particularly. The word comedy, according to its Greek derivation, merely signifies something sung, or chanted. Dante used it in this sense, when he gave a name to his immortal poem. When dramatic performances, were no longer accompanied by the chorus, the sense of the word became more restricted; and, perhaps from some association of a lighter kind, with the idea of a musical accompaniment, it at length was used in distinction to the loftier and severer style of the dramatic muse. But, as men love the widest possible extremes of distinction between one thing and another, comedy was, by degrees, so far arrested from its primitive signification as to be the symbol of something highly ludicrous. If we take the word in this latter sense I must own that I should have been sorry had Miss O'Neill excelled in the comic department of her art. Old humorists, young coxcombs, old, virgins smitten by the tender passion, are all the fitting *dramatis personæ* of this kind of comedy—not so young and beautiful girls. Playful the sweet creatures may be, sportive as the first breeze in May—but comic they must not be. Only consider for a moment whether, in real life, the dashing, intriguing, repartee-making young ladies are to be tolerated? Why, then, should we admire them on the stage? Could a girl who turned bar-maid to get a husband, or who pretended to be an idiot to escape one—could a widow, full of her jokes, or a wife full of plots,

(Heaven grant Mrs. Gentle be neither one nor the other!) ever pretend to more than a watering-place respectability? For Miss O'Neill to have romped through the Romp, fattled through the Widow Cheerly, or simpered a-la-chambermaid through Miss Hardcastle, would to me have been profanation. But there is another kind of comedy, called *genteel*. I hate the term, but let it pass—in which the principal female character may have all the liveliness of real talent, combined with the refinement of real feeling, and may be high-minded, yet (to use your own words, Mr. North, for I cannot find better,) “earnestly and keenly alive to all the cheerful and pleasant humanities and charities of this everyday sublunary world of ours.” In such characters as these Miss O'Neill was herself, and was, therefore, admirable. Had she made a good romp, she would have been Miss O'Neill no longer. Do not, therefore, ye dear dramatic critics, insist upon finding an intellectual turtle, (combining all tastes of fish, flesh and fowl,) in every, or in any great actress that may be thrown upon our “bank and shoal of time.”—“But, bless me, all this time you have said nothing about that essential article—the voice!” Not expressly, Mr. Pinchbeck; but can you not gather from the flowers of my discourse the honey of a voice rich as hybla, powerful as Lacryma Christi, piercing as Champagne, tender as May-dew? No; you cannot, for you are only a drone, and never gathered any honey in your life, and have nothing of the bee about you, but the sting. I must now, “my patient brethren, bring my discourse to a finish,” as the parson said, after having divided his sermon into sixty-three heads, all of which he touched upon in the course of the evening. Farewell, my patient readers, and farewell Mr. North. Should I have pleased you, you may, perhaps, hear from me again, for I must tell you, that, although I once contributed to the Gentleman's Magazine, I cannot find in my heart to prefer it to Blackwood's—another striking instance of my freedom from all old prejudices! You must allow me to conclude with a Sonnet, which an ingenious young friend of mine has indited to the memory of Miss O'Neill. It is too much in the modern style to please *me*, who am of opinion that *all good writing* expired with the last generation. However, as the thoughts are tolerable, it may go down now-a-days.

SONNET, TO THE SOMETIME MISS O'NEILL.

Shakspeare's own Juliet! oft I vainly try
To pierce the mystery of thy two-fold life;
Once thou didst shake all hearts with passionate strife,
Once thou wert ever in the public eye,
And not a smile of thine, or murmur'd sigh,
But waked a thousand plaudits, and was rife
With potent magic. Now, thou art a wife—
And round thee dwells a calm reality.
Men speak of thee as dead—thy glory scan
As of a wonder thou hath past away;
And yet thou see'st the household light of day,
And human hopes and fears thy being fan!
Oh! thou, who art to other souls a gleam
Of Fancy, art thou to thyself a dream?

A TALE OF THE SIEGE OF NAMUR.

[FROM THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL, NO. 47.]

On the morning of the 30th August, 1695, just as the sun began to tinge the dark and blood-stained battlements of Namur, a detachment of Mackay's Scottish regiment made their rounds, relieving the last night-sentinels, and placing those of the morning. As soon as the party returned to their quarters, and relaxed from the formalities of military discipline, their leader, a tall, muscular man, of about middle age, with a keen eye and manly features, though swarthy and embrowned with toil, and wearing an expression but little akin to the gentle or the amiable, moved to an angle of the bastion, and, leaning on his spontoon, fixed an anxious gaze on the rising sun. While he remained in this position, he was approached by another officer, who, slapping him roughly on the shoulder, accosted him in these words,—“What, Monteith! are you in a musing mood? Pray, let me have the benefit of your morning meditations.”—“Sir!” said Monteith, turning hastily round,—“Oh! 'tis you Keppel. What think you of this morning?”—“Why, that it will be a glorious day for some; and for you and me, I hope, among others. Do you know that the Elector of Bavaria purposes a general assault to-day?”—“I might guess as much, from the preparations going on. Well, would it were to-morrow!”—“Sure you are not afraid, Monteith?”—“Afraid! It is not worth while to quarrel at present; but methinks you, Keppel, might have spared that word. There are not many men who might utter it and live.”—“Nay, I meant no offence. yet permit me to say, that your words and manner are strangely at variance with your usual bearing on a battle-morn.”—“Perhaps so,” replied Monteith; “and, but that your English prejudices will refuse assent, it might be accounted for. That sun will rise to-morrow with equal power and splendour, gilding this earth's murky vapours, but I shall not behold his glory.”—“Now, do tell me some soothful narrative of a second-sighted Seer,” said Keppel; “I promise to do my best to believe it. At any rate, I will not laugh outright, I assure you.”—“I fear not that. It is no matter to excite mirth; and, in truth, I feel at present strangely inclined to be communicative. Besides, I have a request to make; and I may as well do something to induce you to grant it.”—“That I readily will, if in my power,” replied Keppel. “So, proceed with your story, if you please.”—“Listen attentively, then—and be at once my first and my last confident.

“Shortly after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, I joined the troop commanded by Irvine of Bonshaw; and gloriously did we scour the country, hunting the rebel Covenanters, and acting our pleasure upon man, woman, and child, person and property. I was then but young, and, for a time, rather witnessed than acted in the wild and exciting commission which we so amply discharged. But use is all in all. Ere half a

dozen years had sped their round, I was one of the prettiest men in the troop at every thing. It was in the autumn of 1684, as I too well remember, that we were engaged in beating up the haunts of the Covenanters on the skirts of Galloway and Ayrshire. A deep mist, which covered the moors thick as a shroud—friendly at times to the Whigs; but, in the present instance, to their foe—concealed our approach, till we were close upon a numerous conventicle. We hailed and bade them stand; but, trusting to their mosses and glens, they scattered and fled. We pursued in various directions, pressing hard upon the fugitives. In spite of several morasses which I had to skirt, and difficult glens to thread, being well mounted, I gained rapidly on a young mountaineer, who, finding escape by flight impossible, bent his course to a house at a short distance, as hoping for shelter there, like a hare to her form. I shouted to him to stand; he ran on. Again I hailed him; but he heeded not. When, dreading to lose all trace of him, should he gain the house, I fired. The bullet took effect. He fell, and his heart's blood gushed on his father's threshold. Just at that instant an aged woman, alarmed by the gallop of my horse, and the report of the pistol, rushed to the door, and, stumbling, fell upon the body of her dying son. She raised his drooping head upon her knee, kissed his bloody brow, and screamed aloud, 'Oh! God of the widow and the fatherless! have mercy on me!' One ghastly, convulsive shudder shook all her nerves, and the next moment they were calm as the steel of my sword; then raising her pale and shrivelled countenance, every feature of which was fixed in the calm, unearthly earnestness of utter despair or perfect resignation, she addressed me, every word falling distinct and piercing on my ear like dropping musketry,—'And hast thou this day made me a widowed childless mother? Hast thou shed the precious blood of this young servant of Jehovah? And canst thou hope that thy lot will be one of unmingled happiness? Go! red-handed persecutor! Follow thine evil way! But hear one message of truth from a feeble and unworthy tongue. Remorse like a blood-hound, shall dog thy steps; and the serpent of evil conscience shall coil around thy heart. From this hour, thou shalt never know peace. Thou shalt seek death, and long to meet it as a friend; but it shall flee thee: And when thou shalt begin to love life, and dread death, then shall thine enemy come upon thee; and thou shalt not escape. Hence to thy bloody comrades, thou second Cain! thou accursed and banished from the face of Heaven and of mercy!'—'Foul hag!' I exclaimed, 'it would take little to make me send thee to join thy psalm-singing offspring!'—'Well do I know that thou wouldst if thou wert permitted!' replied she. 'But go thy way, and bethink thee how thou wilt answer to thy Creator for this morning's work!' And, ceasing to regard me, she stooped her head over the dead body of her son. I could endure no more, but wheeled round, and galloped off to join my companions.

"From that hour, I felt myself a doomed and miserable man. In vain did I attempt to banish from my mind the deed I had done, and the words I had heard. In the midst of mirth and revelry, the dying groan of the youth, and the words of doom spoken by his mother, rang for ever in my ears, converting the festal board to a scene of carnage and horror, till the very wine-cup seemed to foam over with hot-bubbling

gore. Once I tried—laugh, if you will—I tried to pray; but the clotted locks of the dying man, and the earnest gaze of the soul-stricken mother, came betwixt me and Heaven,—my lip faltered—my breath stopped—my very soul stood still; for I knew that my victims were in Paradise and how could I think of happiness—I, their murderer,—in one common home with them? Despair took possession of my whole being. I rushed voluntarily to the centre of every deadliest peril, in hopes to find an end to my misery. Yourself can bear me witness that I have ever been the first to meet, the last to retire from danger. Often when I heard the battle-signal given, and when I passed the trench or stormed the breach, in front of my troop, it was less to gain applause and promotion, than to provoke the encounter of death. "I was all in vain. I was doomed not to die, while I longed for death, And now——"

"Well, by your own account, you run no manner of risk, and at the same time are proceeding on a rapid career of military success," said Keppel; "and, for my life, I cannot see why that should afflict you, supposing it all perfectly true."

"Because you have not yet heard the whole. But listen a few minutes longer. During last winter, our division, as you know, was quartered in Brussels, and was very kindly entertained by the wealthy and good-natured Flemings. Utterly tired of the heartless dissipation of life in a camp, I endeavoured to make myself agreeable to my landlord, that I might obtain a more intimate admission into his family circle. To this I was the more incited, that I expected some pleasure in the society of his daughter. In all I succeeded to my wish. I became quite a favourite with the old man, and procured ready access to the company of his child. But I was sufficiently piqued to find, that, in spite of all my gallantry, I could not learn whether I had made any impression upon the heart of the laughing Fanchon. What peace and playful toying could not accomplish, war and sorrow did. We were called out of winter-quarters, to commence what was anticipated to be a bloody campaign. I obtained an interview to take a long and doubtful farewell. In my arms the weeping girl owned her love, and pledged her hand, should I survive to return once more to Brussels. Keppel, I am a doomed man; and my doom is about to be accomplished! Formerly I wished to die; but death fled me. Now I wish to live; and death will come upon me! I know I shall never more see Brussels, nor my lovely little Fleming. Wilt thou carry her my last farewell; and tell her to forget a man who was unworthy of her love—whose destiny drove him to love, and be beloved, that he might experience the worst of human wretchedness? You'll do this for me, Keppel?"

"If I myself survive, I will. But this is some delusion—some strong dream. I trust it will not unnerve your arm in the moment of the storm."

"No! I may die—*must* die; but it shall be in front of my troop, or in the middle of the breach. Yet how I long to escape this doom! I have I own enough of glory; I despise pillage and wealth; but I feel my very heart-strings shrink from the now-terrible idea of final dissolution. Oh! that the fatal hour were past, or that I had still my former eagerness to die! Keppel, if I dared, I would to-day own myself a coward!"

"Come with me," said Keppel, "to my quarters. The night air has made you aguish. The cold fit will yield to a cup of as generous Rhine-wine as ever was drunk on the banks of the Sambre." Monteith consented, and the two moved off to partake of the stimulating and substantial comforts of a soldier's breakfast in the Netherlands.

It was between one and two in the afternoon. An unusual stillness reigned in the lines of the besiegers. The garrison remained equally silent, as watching, in deep suspense, on what point the storm portended by this terrible calm would burst. A single piece of artillery was discharged. Instantly a body of grenadiers rushed from the intrenchments, struggled over masses of ruins, and mounted the breach. The shock was dreadful. Man strove with man, and blow succeeded to blow with fierce and breathless energy. The English reached the summit, but were almost immediately beaten back, leaving numbers of their bravest grovelling among blackened fragments. Their leader, Lord Cutts, had himself received a dangerous wound in the head; but disregarding it, he selected two hundred men from Mackay's regiment, and putting them under the command of Lieutenants Cockle and Monteith, sent them to restore the fortunes of the assault. Their charge was irresistible. Led on by Monteith, who displayed a wild and frantic desperation, rather than bravery, they broke through all impediments, drove the French from the covered way, seized on one of the batteries and turned the cannon against the enemy. To enable them to maintain this advantage, they were reinforced by parties from other divisions. Keppel, advancing in one of those parties, discovered the mangled form of his friend Monteith, lying on heaps of the enemy on the very summit of the captured battery. He attempted to raise the seemingly lifeless body. Monteith opened his eyes,—*"Save me!"* he cried; *"save me! I will not die! I dare not—I must not die!"*

It were too horrid to specify the ghastly nature of the mortal wounds which had torn and disfigured his frame. To live was impossible. Yet Keppel strove to render him some assistance, were it but to sooth his parting spirit. Again he opened his glazing eyes,—*"I will resist thee to the last!"* he cried, in a raving delirium. *"I killed him but in the discharge of my duty. What worse was I than others? Poor consolation now! The doom—the doom! I cannot—dare not—must not—will not die!"* And while the vain words were gurgling in his throat, his head sunk back on the body of a slaughtered foe, and his unwilling spirit forsook his shattered carcass.

THE LAST DAYS OF MENZIKOFF.

[FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NO. CIX.]

At the death of Peter the Great, the power of Menzikoff increased. Catherine I. who owed her elevation to the throne to the intrigues of that minister, retained him in that high situation to the day of her death. In her last will, she desired that Peter II. might be united to Menzikoff's daughter—a proof of the ascendancy of the favourite over Catherine, and of the gratitude of the Empress. The intrigues, the despotism, the arrogance, and the disrespectful character of Menzikoff towards the young Emperor, changed the fortune of himself and daughter, and hurled him from his envied greatness to the depth of misery*.

Prince Dolgorouki and Count Ostermann were the implacable enemies of the minister. The former united to excessive dissimulation a power to please and to be admired. Ostermann had differed with the minister in the Senate, and apparently lived a retired life from public business. Menzikoff had taken the Emperor to Peterhoff to hunt—an amusement to which he was attached. Although this was the ostensible cause, yet there can be little doubt that keeping the Czar under his immediate observation was the actual reason. Count Ostermann seized the moment as favourable to his plot, which was made known to some of the Senate, and of the senior officers of the different regiments in the capital. All were agreed, and Dolgorouki and his son (the favourite and Companion of the Emperor,) were fixed upon as the agents. Dolgorouki was promised that his daughter should be the Empress, to the exclusion of Menzikoff's; and was farther flattered, when they recalled to his memory his descent from the Wolodimers.

The Emperor had frequently complained to his young companion of the tyranny of his minister, and his wish, had he the power, to escape from his vigilance. One night, Ostermann contrived that the Senate should assemble on some trivial business. Menzikoff was in bed, and the Emperor and his retinue at Peterhoff, asleep. The young Dolgorouki seized the moment and awoke the Emperor, the plot was discovered to him, he dressed himself hastily, and, escaping from the window with his friend, and having traversed the dark avenues of the garden, he found at the gate Ostermann, and some of the nobility, with their equipages. The Emperor was conveyed first to the Senate, and afterwards to St. Petersburg.

At the usual hour, when the attendants were accustomed to awake the Czar, his escape was discovered, and Menzikoff at once saw the danger which awaited him: he remained some time in suspense, but, counting on the assistance of his numerous friends, hastily departed for the capital, meditating the most signal vengeance on his enemies; but precautions were too well taken and his downfall certain. On presenting himself at the palace, he found the guard changed, and the garrison under arms. He was repulsed from the entrance with threats and insolence; and finding all attempts vain to gain an interview with the

* Mémoires de Manstein.

Emperor, he retired to his own dwelling. He now no longer found the crowd of courtiers anxious to be noticed, or grateful for the slightest recognition. He walked unattended to his palace, which was surrounded by troops the instant he entered. He was arrested by the officer in command, and desired to depart the next day for his residence at Renneburg, a large estate, and fortified, belonging to Menzikoff, and distant about one thousand versts from St. Petersburg. This order extinguished the last ray of hope, and he saw instantly his future ruin; he is said to have remarked;—"I have committed great crimes, but it is for the Emperor alone to punish me*." These words excited some suspicion relative to the death of Catherine.

Menzikoff was allowed a considerable favour; he was permitted to carry with him his most valuable effects, and to be accompanied by as many servants as he thought proper to command. On the noon of the following day he departed: it is asserted he chose that hour in hopes the feelings of the people might be excited in his favour, and that the Emperor might still be induced to pardon him. He made a foolish and pompous display, more in the character of a minister in favour, than an exiled prince. His family, with himself, were seated in the most brilliant of his state carriages; his numerous other vehicles, the baggage, servants, horses, &c. formed a grand *cortège*. He even affected to notice the people as he passed; and if in the crowd he saw one with whom he had been personally acquainted, he called him by name, and wished him adieu. This pompous display was, by Menzikoff's enemies, painted to the Emperor as braving him to the last, and a proof that the exiled prince was the ambitious man whom nothing could humiliate: these remarks, added to the personal hatred of the Emperor, had the desired effect. A detachment of troops was instantly sent to deprive him of the honours which had been granted by his own and foreign sovereigns. On obeying this order, Menzikoff became a new man—he relinquished his vanity and ambition with his stars and ribbons. "Yes; take," said he to the officer, "take these witnesses of my foolish vanity, they are all in this box; I thought I should not have been allowed to retain them; but I ought to have borne them on my person, and then the humiliation would have been more complete." The disgrace ended not here. The exile and his family were made to alight from the splendid carriage, and enter into separate and more humble vehicles, sent for the purpose. "I am prepared for all," said Menzikoff; "execute your orders strictly; the more you deprive me of, the less uneasiness will remain." His new vehicle was a covered kabitka, and the same conveyances awaited his family. His own carriages were all sent back to St. Petersburg, and he continued his journey without having the solace of his wife, or the conversation of his son and daughters. Whenever chance gave him an instant's opportunity of conversing with them, he exhorted them to be firm of heart, and to bear the storm without shrinking. Religion and philosophy animated his words, and they were not spoken in vain.

* Chantreau, vol. ii.

He arrived, without any other molestation, at Renneburg ; but scarcely had he begun to make preparations for his new life, when an order arrived that he should repair to Yakowski, in Siberia, his residence at Renneburg being considered too close to the capital. His future destination was about 8000 versts from St. Petersburg. Eight servants only were allowed to accompany him ; and before he left his estate, he was made to relinquish the clothes he wore and to assume the garb of a Russian peasant. His wife and children shared the same fate, their dress being a coarse woollen gown with a sheep-skin cap.

The Princess Menzikoff being very delicate, and having been accustomed to all the luxury of the great and opulent, soon gave way to misery and fatigue, and died near Kasan. Her husband exhorted her to meet her fate with calmness and resignation, and she died in his arms. Menzikoff performed the last sad duties ; he dug the grave himself, and with his own hands deposited the body. His guards did not allow him much time to bedew with tears the grave of one to whom he had been long sincerely and affectionately attached ; he was hurried from the tomb, and forced to continue his journey to Tobolski. Here the news of his approach had been long known, and the streets were crowded to see the man who had exiled most of the inhabitants of the city, and before whom the destiny of Russia had so lately bowed.

On entering Tobolski, he saw two Russian noblemen whom he had sentenced to exile ; they reproached and hooted him as he passed. To one he said, " Your reproaches are just, I have merited them ; and now is your moment to satisfy your hatred ; but you can wreak no other vengeance in the fallen state to which I am reduced. I sacrificed you to my political views because your honour and your character disturbed me." To the other he said, " I knew not that you were in Siberia ; do not impute your present misfortune to me. I often asked why I no longer saw you, and received only vague and unsatisfactory answers : being too much occupied with public business, I neglected that of individuals ; some secret enemy of yours must then have procured the order ; if, however, the abuse of me will satisfy you, do it to the utmost of your wish." A man rushing through the crowd, covered Menzikoff and his daughters with mud, which he threw with his greatest strength. " On me, on me," said Menzikoff, " heap your dirt and your reproaches ! on me alone—those poor creatures have never injured you !"

The Governor, by desire of the Emperor, sent Menzikoff five hundred rubles for the relief of his family—the last mark of Imperial remembrance he ever was destined to receive : he obtained permission to employ it in the purchase of those articles which might conduce to his ultimate comfort, or alleviate in some degree his future miserable exile. This precaution was prompted by the wants of his children ; for himself he had few ; he had resigned himself with perfect content into the hands of that being whom, when in affluence, he had neglected or forgotten ; his own misfortunes, he bore with fortitude, but it drew tears of anguish and repentance from his heart, when he surveyed the misery, his ambition and tyranny had entailed on his family.

Saws, hatchets, articles requisite to clear the ground, salted provisions, seeds, &c. were procured; the surplus money he desired might be distributed amongst the poor. The time destined for his stay at Tobolski being expired, he once more continued his journey. His vehicle was, by a refinement of cruelty, changed to an open car drawn by one horse, and sometimes by dogs. Five long months passed before he reached Yakowski, and during this period he was exposed to the inclemency of the weather, in a climate exceedingly cold, and where the ground is seldom free from snow. Those can best feel for the suffering of the exile, who have themselves passed days and nights in sledges, where the dull monotony of the scenery never changed, and where all that meets the eye is everlasting snow, or thick woods of deep-coloured pine, through which the wind howls as if in response to its wild inhabitants. Menzikoff's health was unimpaired by cold and fatigue, and his family bore the journey with apparent health and vigour.

A few days previous to his arrival, a circumstance occurred which recalled all his former power and grandeur, and caused the liveliest emotions of grief and distress. He had alighted with his family in the cottage of a Siberian peasant, one of those small and miserable log-huts which admit sufficient light to make darkness and wretchedness visible, when an officer, whom he instantly knew, entered the hut. This officer was returning from Kamskatcha, where he had been sent during the reign of Peter the Great with a commission relative to the discoveries which Captain Behring was to attempt. The officer had served under Menzikoff, who now called him by his name. Astonished to find himself known in so distant a country and so retired a spot, he asked who it was that addressed him and who knew him? "I am Alexander," said the exile; "I was not long ago the Prince Menzikoff." The officer could scarcely credit the assertion; he had left him in power and affluence, and the first subject of the state; it appeared more probably the raving of some insane peasant, than the actual person of the great Menzikoff. The prince led the officer to a small aperture which admitted the light, and holding his face for scrutiny, asked—"Are you now satisfied?" The officer recognized him, and said, "Ah, my prince! by what disaster has your excellency fallen into this deplorable state?"—"Suppress your titles," said the exile; "I have already told you I am Alexander." Still uncertain, the officer addressed a young peasant, who was mending his boot in a corner, and asked, in a low voice, "Who is that extraordinary man?"—"It is Alexander, my father!" replied the young prince aloud; "ought you not to know us—you who have received so many favours, and are under so many obligations to my father?" Menzikoff, displeased at the rudeness of his son, interrupted him, by saying, "Pardon this unfortunate young man the rudeness of his humour; he is my child, whom during his infancy, you condescended to caress and carry in your arms; here are his sisters—these are my daughters" (showing, at the same time, two apparently miserable peasant girls, who were soaking the crusts of black bread in a wooden bowl containing milk.) "This had the honour of

being affianced to Peter II. our present Emperor, and was to have been the Empress of All the Russias!"

This conversation the more astonished the officer the longer it continued, and the name of Peter II. was a surprise; for he himself having left Russia more than four years, was ignorant of the changes which had occurred. Menzikoff related past circumstances, beginning with the death of Peter the Great and ending with his exile. "You will find," he concluded, "Dolgorouki and Ostermann leading the Government—tell them in what state you saw me, it may gratify their hatred and revenge; but assure them, that my heart experiences more tranquillity than their's and more than it ever knew during the time of my greatest prosperity."

They parted. The officer long watched the departing cart of Menzikoff, doubting whether most to pity or admire him.

Menzikoff began to make the necessary arrangements and precautions to diminish the horror of his exile. He cleared sufficient ground to plant his seeds; and with assistance of his eight servants, he began to cut wood in order to enlarge his hut and make it habitable. His example encouraged the others, and shortly was finished a house sufficiently large for his family; it consisted of a chapel and four rooms. He took one for his son and himself; the second was for his daughters; the third for his servants, and the last for the shelter of his provisions. The daughter who had been destined for the Empress had now the charge of the kitchen, the other sister repaired the clothes and washed the linen. Surely, if the downfall of any merited pity, the sight of these females, nursed in the lap of luxury and rocked in the cradle of affluence, condemned, through the misfortunes of their father, to the lowest drudgery of the lowest-born must have excited it! Wherever women have devoted themselves with affection to their parents or their husbands, invariably have they shown a greatness of soul, equal if not superior to men. It is said, that whatever sickness whatever remembrance of past time occasioned, these excellent and devoted daughters met their father with a cheerful countenance.

The officer above-mentioned sent them a present of sheep, rams, cows, bulls, and a sufficient stock of poultry to form a small farm-yard; and from that moment, as far as the necessities of life were concerned, no want was experienced.

Every morning, noon, evening, and midnight, the family assembled in the chapel, and Menzikoff performed the service. Misfortune had humbled his mind, and he was now become extremely religious: his example was followed by the rest. The silence of solitude had banished the stormy passions of the heart. Tranquillity was established, and was only moved from his breast, when the sting of reproach for the misery he had entailed on his children troubled his imagination.

Six months had elapsed since his arrival, when his eldest daughter was attacked by the small-pox. Menzikoff became the physician; he had recourse to all the arts within his reach; he watched her with the eye of an anxious father; remedy after remedy was applied, but all in vain—day after day she made rapid strides to her grave. Perceiving how vain were his endeavours, Menzikoff shook off the doctor and

assumed the priest. The day of her death arrived. Menzikoff, his family and servants stood round the bed of the dying princess; with unmoist eyes, a firm voice, and mild countenance, he told his daughter to yield up her spirit in a manner becoming a Christian and a princess; and while calling with a devout heart upon the Sovereign disposer of all things, his daughter died in his arms. His calm philosophy at once forsook him, and he became instantly the father. He threw himself upon the corpse, embraced it, and moistened it with his tears; when suddenly recollecting the duties he still had to perform, he pointed to the dead, and in a firm voice, said, "My children, learn of your sister how to die." The prayers ordained by the Greek ritual were sung during the day; and when night approached, he buried her in the chapel. By her grave he marked out another, saying, "Here place me when I am no more."

Both the surviving children were attacked with the same disorder; but in these cases, the care of the father met a better recompense, and in a short time both recovered.

The cares arising from his situation, grief for his wife and daughter, and the fatigues necessary to existence, began at last to undermine his health: this he cautiously concealed from his family, but a slow fever commenced, which wasted his strength and obliged him to remain in bed. Then burst forth all the horrors of the situation of his family. Alone, friendless, in an almost desert country, far from all assistance, unaccustomed to the practice of medicine, the son and daughter beheld their parent approaching his end. The lingering disorder assumed a worse appearance, and death was certain. This Menzikoff felt, and sending for his children, addressed them for the last time, and with his usual fortitude: "My children, my last moment is near at hand, and death, which is become familiar to me since my banishment, would have no terrors, if I had only to account for the time since my exile. To this moment, my children, your hearts are free from corruption, and here you will better retain them in innocence than in the follies and levities of a court: if you should ever return, remember me only in the example I have given you here."

The firm tone of voice with which he uttered these last words deceived his children, who believed his death as yet distant; but in bidding this last adieu, he had rallied his almost exhausted strength, which left him as he concluded. He extended a hand to each child, and a slight convulsion concluded his life.

He was buried by the side of his daughter, as he had desired.

Thus died Menzikoff! a man of great vigour of mind and sound judgment, who had done much good for his country, and who long enjoyed greater power than almost any sovereign in Europe. The house and chapel have long since fallen to decay, and no stone, no mark can be traced of the spot, where he who had lived in splendour had died in exile.

At the commencement of the reign of the Empress Anne, the children were recalled from exile. The daughter married Gustavus Birer, brother of the Duke of Courland, and the son rose to a high rank in the military profession.

A NIGHT ON DARTMOOR.

[FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NO. 49.]

In journeying through the south of Devon, especially through that luxuriant portion of which Dawlish forms the commencement; and Torquay, with its romantic air-hung terraces, the termination, the admirer of the picturesque must have often marked with astonishment, not unmingled with awe, the forbidding aspect of a gloomy, barren range of hills—rising in some places to the dignity of mountains—which abruptly bound the inland horizon. From whatever point of view beheld, whether from the still and lofty lanes of Bishopsteignton, the bluff cliffs of Teignmouth, or the *unique* villa-studded Babicombe this range wears the same inhospitable character; tracing its bold outline on the sky, not gracefully, like the sylvan perspectives of Claude, but in the fixed, massive, gigantic spirit of Michael Angelo. While every other part of the landscape glows with varied magic, Dartmoor—for it is of this vast deserted region I am speaking—stands sternly out in her desolation. The very sunbeams that light up in beauty the meadows which repose at her feet, that deck the hedges with the varied embroidery of the seasons, and bid a thousand hill-born streamlets roll in liquid silver along their channels, tend only to enhance her gloom. In the serenest hour of the serenest day in summer, she wears ever a frown on her brow and like Satan in Eden, seems to envy the happiness she cannot share. Though she be the fruitful mother of half the rivers that roll laughing through the vales of Devon she yet feels no joy in her maternity, but hurries them, one after another, from her presence. Silence and solitude stand sentinel on her borders, and within sits ruin throned on some mighty Tor, coeval with the birth of time. Vast morasses, over which, unseen of man, the shy raven sweeps like an ill-boding fiend; rough sombre crags, within which the wild fox nestles stunted heath-broom, glooming in long and apparently endless successions on the sight; patches of scanty verdure whereon the lizard glides, and the red snake trails its length; streams sluggish or active, either creeping along the plains, or rushing headlong from the heights, here lonely and unsheltered, there fringed with dense forests of rushes, which give out a sullen tone, as the fierce hurricane passes over them;—these varied objects complete a scene of desolation, barrenness and sublimity, such as no other spot in England can parallel.

It was over this appalling wilderness that I happened to be passing some few years since in June, just as the sun was going down in a sky that seemed to promise a fine night. I had left London a month previously, in order to pay a visit to my cousin Harriette at Bishopsteignton, who for weeks had been a serious invalid; but having luckily found her so far renovated as to be able to leave her room, and even ramble with me as usual about the neighbourhood, I left her sooner than I had intended; and after making a hasty tour through the south of Devon, took up my quarters at South Zeal, with the intention of exploring Dartmoor, which,

I was assured, abounded in objects of interest. On the day on which the following adventure occurred, I had been rambling the whole morning, wherever a secure footing presented itself, about the moor; and having satisfied my relish for the picturesque, was desirous to ensure a safe and speedy return to my snug little village, *auberge*. Putting, accordingly, my best leg forward, and timing my progress by the sunset, I calculated that I should have just sufficient glimmer to enable me to reach South Zeal. I was in high spirits, full of health, with an octogenarian pulse, and nerves in the finest possible condition. My fancy too, had been excited by the contemplation of the wild scenes over which I had passed, and the genial influence of the twilight that dropped like a transparent veil around me, softening the rugged features of the moor, till they wore almost a smile, kept up the delightful stimulus.

Of all the myriad sources of enjoyment which nature unfolds to man, I know few equal to those elicited by a balmy summer sunset. The idea is old but the reflections it excites are perpetually varying. There is something in this hour, so tender, so holy, so fraught with simple, yet sublime associations, that it belongs rather to heaven than earth. The curtain that drops down on the physical, descends also on the moral world. The day, with its selfish interests, its common-place destructions, has gone by and the season of intelligence—of imagination—of spirituality is dawning. Yes, twilight unlocks the Blandusian fountain of fancy: there, as in a mirror, reflecting all things in added loveliness, the heart surveys the past, the dead, the absent, the estranged, come thronging back on memory; the Paradise of inexperience, from which the flaming sword of truth has long since exiled us, rises again in all the pristine beauty of its flowers and verdure; the very spot where we breathed our first vows of love; the slender, girlish figure, that gliding like a sylph beside us, listened entranced to that avowal, made in the face of Heaven beneath the listening evening star; the home that witnessed her decline; the church-yard that received her ashes; the grave wherein she now sleeps; dreamless and happy, deaf alike to the Syren voice of praise, and the withering sneers of envy—such sweet but solemn recollections sweep, in shadowy pomp, across the mind, conjured up by the spells of twilight, as he waves his enchanted wand over earth.

While journeying on my winding road, now pausing to mark some crag that jutted boldly out beside me, and now looking forward to where the distant village of South Zeal lay sleeping fearlessly at the giant feet of Dartmoor, drenched in the golden beauty of one world, while its little tapering church spire pointed upwards to another, I felt the full influence of the feelings I have just described. The landscape was indeed irresistible. The rich meadows that skirted the moor, with their numerous rivulets winding through them, like silver threads, and the tall hedges relieving what might otherwise have seemed monotonous in their aspect, lay stretched in peaceful loveliness before me; while the tinkling of the distant sheep-bell was the only sound that broke the Sabbath stillness of Nature, who seemed, in respectful awe, to watch the last looks of the king of day, as he furled his blood-red banners and lit by thousand torches in the west, rushed like a conqueror to his grave.

Absorbed in this expressive sight, I had passed unconsciously over five long miles of moor and calculated that about four more would bring me to my desired haven. Unluckily, on passing round a projecting cone, at the base of which ran the only accessible path-way, I abruptly lost sight of my guide, the church-spire of South Zeal. To increase my embarrassment, the road forming an acute angle at the point where I now stood, branched off in two different directions both of which led close beside a morass, and unrelieved by the companionship of house, hedge, or sign-post seemed to stretch away to an endless distance. In this perplexity, ignorant which path was the right one, I looked round me for assistance, but in vain; not a soul was near, all traces of animate nature were extinct, on either side blackened a tremendous expanse of wilderness, behind me the same repulsive landscape, varied here and there by the abrupt rising of some spectral elm, which stood frowning with outstretched arms in the distance.

Twilight meanwhile crept on; already the west looked dark, and the inky shades of night fell thick and murky on the moor. There was evidently not a moment to be lost; so selecting the road which seemed most likely to lead me into the desired track, I hummed a lively air, to show that I was not afraid, and moved briskly forward, keeping up my spirits by the recollection of the good dinner, the cheering wine, the snug inn parlour, with its warm flowing curtains, and the various other items of comfort that awaited me at my journey's end.

By this time darkness, with a giant's step, had traversed the whole moor. My very path-way looked dim and doubtful, and so far from leading out, seemed only to lead further into the waste. Still I kept slowly plodding—plodding onwards; though every step I took, became more and more insecure from the marshy nature of the ground.

My situation now began to be alarming. I knew that I was surrounded by morasses, between which it was impossible to pick my way at night-fall, and that one false step would plunge me headlong into the midst of them. In this condition, after a moment's hesitation, I resolved to go back a few paces towards a fragment of rock against which I had just stumbled, and there await the rising of the moon, which, I doubted not, would soon afford light sufficient to enable me to continue my journey. It was not without difficulty that I found even this imperfect shelter, and when at length I had seated myself beneath the crag, what with the chill drops that trickled down its side, and the heavy clinging mist that wrapt me round like a mantle, my situation was little, if at all, amended.

To sustain my cheerfulness I had recourse to the exercise of my fancy. I endeavoured to look at my situation in the light of an uncommonly good joke, which would tell well among my friends in town, and prove, that a traveller may be quite as picturesquely located in an English, as in an African desert. I then took a higher flight. I recalled the ancient glories of Dartmoor, when the voice of the warrior Druid, as he stood beside some gigantic Tor—that cathedral, fashioned by Nature's own hands, in which alone the Seer would condescend to offer up his bloody sacrifices—was heard pealing through the depths of the wilderness, summoning the brave to battle, and breathing courage into the heart of the coward; when the moor itself was peopled with aboriginals and its old

oaks, from beneath whose branching arms the elk stole timidly forth, rung to the hunters' shout of triumph, the stag-hounds' deep-mouthed answer, and the last faint yell of the free-born red deer.

But imagination ill accords with an empty stomach. You may blunt grief by reflection, and passion by philosophy, but I am yet to discover what mental specific can take off the edge of a craving appetite. The gastric juice is not to be reasoned into submission; it is a stubborn Catholic that knows its rights and will maintain them.

I felt this truth most acutely, and had spent upwards of an hour in the vain endeavour to disprove it, when my attention was diverted by the sound of the distant evening chimes from South Zeal. There is something peculiarly affecting in the tone of village bells. They are the vocal newspapers of the parish, a species of melodious obituary, fraught with a high moral interest from their close connection with life and death. At any other period I should have listened to them with transport, but at this particular juncture their music was peculiarly provoking. It reminded me that I was but three miles from South Zeal, yet that, nevertheless, an impassable gulph lay between us. It was a cuckoo song of mockery, a refinement in torture worthy of Procrustes himself.

I have observed that it was dark when I reached the rock, but this does not adequately express the character of the gloom that momentarily deepened on the moor. It was not mere darkness, but a frightful ebony, determined unwholesome blackness, worthy to vie with the raven's wing, or the velvet pall of death. Above, around, beneath—all was one uniform hue, spread over the earth like a shroud. Then, too, the silence—the strange, solemn, unnatural silence of the desert, which seemed to have borrowed its intensity from the grave; words cannot describe the deadening weight with which it gradually sunk into my heart! But half an hour before, I had listened to the village chimes with impatience, bordering upon indignation: I would now have given worlds to have recalled their music. I would have prized even the howl of the wild fox, as it would have convinced me that I was not wholly desolate.

Another dreary hour elapsed, and still all was gloom. The night-mist had now deepened to a fog—a thick, clammy, substantial fog—beneath whose paralysing influence I felt my respiration impeded, my limbs stiffening to stone. Still I did my best to uphold my courage. In a few minutes, I said, with a forced attempt at a laugh, I shall become ossified, I am evidently freezing upward, and by to-morrow's dawn shall constitute an elegant petrification, worthy to be visited and admired by the most fastidious tourist. But this effort to be cheerful served only to increase my sufferings. The fiend of despair was beside me. I felt him tugging at my heart-strings, icing my veins, and peopling the chambers of my brain with the wildest and most fantastic shapes of fear.

One further attempt I yet resolved to make at my safety. Rising accordingly, though with considerable labour from my seat, I staggered a few paces onwards, groping my road, as carefully as I could, through the dark. But the effort was abortive. Each step I proceeded plunged me still deeper in the morass. First my ankles, then my knees, were

engulphed, and God knows to what extent I should have ultimately sunk, had I not with the little the very little strength that was left me, contrived to blunder my way back towards the rock. Here I sat, waiting hour after hour, the dispersing of the fog, and the rising of the moon, but in vain; the gloom continued unabated, the moon was lost in heaven, not a star, not even a single tiny star, glimmered in the jet-black firmament. How drearily the time stole on! I had no spirits to enliven, no fancy to beguile my solitude; both were sunk in torpor, while a vague undefined apprehension of something horrible, just sufficed to keep up a slight thrilling warmth about my heart, though without imparting it to my extremities, which were now stone cold. In this truly dreadful condition, helpless, frozen, and self-abandoned; alone at the dead of night, listening to the vulture's cry, as anticipating his carrion repast, he flapped his heavy wings above my head; with little or no hope of being able to keep life within me till the morning;—in this alarming condition, exhausted alike with pain, vexation, weariness, and hunger, I at length dropped into slumber.

Yes, I slept, but how wild, how incongruous, how appalling, were the visions of that sleep! A distempered fancy kept watch over my thoughts, which, deprived of the counteracting energies of health and reason, drifted loose over a troubled sea of horror. Had my dreams merely been, what they but too often are, grotesque, absurd, or farcical; had I been a bird, a fish, or a wild beast; had I invited a flock of sheep to a musical party, sat down to cards with a coach-horse, or taken a trip to the moon with Mr. Saddler the aeronaut; such extravagances would have left but an evanescent impression on my mind: but to realize, though only in imagination, the most fearful horrors of Eastern romance; to consort with beings of another world; to be buffeted by an ocean, and stifled by a tornado; to be drowned, starved, and parboiled; to be sent to wander among charnel-houses; and, worst of all, to be compelled to survive the loss of those I most sincerely loved;—the idea was inexpressibly terrific!

First, I dreamed that I was pacing alone, by sunset, over an Arabian desert. Thick leaden clouds sailed slowly above my head, a drowsy heaviness weighed on the air, the sands scorched my feet like fire. Spent with fatigue I looked round me for shelter. There was none. I then prayed for but one little drop of water to moisten my baked lips, and relieve the thirst that drunk up my blood, but my voice half choked me in the utterance. Just at this crisis I heard a strange hurtling in the air, and, gazing far into the distance, beheld, on the horizon's verge, a gigantic column, whose head was hidden among the clouds, approaching, in superhuman grandeur, towards me. It was the tornado, the Eblis of the physical creation! On—onwards it advanced; fever and famine dogged its steps, ruin stalked before it. An instant, and I was pressed—trodden down—crushed to a mummy beneath the weight of this wanderer of the wilderness; my mouth—my eyes—my veins—every pore in my skin, pierced through and through with a million subtle, searching, but invisible atoms of dust. How long I lay in this state I know not; a sound, as of the rush of mighty waters, roused me from

my torpor, and looking up, I descried, first, the indistinct heavings of a surge, then the long swell of billows, 'till gathering power as it approached, the whole fury of the ocean broken in thunder on the desert, sweeping me far away on its bosom, now tossed high up in air, now plunged into an abyss, sweating and shrieking with agony, amid the roar of the winds, the answering tumult of the waves, and the shouts of a thousand unknown monsters.

The scene was changed, and I stood at midnight in a church-yard, populous with graves and the pestilential luxuriance of henbane. The moon was at the end of her first quarter, and ever, as the clouds passed over her, a lean wolf, from the neighbouring abbey, would give out a long howl, the graves would stir with life, and a laughing fiendish face would glare out from between the chinks of the black cloistered arches, where the toad spit forth her venom. As I stood spell-bound beneath the steady gaze of those demon-lighted eyes, the clock tolled midnight; a crash, such as if a multitude of coffins were burst, at one blow, asunder, ensued; and presently a spectre started up from every grave, and pointed in mockery towards me. But my hour was not yet come. While I yet reeled like a drunkard, beneath the intensity of my fear, a solemn strain of music, low at first, but deepening and swelling by degrees, until it filled the hollow arch of space, broke from the forlorn abbey, and, at the sound, the spectral forms vanished, leaving me alone entranced beneath the moon.

A third change ensued. The scene was Bishopsteignton. It was a fine mellow July morning: the air was brisk and elastic, the hedges were alive with music, and the lightly-frozen dewdrops hung half-melted on the thistle's beard. Before me at no great distance, lay the translucent ocean, darkened here and there by the slight shadow of a passing sail; beneath me, the sweet rural town of Teignmouth put forth its glad beauty in the sunshine; beside me, the newly-mown meadows—whose feet the crystal waters of the Teign kept ever fresh and fragrant—sent up a welcome aroma from their spread haycocks, on which a group of boys and girls were idlyolling; and behind me, exulting in the sweet consciousness of its attractions, rose on the summit of its little hill the richly-wooded village of Bishopsteignton, with the smoke from its peaceful hamlets ascending like an incense to heaven, now half-lost amid the overshadowing elms, now scattered by the playful summer wind, and now soaring in one tall spiral column high up into the cloud-abandoned sky. But hark! whose is that fairy step that comes lightly gliding down the lane? She hastens towards me, my cousin Harriette—the pride, the flower of Bishopsteignton. But though the maiden's step was light, her cheek was wan; the spirit of a premature decay looked forth from the dark blue depths of her eye, and the whispered music of her voice seemed to have caught its tone from the breathings of an atmosphere beyond the grave. While I yet listened to her conversation, as together we rambled beside the lake-like Teign, a cloud rolled between us, the landscape assumed an altered character, and I stood solitary in the church-yard low down in the lane, where the elms meeting overhead cast ever a cool shadow on the earth. But where was Harriette? The

passing bell tolled out a sullen answer. "And is it so? Oh, what," I said, "has death to do with so young a form? Why, why have I survived this hour?" A low faint whisper at my ear replied, "Grieve not, I am watching beside you; we were friends in life, and in death we will not be divided." I started—not a soul was near. I stretched out my arms—they encountered only empty space. "Speak again, sweet spirit," I exclaimed; "let me at least feel that you stand beside me, even though I may not see you." For an instant all was still, when suddenly a soft worm breeze lightly kissed my cheek, and the same voice returned, "I may come to you, love; but you cannot come to me. Worlds roll between us.—She who grew up beside you, who but one short week since parted with you, has done with earth for ever. But mourn not, I am happy—very happy, and in dreams will be still your Harriette; farewell," and with a low, faint, melancholy sigh—so faint, that it scarcely stirred the green leaves which overhung the church-yard wall—the voice ceased, and all again was silence.

I called aloud on my cousin's name; I conjured her to stay; I tore my hair; I beat my breast, and then, with one last wild convulsive struggle, rushed forward in the direction of the voice, and—awoke.

It was some minutes, before I fully regained my recollection. My dreams, especially the last, had left so painful an impression on my mind, that even after I had contrived to raise myself upright, and stretch out my stiffened limbs, I felt my heart still beat, the sigh escape my lips, the tears fall thick and blinding from my eyes.

By this time, though the darkness was still intense, the fog had partially cleared off. The excessive cold, too, had abated, but was succeeded by a sudden oppressive, and I may add, unnatural sultriness. But the change was scarcely for the better, and even had it been so, I should not have noticed it, for so extreme was my dejection, so perfectly worn out with excitement, both my mental and physical energies, that I had scarcely heart enough left to expect the dawn of day. I was in the condition of a sailor, who, having vainly struggled for hours against the tempest, and exhausted the springs of horror, at length resigns all hope, and, with a sort of sullen, stupid, idiotic lethargy, awaits the approach of the wave that is to engulf him.

A sudden burst of light roused me from this abject torpor. At first I mistook it for the quick glancing of a meteor across the morass, but was soon undeceived by a prolonged clap of thunder, accompanied by a shower, worthy in every respect to vie with the autumnal deluges in India. It has been my luck—whether good or ill, I will not here pause to determine—to witness many tremendous thunder-storms; I have heard them hoarsely laughing in the rocky amphitheatre of Llyn-y-Vau, and high up among the Alpine crags of Snowdon, but never, never yet did I hear so awful, so thrilling a sound as the thunder's voice on Dartmoor. It was not quick—active—elastic; but dull, and hollow, and sepulchral, as if ten thousand funeral cars, with muffled wheels, were together slowly and heavily rumbling along the brazen floor of heaven. Every element of earth and air seemed ranged under the black banners of the tempest. The ground rocked and reeled—the arrowy lightning hissed round me—

the wind howled like a demon baffled of his prey—the rain splashed suddenly in the morasses—and, that nought might be wanting to complete the uproar, the wildfox, the raven, and the vulture, joined in chorus.

These horrors, coupled with the preceding dreams, were too much for me. I felt my reason slowly giving way beneath the shock. I looked up to heaven, there was no hope; to earth, it lay black and frowning as a charnel-house. In an ecstasy of fear, remorse, and agony, I threw myself on my knees in prayer. "Hear me, Almighty Power," I wildly said, "my mind is fast going from me; I have used every effort, I have braved every danger; but all is vain, this hot, scorching head is on the whirl; oh! ere yet I am quite mad, strike—strike me with thine avenging bolt, and crush me, a blanketed corse, to earth. Hark! I am summoned, or is it insanity that lends me ears? Again! Spirit of the tempest! I come," and I sunk in a sort of delirious stupor on the ground.

The storm had continued about an hour, during which time I lay in a condition, little, if at all, removed from absolute madness, when suddenly, on endeavouring to lift myself up. I fancied I heard, during a brief interval of silence, the "halloo" of a human voice in distance. Words cannot paint the effect that this impression made on my mind! I listened, as if life and death hung directly on the issue. Nor was I mistaken in my conjecture, for the noise kept evidently drawing nearer and presently a hundred torch-lights flickered through the gloom, all bearing towards the rock where I stood. In a few minutes I heard the hasty splash of footsteps, accompanied by the barking of dogs, and the loud shouts of men. Oh, how my thirsty ears drank in those sounds! No music, however exquisite—no words, however friendly—no vows, however fervent—ever yet fell on my soul with half the sweetness of the long unheard human voice. A minute before I had given up all hopes of life: my strength was gone, my reason shattered; I scarce felt myself a denizen of earth. The whole man now rushed back on my mind, filling it with a thousand wild fears and transports. Again I felt that I should live among my fellow creatures, again hear the sweet voices of my friends and kindred, and in the enthusiasm excited by such recollections, despair passed off, like a cloud from my brain and I burst into a passion of tears.

After another eventful pause, during which I shook from head to foot, hardly daring to believe that succour was at hand, I contrived though feebly, to shout aloud for help. God of heaven, my summons was returned! "Halloo, halloo," cried out a dozen voices at once; the torches flashed brighter—the tramp of footstep thickened—and presently a noble wolf-dog, followed by nearly a hundred villagers from Stickle-Path and South Zeal, with my kind, my generous old landlord at their head came bounding towards me. I was safe!

There was no need of words. My gaunt looks, palsied limbs, sepulchral voice, and wild-streaming eyes, sufficiently told my story. The villagers meanwhile prepared to remove me. "But no," I said, "one duty yet remains to be performed," and bending on my knees beside that lone, unsheltered rock, while my deliverers stood in a respectful group around me, I offered up a solemn prayer of gratitude to Heaven, amid the growl of the retreating tempest, and the flashing of a hundred torch-

lights. This task fulfilled, a sort of couch was formed of the long brass-headed staves, covered with great-coats of the villagers, after which the whole cortege moved off at a brisk pace, and within something less than two hours from the time of my quitting the rock, I was seated at supper with my landlord at South Zeal, busily engaged in listening to the means by which he had so opportunely accomplished my preservation.

It is now four years since this event occurred, yet it is, nevertheless, the Hegira of my memory, from which all subsequent incidents take their date. At times, when I look back, as a traveller to some gigantic peak that he has left many long miles behind him, but which, from its superior elevation, still seems close in his rear, the "Night on Dartmoor" appears but an affair of yesterday. The voice of its thunder booms in my ears, its lightning sears my eyes, its rock stands frowningly out on my mind. Truly, time is but an idea, with neither space, substance, nor authority, save what it derives from the imagination. What a minute is one year spent in calm waveless happiness! what an eternity is one night measured by horror and despair! How scanty, how evanescent, how imperfect are the recollections of the one! how full, lasting, and profound the impressions of the other! I have lived thirty years in life, have watched beside the death-bed of friends, wandered through many lands, encountered many strange vicissitudes, yet, strange to say, all these combined, will not furnish one half the reminiscences that the "Night on Dartmoor" can singly body forth.

THE HARP-STRING.

[FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE NO. CIX.]

Thou tell'st me, when entranced I stand,
 To hear thy harp's sweet tones awake,
 It little matters if thy hand
 With hurried touch a string should break;
 Since thou canst readily restore
 With practised skill the severed tie,
 And rouse the world of sound once more
 To all its former harmony.
 Oh! versed in Music's magic art,
 Yet little versed in Feeling's thrill,
 Say, didst thou deem the human heart
 Could thus be played on at thy will?
 Mine with thy harshness learn'd to bear,
 But thou hast rent the chords in twain,
 And now thy life's long toil can ne'er
 Repair the shatter'd strings again!

M. A.

GIULIO.

INEDITED IMPROVVISATION OF NAPOLEON.

(FROM THE ATHENÆUM.)

[A fifth volume of the 'Mémoires of M. de Bourrienne' has been published since our notice of the two preceding *Livraisons*. Press of other matter obliges us to postpone an account of it for the present, but in the mean time we extract from it the following tale which the author published as an extempore production of Napoleon, delivered by him in a household circle at the Thuilleries.]

A mysterious being appeared at Rome, pretending to unveil the hidden mysteries of the future, and enveloping itself in shades so impervious that its very sex was a theme of doubt and discussion. Some, in their report of the extraordinary predictions which had been heard to fall from its mouth, ascribed to it a female form and features; while others, in justification of their terrors, endowed it with the aspect of a hideous monster.

This oracle had established itself in one of the suburbs of Rome, in the innermost recesses of a ruined palace, which superstition, with its phantoms, had sufficiently protected against the curiosity of the populace. None could assign the epoch when this singular being had arrived—every thing relating to its existence was involved in impenetrable mystery. Nobody spoke of any thing at Rome but of the Sybil; such was the name conferred on it by common consent; every body burned to consult it, but very few could muster courage enough to cross the threshold of its solitary residence. On approaching this tremendous den, the majority of the curious were seized with a horror which a presentiment of fate could alone explain, and they took to flight as if an invisible hand had thrust them back with violence.

Camillo, a young Roman of noble family, resolved to visit the retreat of this Sybil, and prevailed on Giulio, his intimate friend, to bear him company in the adventure. The latter, of a timid and irresolute character, at first refused to be of this party, not in apprehension of an unknown danger, but dreading to see the salutary veil which concealed from him his future destiny, drawn aside. Nevertheless, he yielded to the entreaties of Camillo. On the appointed day, the friends set off together for the fatal palace; the gate opened as though spontaneously; they entered without pausing—they wandered through the vast untenanted chambers, until finally they found themselves in a gallery closed by a black curtain with the following inscription:—*If you would know your destiny, pass this curtain; but fail not to commence with prayer.* Giulio was violently agitated, and involuntarily fell on his knees. Did he feel himself already under the spell of the mysterious power? After a few moments pause, the youths drew back the curtain, unsheathed their swords, and advanced into the sanctuary. A female figure met them; she was young and even beautiful; but her aspect defied and repelled scrutiny: the cold immobility of death combined strangely with the motion of life in the expression of her countenance. Where

shall we find words to define or depict supernatural beings, the inhabitants of regions where human language is unknown? Giulio felt himself thrilled, and turned his eyes away. Camillo cast down his, and the Sybil asked of them the purpose of their visit, Camillo took on himself the reply. But she heard him not; her whole attention seemed absorbed by Giulio; she became agitated, shuddered, extended her arm as if to seize him, and suddenly started several paces backwards. Camillo repeated the demand to know his destiny. She made a sign of assent to the proposal, and Giulio retired. After a short conference, Camillo rejoined his friend, whom he found sunk in a deep reverie. 'Courage, he said smiling; for my part, I have heard nothing very terrible; the Sybil has promised me that I should marry your sister Giuliana. This marriage was in fact already settled; she has only added that a trifling accident would somewhat retard our union.'

Giulio, in his turn, passed the fatal curtain, and Camillo remained in the gallery. Soon a dreadful shriek was heard it was the voice of Giulio;—Camillo sprung to his assistance. Giulio, was on his knees before the Sybil, who shook a wand above his head, and uttered the terrible words *boundless love! sacrilege! murder!* Camillo, seized with horror, approached Giulio, who, pale and motionless, could hardly support himself. His questions were vain; he could elicit no reply from his friend, who continued to repeat in frenzied accents, *murder! sacrilege!* [these words Napoleon uttered with a most lugubrious accentuation.]

Camillo at last succeeded in conveying Giulio home, and so soon as he could find a pretext to quit him, he ran to the den of the Sybil, resolved again to address her, and compel an explanation: but the palace was entirely deserted; the curtain, the inscription, all was gone; not a trace remained of the sorceress, who was never seen more.

Some weeks elapsed; the day of Camillo's marriage was fixed and Giulio seemed to have recovered his tranquillity. Camillo refrained from questioning him, in the hope that this tremendous scene would thus by degrees be effaced from his remembrance. On the eve of the marriage ceremony, the Marquis de Cosme, the father of Giulio, fell from his horse and though he sustained no serious hurt, this accident deferred the celebration of the nuptials. Giulio, Giuliana, and Camillo, stood around the bed of the Marquis and deplored the delay of their happiness; Camillo struck by a sudden recollection, exclaimed, 'The prediction of the Sybil is accomplished!' All perceived that Giulio was thrown by these words into the greatest agitation; from this moment he shut himself up in his apartment, and avoided all society. He now received no one but a venerable monk, by whom he had been educated, and with him he had long and mysterious conferences. Camillo sought no longer to approach his friend, he felt that it was he whom Giulio most desired to flee from.

At length arrived the ardently expected day; Camillo and Giuliana were united. But Giulio appeared not; he had left the paternal roof, and all attempts to discover him were fruitless. His father was in agony, till, about a month afterwards, he received the following letter:

'Father!—Spare your unavailing search! my resolution is inflexible, nothing can change it. Dispose of your possessions how you will; Giu-

He is dead, henceforth to this world. It has cost my heart much to forsake you, but I fly from a horrid destiny. Adieu! Forget the unhappy Giulio.'

This letter had no date; the messenger was a stranger, and had disappeared as soon as he had delivered it; the Marquis questioned the monk who alone could offer him any chance of recovering his fugitive son. But menaces and intreaties were equally fruitless; the monk was proof alike to all persuasion and intimidation. He avowed himself not ignorant of Giulio's intentions; he had long opposed them, but had found him so firmly resolved, that at length he had deemed it his duty to promote their accomplishment: he knew his place of retreat, but no power on earth could make him betray the secrets confided to him under the seal of confession.

Giulio had gone to Naples, and from thence embarked for Messina, where he proposed to enter into a Dominican convent, which his confessor had recommended to him. Father Ambrosio, superior of the convent, was too sincere in piety, and too enlightened in mind, to take advantage of the troubled imagination of a youth.

It was in vain that Giulio begged him to dispense with the noviciate; he would not for a moment consent to it. Giulio was obliged to endure this trial; but his resolution still remained immovable; he was mastered by a strange superstition, and believed he could not escape his destiny otherwise than by embracing the monastic vocation. The remembrance of the Sybil pursued him, and the words which she had addressed to him incessantly rang in his ears—love unbounded! sacrilege! murder! The cloister seemed the only place where he could shelter himself from love and crime. Unhappy wretch! as if the walls, the rules, or vows of a cloister, could snatch a living man from his destiny!

[It was with an air of profound conviction that Napoleon uttered this reflection; as though he were making a mental application of its elsewhere than to the hero of his narrative. Then, seeing that every countenance in his auditory expressed the highest suspense and curiosity, he resumed from the foregoing apostrophe.]

The year of the noviciate expired. Giulio took the vows. He deemed himself happy, or, at least, felt himself in a degree relieved from the torments he had before suffered. The idea of the sacrifice he had just completed did not for an instant trouble or grieve him. But, on the evening of that solemn day, at the moment when he was about to retire to his cell, he met one of the monks of the convent, who taking his hand pressed it affectionately, and said to him, 'Brother, it is for ever.'

This expression, for ever, struck Giulio. How wonderful indeed is the power of a single word over a feeble spirit! The saying of the monk awakened in him, for the first time, a sense of the extent of the sacrifice he had made. He looked on himself as a person already dead, as one for whom time no longer existed; he fell into a state of gloomy melancholy, and appeared to support with difficulty the burden of life.

Father Ambrosio regarded with feelings of compassion the condition of his youthful pupil, the conviction that Giulio was unhappy, was sufficient to excite the tender interest of the good superior in his favour: it occur-

red to him that occupation might divert his melancholy. With this view, and as Giulio had the gift of eloquence, father Ambrosio appointed him preacher to the convent. His reputation soon spread; and crowds from all parts flocked to hear him. He was young and handsome; and the mystery which enveloped his character, no doubt gave an additional charm to his discourse.

The period approached for celebrating the grand festival of the convent. The King of Naples and his court were to be present; Giulio was chosen to pronounce the panegyric of St. Thomas, the patron.—Vast preparations were made for the occasion. The day at length arrived; the church was thronged, and it was with difficulty that Giulio could make his way through the crowd and reach the pulpit. He had his cowl over his head, but in his efforts to get forward, it fell, and left his face exposed. At that moment he heard a voice exclaim, ‘Good God, how handsome he is!’ Surprised and agitated, he involuntarily turned to whence the sound proceeded, and beheld a woman whose eyes were fixed on him with the most irresistible expression. That instant troubled for ever the existence of these two beings—Giulio delivered his sermon and as soon as he was at liberty retired to his cell, but he was unable to give himself up to his usual meditations. Haunted by the image of the unknown female; feeling sensations to him altogether novel, troubled, disquieted, he could no longer find repose, and yet it seemed to him that his existence had but commenced from the moment when he heard that voice which had reached his heart. He dared not risk a thought on the future. Alas, what good could that bring him? His destiny was irrevocable.

He continued every morning to say mass, and every morning he observed in the same place a woman closely veiled: he recognised the figure of her who had made the fatal exclamation, but he dared not so much as wish to behold her features, for then he should be obliged to avoid her; yet could he not resist the temptation to look constantly on the veil; he watched all the movements of her who wore it; he perceived the palpitations of her heart, and he felt those of his own respond to them. Too weak to tear himself away from the danger, he trembled at the idea of self-examination; his conscience recoiled before the truth. His whole life seemed reduced to a few fleeting moments; the rest of his days were to him as an absolute void. He decided on flight.—‘If she come to the church to-morrow,’ he resolved within himself, ‘I will enter it no more.’ Strengthened by this resolution, he believed himself safe, and already felt more tranquil. The next day he went to say mass somewhat earlier than usual; the unknown lady was not there. When the congregation retired he approached the seat which she usually occupied, and perceiving her prayer book lying there, he opened it, and read on the first page of it the name ‘Teresa.’ He could then call her by her name, and he repeated a thousand times that name, already cherished. Teresa! Teresa! he murmured, as if fearing to be heard, although himself alone was present. Teresa did not appear, and Giulio no longer scrupled to say mass as usual: days and weeks past, Teresa came not.

Teresa, the wife of a respectable old man, whom she loved as she would love a father, had been happy in the performance of the routine of her

duties, and dreamt of no other degree of happiness than that which had fallen to her lot. She beheld Giulio, and from that moment her peace of mind was gone. The soul of Teresa was of that ardent nature that the first real sentiment she felt would necessarily inspire her through life. Already she adored Giulio. Until the fatal moment when she first saw him, her husband had been the confidant of all her thoughts, but she never spoke to him of Giulio. This mystery was painful to her, and made her accuse herself. She felt that there was a peril to be avoided, and she had the firmness to abstain from attending mass. In the hope of calming the trouble of her heart, she felt the desire to resort to confession, and resolved for that purpose to go once more to the church of the Dominicans. She chose the hour when she knew that Giulio would be otherwise occupied; she entered the confessional, and there on her knees she avowed all that she had felt since the day of the fête at the convent; the pleasure she had had in beholding Giulio day after day, the remorse which had been the consequence of this guilty enjoyment, and the courage which she had exercised in avoiding him. But she owned that her resolution could not much longer hold out. 'What must I do?' she cried: 'have pity, oh father, on a frail sinner.' Her tears flowed in torrents; her agitation was extreme. Scarcely had she ceased speaking when a threatening voice pronounced these words: 'Wretched woman! what! a sacrilege!' Giulio, for it was he whom a fatal hazard had brought to hear this confession, having pronounced these words, rushed from the confessional. Teresa, still on her knees, stopped him, and seizing his robe, in agony supplicated him to withdraw his malediction. She implored him as he would save her life; she besought him for the sake of the love she bore him to recall his curse. Giulio repelled her, but feebly. 'Teresa, Teresa,' he said at last, 'quit this place! My resolution may fail.' At these words Teresa threw herself on his bosom, and fettered him in the chains of her love. 'O, say,' she said, 'say but that you love me before we separate for ever.'

Giulio, alarmed, in despair, trembling to be surprised in such a situation, for one moment returned her caresses, and pressed Teresa to his heart; then on a sudden, as the thought of the prediction rushing across his mind, he swore to flee from her for ever, and without any explanation exacted from her a corresponding oath. Teresa, absorbed in her passion, scarcely heard what he said, but consented to all that he required. Of what importance were words to her? It was enough that she knew he loved her; she doubted not that she should behold him again.

Giulio, when alone, and yielding to his own reflections, trembled as he thought of his imprudence; but it was too late to escape the danger, he could not avoid his destiny. He was already a prey to that boundless love that had been predicted; he had already committed the threatened sacrilege. Had he not avowed his passion in the very church in which he had pronounced his vows of consecration? Yet he had sworn to flee from Teresa for ever. Strange inconsistency of the human heart! what would naturally have been his heaviest punishment proved his only consolation; yet in this painful struggle, either alternative, was one of misery to the wretched Giulio. Teresa was less alarmed; she was a

woman; Giulio loved her; he had declared his passion; she braved the strokes of fate. With what delight she retraced the rapid moments which she has passed; such an hour leaves more recollections than a whole life spent without love. She did not even think of her promises to avoid Giulio; she returned to the church; she saw Giulio, who also appeared as little mindful of his oath. His whole existence was absorbed by his passion; and when he saw Teresa, he thought only of her. Yet they refrained from all intercourse with one another. Giulio, in the absence of Teresa, was tormented by bitter remorse; but a single look from her wrought again over his soul the fatal spell. He resolved to bid her an eternal adieu.

He saw, at the convent gate, a poor woman, with a child, who subsisted by the charity of Teresa; the little Carlo would follow her into the church, carrying her book, and would kneel to his prayers by her side. Giulio, who dared not approach Teresa, charged Carlo to tell her that the Father Giulio would expect her at the confessional the same evening at seven o'clock. What a day was this for Giulio! he trembled at the idea of being alone with Teresa. He feared his courage would fail him; that he should not be able to bid her adieu: he resolved not to see her, but to write to her, and Carlo was entrusted with a letter to give to her on her entering the church. Teresa, on receiving the first message, felt troubled 'What would he have of me,' she said, 'we were so happy!' Yet she did not fail to be in the church at the our mentioned. Carlo delivered the letter to her; she opened it with violent emotion; but what was her despair on reading what Giulio had written!

'Flee, imprudent woman, and come no more to sully the sanctity of this place! banish the recollection of a moment which forms the torment of my life! I never loved you! I will never see you more!' This resolve pierced the heart of Teresa; she would have contended with the upbraidings of her remorse; but Giulio no longer loved her—he had never loved her! Her remorse was less bitter to her than these words.She was seized with a violent fever, her life was in danger; the name of Giulio often hovered on her lips but love protected her even delirium, and that name was never betrayed; she was only heard to murmur, from time to time, in an under breath, 'I never loved you!'

In the mean time, Giulio, was far from having regained his tranquillity. He had not stifled his remorse. His life was still a wretched one. After having declared to Teresa that he no longer loved her, he abandoned himself without reserve to his fatal passion. The sacrifice he had already made, appeared to him sufficient, so terrible had been the effort to write that letter. Ah, had Teresa but known what the writing of those few lines had cost the miserable Giulio, her own grief would have been lightened by the idea of his sufferings. Giulio was a prey to the most distracting inquietude. Three months elapsed, and he had no tidings of Teresa; yet time seemed only to irritate his passion, and he avoided more than ever the society of men. On pretext of the bad state of his health, he procured from Father Ambrogio a dispensation from the performance of all duties beyond the convent. He was continually shut up in his cell, where he yielded to the most gloomy reflections, even indulg-

ing the disorder of his feelings : wanting courage either to subdue his love or to yield to it, tormented, above all, by the anguish of that uncertainty which wears out life without a reminiscence or a hope.

The long illness of Teresa was succeeded by a state of languor no less alarming ; she felt that she was dying, and was desirous of performing the duties enjoined by her religion. Her husband, who loved her tenderly, perceived that some secret grief was hurrying her to an early tomb ; but he respected her silence, and did not allow himself to put to her a single question ; he begged Father Ambrogio, who was held in great veneration, to visit Teresa. * Ambrogio consented, but an unexpected occurrence prevented his keeping his promise ; he charged Giulio to take his place, and to go to the house of the Signer Vivaldi, the husband of Teresa, to pour the balm of religious consolation on the sorrows of a dying woman. Alas ! Giulio, himself a prey to the deepest despair, had but tears and sobs, and not a word of comfort to offer ! He would have excused himself, but in vain. Ambrogio persisted in imposing this duty on him. Giulio therefore obeyed, and repaired to the house of the Signor Vivaldi. He was conducted into an apartment feebly illuminated, and in which a numerous assemblage of friends surrounded the sick bed of a lady ; on his arrival, all retired out of respect to the sacred functions he was come to fulfil, and Giulio remained alone with the patient.

Giulio, agitated with a sensation for which he could not account, remained irresolute and without stirring. ‘Father,’ said the dying woman, ‘is there pity in Heaven reserved for a sinful woman ?’ Scarcely had these words been pronounced when Giulio fell on his knees at the bedside. ‘Teresa ! Teresa !’ he exclaimed ; but who shall describe the emotions they both experienced. All explanation was superfluous ; they loved reciprocally ; Giulio told her all that he had suffered ; all that he had undergone for her, and accused himself for all that she had suffered. ‘Forgive me, oh forgive me ! Teresa, Giulio is yours for ever.’ These words of tenderness revived Teresa ; she could not speak, but she saw Giulio ; she heard his voice ; she pressed his hand ; to die thus appeared to her sweeter than life itself. Giulio threw his arms around her ; he would have prolonged her days at the expense of his own. ‘Thou wilt live—wilt thou not ? Thy beloved is here. Speak, my Teresa ! Am I never to hear thy sweet voice again ?’ The voice of Giulio seemed to recall the strength of Teresa. ‘I love you,’ ‘Giulio I love you,’ she murmured. These words contained as it were the elements of her existence. What more had she need to say ? In such an interview as this the hours passed rapidly ; the certainty of seeing each other again alone could inspire them with resolution to part. Teresa recovered her health ; Giulio saw her daily ; an intimacy delightful to both was established between them ; and Giulio seemed no longer troubled by his scruples and his remorse. All devoted to Teresa, he watched with the tenderest interest the progress of her recovery ; he felt that her life depended on him ; he dared not afflict her, and he construed this pretext into a duty.

Five years had now elapsed since he had quitted Rome ; the day of the anniversary of the fatal prediction, he fell into a reverie of melancholy. Teresa saw his distress, and was anxious to know the cause of it ; she had

never questioned him, but now, resolved to share his griefs, she could not rest without knowing their source. Giulio related to her the story of his interview with the Sybil, and of his flight from the house of his father. In the course of his recital the recollection of the tormenting feelings he had endured were awakened, and he cried, in accents of horror, 'Boundless love! Sacrilege! Murder!'

The emotion of Teresa was great; but the words 'Boundless love' cast a fatal charm over her heart and her imagination; and when Giulio repeated 'Sacrilege! Murder!' she gently added 'Boundless love!' thinking thus to calm his troubled spirits, for to her, love was every thing. At times, Giulio, led away by the violence of his passion, fixed on Teresa a look so ardent that she dared not meet it; she felt her heart beat, with more rapid pulsations, her whole frame trembled, and a dangerous silence succeeded these tumultuous sensations. In the meantime they were happy, for as yet they were not guilty.

Giulio was about this time obliged to absent himself in the performance of an important mission with which he was charged by Father Ambrogio; he had not courage to take a personal leave of Teresa, and he wrote to her, promising a speedy return; but, detained by a thousand obstacles to the conclusion of his negotiation, it was more than a full month before he could again reach Messina. On his arrival he hastened to Teresa, whom he found alone on a terrace overhanging the sea-shore, absorbed in thinking on her love. Never before had she appeared to him so beautiful, so fascinating. Without advising her of his presence, he contemplated her for some time with feelings of ecstasy, but he could not long deny himself the happiness of speaking to her: he pronounced her name, she started, perceived him, and rushed to his arms. Charmed by her tenderness, Giulio returned it with transport; but suddenly casting her from him with a gesture of horror, he fell on his knees, and remained with his hands joined, and his eyes fixed, shook by tremor which affected his whole frame. The deathly paleness and the wild expression of his countenance, joined in rendering this scene one of terror to Teresa; she dared not to approach him, and for the first time was incapable of sharing his emotion. 'Teresa,' he said at last, in a mournful voice, 'it is absolutely necessary that we part: you know not what you have to fear.' Teresa scarcely heard him, but she perceived his agitation, and sought to calm it; but he again repelled her. 'In the name of Heaven,' he cried, 'come not near me.' She stood trembling and motionless; she knew love only by its tenderness, and could not understand its fury. Giulio, impatient of her silence rose abruptly. 'To-morrow,' he said, 'will decide my fate.' And he departed without affording Teresa time to answer him.

The next day Teresa received the following note:

'Teresa, I cannot see you again; I am wretched in your presence; I know that you cannot comprehend what I feel. Teresa, you must give yourself to me, but this you must do of your own free will. Never could I take advantage of your weakness; this you had a proof of yesterday; I tore myself away from your arms, for you did not say, 'I will be yours.' But think well on what you do. We are both lost for ever. Oh! Teresa,

eternal perdition! how terrible are these words; even in thy arms they will disturb my happiness. There is no longer any peace for us. Even death, the only resource to the wretched, is no longer one for us. Tomorrow, if you would see me, and you know under what conditions—tomorrow, I say, you will send Carlo to the church. If he brings your book of prayer, Teresa, I shall understand that you renounce your Giulio; but if he comes without the book, then will you be mine for ever! for ever! It is the word of eternity; how dare we pronounce it? Adieu!

Teresa, gentle and timid by nature, felt alarmed on the perusal of this epistle; the words '*eternal perdition*,' appeared to her a horrible curse. 'Giulio,' she exclaimed, 'we were so happy, why could not the happiness we enjoyed content you?' She knew not on what to resolve; not to see him more seemed impossible; 'and yet,' she said, 'remorse will ever pursue him. Oh, Giulio, you put your destiny in my hands, and to save you I must sacrifice myself.' Carlo was instructed to take Teresa's prayer-book to the church, and to place it on the chair generally occupied by Teresa. As to Giulio, an excess of love, an excess even of remorse, were become a necessity to him; yet, notwithstanding the violence of his passion, he could not bring himself to resolve on possessing Teresa, unless she voluntarily gave herself up to him. Cruel in his weakness he thus sought to cast on her the responsibility of the crime. The church had been some time empty; Giulio expected the coming of Carlo with impatience. He saw him at last approach the chair of Teresa, and place the book on it. He was no longer master of himself; he ran to the spot, took up the book, and giving it again to the boy, ordered him to take it back to his mistress. He remained a long time motionless on the very spot where he had waited the decision of his own lot and of that of Teresa. At last recovering from the confusion into which his troubled thoughts had thrown him, he murmured, 'I will see her again.'

Carlo returned to Teresa, and delivered to her the prayer-book, saying, that Father Giulio had sent it back. Her emotion was great; she felt assured that Giulio would soon be with her, and she went to await his coming on the same terrace where they had last met. He came at length, but sorrowful, gloomy, and advancing with unsteady step. Teresa could read his soul. She had shuddered at the thought of this interview; she had strength enough to decline it; but on seeing the beloved of her heart so wretched, she had courage for nothing but to console him; she was no longer timid and trembling. 'Giulio,' she said to him, 'I am yours.'

Giulio, now the prey of remorse, became abstracted and gloomy even in the presence of Teresa; her most affectionate caresses had no longer the power of softening him. At the same time the love of Teresa had but increased with the sacrifice she had made for his sake; she sighed in secret over the change she perceived in her lover; but she dared not complain of it from the fear of afflicting him; she constantly flattered herself with the hope of rendering him so happy that he would forget all but her. Giulio, far from returning the excess of her affection, accused her as the cause of his miseries 'You it was who seduced me,' he said; 'you have ruined me; but for you my soul had been still pure. His visits became

less frequent, and at last ceased altogether. Teresa inquired for him, went constantly to the church, wrote to him daily. Her letters were returned to her without being opened, and Giulio never quitted his cell. But Teresa had occasion to speak to him to impart to him a new secret—the secret of a mother. What will become of her should he now persist in abandoning her? She learnt that on the following Sunday he was to say mass; she felt that the occasion must not be neglected, more than her own life depended on it, and this idea armed her with courage and strength. She appeared occupied in some important project, which absorbed her entire faculties: the two days previous to that on which she determined to see Giulio were employed in taking measures for a sudden flight which she meditated. The situation of the convent near the sea shore would facilitate the execution of her scheme, as to the place to which they should direct their course, she had not thought on that point; Giulio was to decide on that at his pleasure; for every thing but Giulio had become indifferent to Teresa.

She had hired a small boat, and had arranged every thing with so much prudence and secrecy that not even the least suspicion was entertained of her design; the trouble she was in even spared her the torment of thinking of the obstacles she was likely to encounter. The day so impatiently looked for, arrived at last, and Teresa, enveloped in a long black veil, placed herself near the altar. Giulio could not distinguish her while she was able to observe every look and movement of his; and when the congregation had departed she glided behind a column near which he must necessarily pass on returning to the cloisters. As he approached she perceived that he was more than ever a prey to grief: his arms were crossed on his breast; his head inclined forwards, he moved with the slow and dragging step of a criminal. These symptoms of his despair excited in Teresa the most lively emotion; she would have sacrificed her own life to procure repose for him; but hesitation was no longer in her power; the innocent being to whom she would soon give life seemed to demand of her a father. She presented herself to Giulio. ‘Stop Giulio,’ she cried, ‘I must speak with you; you must listen to me. I will not quit you until you have given me the key of the garden of your convent. I *must* have it. Oh! Giulio, it is no longer *my* life alone that depends on you.’ At this words Giulio felt as if awakened from a frightful dream. ‘Wretched woman,’ he exclaimed, ‘what is it you say? Begone! Flee from this place.’ But Teresa threw herself at his feet, and vowed that she would not quit him until he had complied with her demand. Giulio endeavoured in vain to release himself; all his efforts were useless; Teresa appeared endowed with a strength beyond her nature. ‘Swear to me,’ she said, ‘to meet me at midnight.’ While she urged him with vehemence to make her this promise, a slight noise was heard, he gave her the key. ‘At midnight,’ he repeated, and they separated. At midnight, accordingly, Teresa repaired to the garden; the night was overcast and dark; she dared not call, for fear of being discovered, but she soon heard the steps of a person approaching. It was Giulio. ‘What would you have of me?’ he said, ‘speak quickly; our time is short. Cease, I conjure you, to follow a wretch who can never render you happy. I love you

Teresa! Without you, life is to me an insupportable burden; but with you, my remorse is a torment which it is beyond my strength to endure, poisons even my sweetest moments. You have witnessed my despair. How often had I accused you with it! Forgive me, my beloved forgive me. It is just that I myself am punished. I have renounced you, and may this sacrifice be an expiation of my crime.' He ceased to speak; his anguish prevented his continuing. Teresa sought to console him, to paint to him a future more fraught with happiness. 'Giulio,' she said, 'had it been for my own sake alone, I should not have dared to come to seek you here. No more than you should I have feared death; but the pledge of your love demands that we should live; come then, Giulio, let us depart together, all is ready for our flight.' Giulio, in his extreme agitation, allowed her to lead him forward, another moment, and they would have been united for ever. But on a sudden, he disengaged himself from the arm of Teresa, 'No,' he cried, 'never!' and he plunged a poignard in her bosom.

[On pronouncing these words, Bonaparte approached the empress, with a gesture, as if he was drawing a poignard. The illusion was so strong, that the ladies present threw themselves between him and his consort, with a cry of alarm. Bonaparte, like a perfect actor, continued his recital, without appearing sensible to the effect it had produced.]

Teresa fell, and Giulio was covered with her blood. He remained motionless regarding the corpse with the eye of a maniac. Day began to break, the bell of the convent summoned to morning prayer. Giulio raised the lifeless body of her he had loved so tenderly, and cast it into the sea. Then, with a hurried pace, and beside himself, he repaired to the church; his tunic stained with blood; the poignard, with which he had perpetrated the deed, still in his hand, clearly denounced the murderer. He was siezed without resistance. Giulio disappeared for ever.

[The Empress urged the Emperor to add some details as to the end of Giulio; he briefly replied:]—'*The secrets of the cloister are impenetrable.*'

SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS, NO. I.

[FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NO. CVIII.]

Dick Ferret.

"Yes, from the table of my memory."—SHAKESPEARE.

It is by no means a pleasant thing to be stared and pointed at as an object of singularity. Fops and coxcombs are of a different opinion; but since (thanks to an unambitious tailor, and just so much of common sense as serves to protect me from knocking my head against every post I see.) I am not a member of either of those ancient fraternities, I have felt with extreme acuteness the inconvenience of my position. In society public or private, in the streets, at the theatre, at table, at the club, have I been subjected to this annoyance. Often, when opportunity has served, I have approached a glass, expecting to find that some wag had taken advantage of my "innocent sleep" to black my face, or pin a napkin to my coat, or stick pens, porcupine-wise, in my hair—the most approved witticisms of your practical Congreves: but such has not proved to be the case; and too proud or too indolent to enquire, I might still have remained ignorant of the cause of my attracting, for some time past, such pointed and distressing notice, but for the visit, the other morning, of our friend Dick Ferret. I say *our* friend, because every body knows Dick, and Dick knows every body! but for the enlightenment of the few nobodies who are unacquainted with him, I will give a slight sketch of his person and character.

Dick, I take it, is about six-and-twenty, though I have heard it asserted that he is considerably older. He is tall, standing about six feet two and a half inches; and if I am not inclined to agree with those who would rank him in "the first order of fine forms," it is because he is somewhat too slim, in proportion to his height. His face is thin, and "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;" and his hair, which is ravenblack, falls in profuse ringlets over his shoulders. His eye is small but dark, intelligent, piercing; and almost seems to possess the wonderful power of looking at, over, under, into, and through you at a single glance. This feature is strikingly indicative of an alleged quality of his mind, which will presently be noticed. His gait is measured, slow, and solemn. With respect to dress, he is negligent in the extreme; I had almost said slovenly. This, in my opinion, is the only point at which Dick lies open to rebuke; for of his moral and social qualities, it may truly be said they are without a flaw. His piety is unsullied by the slightest tinge of moroseness; his abstemiousness—for he never tastes but of one dish, nor ventures beyond a second glass of wine—renders him not unindulgent towards those who more easily yield to

the allurements of the table. He is good-humoured, good natured, and well-meaning. His learning is perhaps, more varied than profound; his mind is stored with facts and anecdotes accumulated in the course of his two voyages round the world, and three pedestrian journeys over Europe and Asia; and since, in addition to all this, like Desdemona, he "sings, plays, and dances well;" it will readily be admitted that his accomplishments are amply sufficient for the pleasurable purposes of society. The only drawback to their display is a natural reservedness, amounting almost to shyness, which it will sometimes require all the ingenuity of his friends, by a gradual and dexterous drawing-out, to overcome. Now, were I to stop here, it might be said that I had drawn a faultless monster; in justice, therefore, to our friend, I must reduce him to within the limits of human perfection. I have already alluded to an alleged quality of his mind, and that is—Inquisitiveness. I say *alleged*, because I, for my own part, am unwilling to admit its existence—at least, as a distinguishing trait in his character. All men are desirous of obtaining knowledge and information; all men are anxious to know what is going on in the world; all men, to attain these ends, must, in some way or other, ask questions, or, to use the other term, be inquisitive; and where is the real difference between pumping a book or a newspaper at your breakfast, and pumping your friends and acquaintance at any time later in the day? The difference, if any there be, is in the manner not in the thing, and Dick's manner is all-to-nothing the best inasmuch as it is less trying to the eyes than poring over small print. It proves nothing that R—— one day, finding amongst the visiting cards on his table a small scrap of paper with merely a note of interrogation marked on it, said to his servant—"If Mr. Ferret should call again, I shall be happy to see him;" and even if it did, Dick is so rich in good qualities, that he can well afford so trifling a set-off against them.

I was busy arranging some papers, when Dick Ferret entered my room. Scarcely had he taken his seat ere I was convinced, by his look and manner, that his good natured soul was agonized by the necessity imposed on him, by his ardent and sincere friendship for me, of communicating something which he knew must occasion me pain or uneasiness. Dick (unlike your meddling tale-bearers, who fetch and carry with a malicious intent), disdaining the petty arts of hint, insinuation, and innuendo, went directly to the point, and, with his customary frankness, thus he began:—

"My dear fellow, you—I—a-hem!—you are a sensitive man, and pay more attention to such things than they deserve. For my part, I don't believe it, and so I said at the time."

"What time? and what don't you believe?"

"There, now! I knew it would make you uneasy. You are wrong; it is not worth your attention. Besides, if people do point at you as a person affecting singularity, how can you help it? But mind, I don't say they do, I merely say if they do."

"To speak the truth, Ferret, I have fancied as much for some time past, and shall be glad if you can acquaint me with the cause of it."

"There, again! Now you are wrong—I must use the liberty of a friend to tell you you are *very* wrong. Why need you care about it?"

It isn't pleasant, to be sure, but one can't go all over London to stop people's tongues. As to the cause, as I said at the time, every man has a right, in these matters, to do as he likes. But between ourselves, I didn't think it friendly on his part to urge the subject against you in the way he did; and so I told him."

"Then you *are* acquainted with the cause? And to whom do you allude?"

"Nobody—nothing. Now mind, I know nothing, and I have told you nothing, so you have heard nothing from me. A-hem! Have you seen our friend Willoughby lately?"

"A week ago. We shall dine together to-morrow."

"Shall you!!! Well—I am glad of it—*very* glad. I don't like to see old friendships broken up. I know you *did* entertain a very great regard for him, and so did he for you—I know he did—and, indeed, so he ought, for you have rendered him some services."

"Nothing of any importance. But what is this to lead to?"

"But I tell you you have, and you know it; and you'll be good friends again one of these days, notwithstanding."

"Notwithstanding what!"

"Pooh, pooh! you must not notice it—when you meet, you must give him your hand as usual—I tell you, you must. Every body knows Willoughby: he does not mean half the ill-natured things he says; and he is sorry for it when he has said them. But then the mischief is done,—Eh? Yet he is a good fellow at bottom, and you must not mind this. You will dine with him to-morrow, notwithstanding,—Or does he dine with you?—or perhaps you are to meet some-where?—Where?"

"Now, Ferret, you have led me to suspect that Willoughby has said something to my discredit: it was at your option whether or not to remain silent upon the subject altogether; but since you have chosen to say so much, I consider you bound to declare all you know."

"Say! what have I said? I have said nothing. Can you imagine I would go about repeating what I hear at a private table?"

"No; for the certain penalty for such a proceeding would be your exclusion from such table ever after. But, as I have already intimated, you have said either too much or too little, and have now bound yourself to —."

"Again I tell you, you are wrong to be in the least annoyed at it; for what was there in it, after all? Nothing—a-hem!—at least, there would have been nothing in it had he said it to me privately. But between ourselves—and this I say to you as a friend—he *oughtn't* to have said it in the presence of few others, all friends and acquaintance of your's—for every one of them will find a different motive for your conduct—there he was wrong, and so I told him at the time."

"And in what point is my conduct open to so many and various opinions?"

"What need you care about their opinions? You are not obliged to print your 'Life' unless you think proper."

"Print my 'Life' what in the sacred name of Foolery do you mean?"

"I said so; the very thing I said. But you know Willoughby's way

when he gets a crotchet into his head—he runs wild—there is no stopping him. He said it was a *bad* piece of affectation—that you purposely abstained from so doing in order to render yourself conspicuous—singular; that, except yourself, there was not a man, woman, or child past the age of twenty but had published his, her, or its ‘*Memoirs*,’ ‘*Life* and ‘*Times*,’ ‘*Reminiscences*,’ or ‘*Personal Narrative*,’ at the very least; that it was the fashion, the mania, the frenzy of the times; that nothing but your immeasurable vanity prevented your doing as others did, and that when this means of exciting notice was exhausted, you would be seen walking about the streets, dressed in a pink silk coat, red-heeled shoes, and a feather-rimmed hat.”

So, now the murder was out—the grievance I have complained of was explained. “And Willoughby did really make such a charge against me?” said I.

“Why now, my dear fellow—you don’t know it from me—I have told you nothing—what have I said?—you mustn’t say I told you this. Besides, he is your friend; he meant it for the best, and you *ought* to follow his advice.”

“But, even were I so inclined, I have scarcely any thing to relate worth listening to.”

“Pooh, pooh! you have, I know you have, and you know it too. You have lived a good deal in the world; have seen and known many remarkable people; and have in your possession many curious letters. I know you have—haven’t you? Yes, yes, you must—Eh?”

“Psha! I despise the pettifogging process of nightly recording the conversations of the day; of noting down the careless joke, or the half-serious half-jesting opinion heedlessly thrown off at the convivial board; of accumulating letters intended only for the friendly eye; and all this for the purpose (a purpose of doubtful propriety, at the best,) of filling a quarto to be published at the first convenient opportunity.”

“I didn’t say a *quarto*.”

“I won’t quarrel with you about the size: make it an octavo—a duodecimo, if you will, my objection is the same; nor would it be lessened by thrusting portraits and autographs into the book.”

“Your portrait! my dear fellow, I said nothing about your portrait. But will you think of the matter?”

Perceiving that my sincere and excellent friend had the subject deeply at heart, and, at the same time, to put an end to the conversation, I told him I would consider of it. “But for Willoughby,” added I, “who has exhibited this, my foible, in the worst possible point of view, I have done with him.”

“There you are wrong,” said Ferret; “he meant no harm; and when you meet, you must shake hands with him as usual. He is your friend—I know he is; but he has a dangerous tongue, and I told him so. I can’t bear to see old friends disunited; and *after a few mouths or so*, when the affair has blown over, he’ll be sorry for what he said and I *shouldn’t wonder* to see you as good friends again as ever.”

“Well, that is as it may be. But one word at parting, Ferret. I have promised you that I will consider of this subject, but don’t mention to any one that you have even hinted the matter to me.”

"Not a soul. You know me;—hear, see, and say nothing, is the rule of my life. I never ask questions, I never repeat what I hear. And you, my dear fellow—I have told you nothing about our friend Willoughby—you know nothing from me. Don't mention my name in the business—promise me."

"I promise. Good morning, Dick."

The instant I was left to myself, I wrote a formal note to my friend Willoughby, declining the pleasure of meeting him on the following day. (By the by, we have met since, and I understand he is utterly at a loss to account for my evident coldness towards him; but being under a promise of secrecy to our friend Ferret, I am not at liberty to enlighten him as to the cause.)

Scarcely had I sealed my note when in came A——.

"Well," said he, "when do you expect to get it out?"

"Out! What?"

"Oh, I just now met our friend Ferret, who told me *in confidence*. But I agree with him: Memoirs and correspondence, in three volumes, quarto, will lead the public to expect too much."

Before I had time to reply, Mr. B—— entered the room.

"I have just parted with our friend Ferret. I like your title: 'Mems. on Men, and Thoughts on things;' but I am quite of his opinion—stuffing it all into one volume small octavo, will be looked upon as a sorry piece of mock-modesty."

Next came C——.

"Better late than never," said Mr. C——; "I commend you for the intention, although you are somewhat late in the field. You must not be angry with our good friend Ferret for trusting me with the secret—I hold it confidentially, and it shall go no farther. But I can't help agreeing with him—not as to publishing in eight volumes octavo, because if you can fill them pleasantly there will be no harm done—but the portrait—(and he mentioned this with unfeigned concern, for he is a warm friend of your's,)—placing, as a frontispiece, a portrait of yourself in a red velvet cap, with the fore-finger of your left-hand pressing your temples, a pen as big as an ostrich feather in your right-hand, and your right foot resting on a pea green satin cushion, is—I agree with him—an instance of vanity—excuse my frankness—to be equalled only by the absurdity—pardon the word—of announcing your 'Voyages, Travels, Life, and Adventures,' as intended for the use of schools!"

I had no time for explanation or reply, for I was visited in rapid succession by D——, E——, F——, G——, and the rest of the alphabet, each with a different version of a story which was not absolutely untrue, inasmuch as it had the very slightest possible foundation in truth.

"This is unendurable," exclaimed I; "you all know our friend Ferret; he is incapable of uttering a falsehood, but his imagination is peculiarly constructed. He is what I would call a beau-idealist; he sees and hears things as they are; he describes and relates them as they ought to be. You show him an acorn, he thinks of an oak, he describes a forest. 'Tis thus he has led you into error upon the present occasion. He suggested to me the necessity of my following the fashion of Life-and-Times-writing; I gave no positive promise that I would. But admitting

that I did, I admit no more, than that the stuff, the ground-work, is my own; for the exquisite and elaborate embroidery—the three quartos, the eight octavos, the velvet cap, and pea-green satin cushion, I am indebted to his—*beau idealism*. I never even thought of aspiring to the dignity of a volume. The most I ever contemplated was to furnish from time to time, to the lighter pages of the New Monthly, a few ‘Sketches’ (of character) and ‘Recollections’ of persons and events. At all events, I now find myself bound to the undertaking, and when, in some shape or other, I shall have contributed my quota to this most craving appetite of the time—when I shall have published my *Memoirs and Reminiscences*—I trust I shall receive the usual reward of such a labour—that of being allowed to sink into quiet obscurity.” P*.

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

From the Italian of Cassiani.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, NO. CLIX.]

The virgin of Sicilia shriek'd with fright,
 The flowers she scatter'd as she turn'd away
 From the rapacious hand that stopp'd her flight,
 And shrunk into herself in fell dismay.

With Stygian soot begrimed, the god of night
 Impress'd a burning kiss while thus she lay,
 Staining with grisly beard the ivory light
 Of her fair bosom in its disarray.

Now that the ravisher had clasp'd her round,
 With his right hand his horrid chin she push'd;
 And with the other veil'd her trembling eyes:

Now the dark car receives them—while the skies
 The hollow thunder of the wheels resound,
 'Mid female shrieks, as onward down they rush'd.

THE MARVELLOUS HISTORY OF MYNHEER VON WODENBLOCK.

BY HENRY G. BELL.

[FROM THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL, NO. 47.]

He who has been at Rotterdam, will remember a house of two stories which stands in the suburbs just adjoining the basin of the canal that runs between that city and the Hague, Leyden, and other places. I say he will remember it, for it must have been pointed out to him as having been once inhabited by the most ingenious artist that Holland ever produced, to say nothing of his daughter, the prettiest maiden ever born within hearing of the croaking of a frog. It is not with the fair Blanche, unfortunately, that we have at present any thing to do; it is with the old gentleman her father. His profession was that of a surgical-instrument maker, but his fame principally rested on the admirable skill with which he constructed wooden and cork legs. So great was his reputation in this department of human science, that they whom nature or accident had curtailed, caricatured, and disappointed in so very necessary an appendage to the body, came limping to him in crowds, and, however desperate their case might be, were very soon (as the saying is) set upon their legs again. Many a cripple, who had looked upon his deformity as incurable, and whose only consolation consisted in an occasional sly hit at Providence for having intrusted his making to a journey-man, found himself so admirably fitted,—so elegantly propped up by Mynheer Turningvort, that he almost began to doubt whether a timber or cork supporter was not, on the whole, superior to a more common place and troublesome one of flesh and blood. And, in good truth if you had seen how very handsome and delicate were the understandings fashioned by the skillful artificer, you would have been puzzled to settle the question yourself, the more especially if in your real toes, you were ever tormented with gout or corns.

One morning, just as Master Turningvort was giving its final smoothness and polish to a calf and ankle, a messenger entered his *studio*, to speak classically, and requested that he would immediately accompany him to the mansion of Mynheer Von Wodenblock. It was the mansion of the richest merchant in Rotterdam, so the artist put on his best wig, and set forth with his three-cornered hat in one hand, and his silver-headed stick in the other. It so happened that Mynheer Von Wodenblock had been very laudably employed, a few days before, in turning a poor relation out of doors, but in endeavouring to hasten the odious wretch's progress down stairs by a slight impulse *a posteriore*, (for Mynheer seldom stood upon ceremony with poor relations,) he had unfortunately lost his balance, and tumbling headlong from the top to the bottom, he

found, on recovering his senses, that he had broken his right leg, and that he had lost three teeth. He had at first some thoughts of having his poor relation tried for murder; but being naturally of a merciful disposition, he only sent him to jail on account of some unpaid debt, leaving him there to enjoy the comfortable reflection, that his wife and children were starving at home. A dentist soon supplied the invalid with three teeth, which he had pulled out of an indigent poet's head at the rate of ten stivers a-piece, but for which he prudently charged the rich merchant one hundred dollars. The doctor, upon examining his leg, and recollecting that he was at that moment rather in want of a subject, cut it carefully off, and took it away with him in his carriage to lecture upon it to his pupils. So Mynheer Wodenblock, considering that he had been hitherto accustomed to walk and not to hop, and being, perhaps, somewhat prejudiced in favour of the former mode of locomotion, sent for our friend at the canal basin, in order that he might give directions about the representative, with which he wished to be supplied for his lost member.

The artificer entered the wealthy burgher's apartment. He was reclining on a couch, with his left leg looking as respectable as ever, but with his unhappy right stump wrapped up in bandages, as if conscious and ashamed of its own littleness. "Turningvort, you have heard of my misfortune; it has thrown me into a fever, and all Rotterdam into confusion; but let that pass. You must make me a leg; and it must be the best leg, sir, you ever made in your life." Turningvort bowed. "I do not care what it costs;" Turningvort bowed yet lower; "provided it out-does every thing you have yet made of a similar sort. I am for none of your wooden spindleshanks. Make it of cork; let it be light and elastic; and cram it as full of springs as a watch. I know nothing of the business, and cannot be more specific in my directions; but this I am determined upon, that I shall have a leg as good as the one I have lost. I know such a thing is to be had, and if I get it from you, your reward is a thousand guineas. The Dutch Prometheus declared, that to please Mynheer Von Wodenblock, he would do more than human ingenuity had ever done before, and undertook to bring him, within six days, a leg which would laugh to scorn the mere common legs possessed by common men.

This assurance was not meant as an idle boast. Turningvort was a man of speculative as well as practical science and there was a favourite discovery which he had long been endeavouring to make, and in accomplishing which, he imagined he had at last succeeded that very morning. Like all other manufacturers of terrestrial legs, he had ever found the chief difficulty in his progress towards perfection, to consist in its being, apparently impossible to introduce into them any thing in the shape of joints, capable of being regulated by the will, and of performing those important functions achieved under the present system, by means of the admirable mechanism of the knee and ankle. Our philosopher had spent years in endeavouring to obviate this grand inconvenience, and though he had undoubtedly made greater progress than any body else, it was not

till now that he believed himself completely master of the great secret. His first attempt to carry it into execution was to be in the leg he was about to make for Mynheer Von Wodenblock.

It was on the evening of the sixth day from that to which I have already alluded, that with this magic leg, carefully packed up, the acute artisan again made his appearance before the expecting and impatient Wodenblock. There was a proud twinkle in Turningvort's grey eye, which seemed to indicate, that he valued even the thousand guineas, which he intended for Blanche's marriage portion, less than the celebrity, the glory, the immortality, of which he was at length so sure. He untied his precious bundle, and spent some hours in displaying and explaining to the delighted burgher the number of additions he had made to the internal machinery, and the purpose which each was intended to serve. The evening wore away in these discussions concerning wheels within wheels, and springs acting upon springs. When it was time to retire to rest, both were equally satisfied of the perfection of the work; and at his employer's earnest request, the artist consented to remain where he was for the night, in order that early next morning he might fit on the limb, and see how it performed its duty.

Early next morning all the necessary arrangements were completed, and Mynheer Von Wodenblock walked forth to the street in ecstasy, blessing the inventive powers of one who was able to make so excellent a hand of his leg. It seemed indeed to act to admiration; in the merchant's mode of walking, there was no stiffness, no effort, no constraint. All the joints performed their office without the aid of either bone or muscle. Nobody, not even a connoisseur in lameness, would have suspected that there was any thing uncommon, any great collection of accurately adjusted clock-work under the full well-slashed pantaloons of the substantial-looking Dutchman. Had it not been for a slight tremulous motion occasioned by the rapid whirling of about twenty small wheels in the interior, and a constant clicking, like that of a watch, though somewhat louder, he would even himself have forgotten that he was not, in all respects, as he used to be, before he lifted his right foot to bestow a parting benediction on his poor relation.

He walked along in the renovated buoyancy of his spirits till he came in sight of the Stadt House; and just at the foot of the flight of steps that lead up to the principal door, he saw his old friend, Mynheer Vanouter, waiting to receive him. He quickened his pace, and both mutually held out their hands to each other by way of congratulation, before they were near enough to be clasped in a friendly embrace. At last the merchant reached the spot where Vanouter stood; but what was that worthy man's astonishment to see him, though he still held out his hand, pass quickly by, without stopping, even for a moment to say, "How d'ye do?" But this seeming want of politeness arose from no fault of our hero's. His own astonishment was a thousand times greater, when he found that he had no power whatever to determine either when, where or how his leg was to move. So long as his own wishes happened to coincide with the manner

in which the machinery seemed destined to operate, all had gone on smoothly ; and he had mistaken his own tacit compliance with its independent and self-acting powers for a command over it which he now found he did not possess. It had been his most anxious desire to stop to speak with Mynheer Vanoutern but his leg moved on, and he found himself under the necessity of following it. Many an attempt did he make to slacken his pace, but every attempt was vain. He caught hold of the rails, walls, and houses, but his leg tugged so violently, that he was afraid of dislocating his arms, and was obliged to go on. He began to get seriously uneasy as to the consequences of this most unexpected turn which matters had taken ; and his only hope was, that the amazing and unknown powers, which the complicated construction of his leg seemed to possess, would speedily exhaust themselves. Of this however, he could as yet discover no symptoms.

He happened to be going in the direction of the Leyden Canal ; and when he arrived in sight of Mynheer Turningvort's house, he called loudly upon the artificer to come to his assistance. The artificer looked out from his window with a face of wonder. " Villain !" cried Wodenblock, " come out to me this instant !—You have made me a leg with a vengeance !—It won't stand still for a moment. I have been walking straight forward ever since I left my own house, and, unless you stop me yourself, Heaven only knows how much farther I may walk.—Don't stand gaping there, but come out and relieve me, or I shall be out of sight, and you will not be able to overtake me." The mechanician grew very pale ; he was evidently not prepared for this new difficulty. He lost not a moment, however, in following the merchant to do what he could towards extricating him from so awkward a predicament. The merchant, or rather the merchant's leg, was walking very quick, and Turningvort, being an elderly man, found it no easy matter to make up to him. He did so at last, nevertheless, and, catching him in his arms, lifted him entirely from the ground. But the stratagem (if so it may be called) did not succeed, for the innate propelling motion of the leg hurried him on along with his burden at the same rate as before. He set him therefore down again, and stooping, pressed violently on one of the springs that protruded a little behind. In an instant the unhappy Mynheer Von Wodenblock was off like an arrow, calling out in the most piteous accents,—“ I am lost ! I am lost ! I am possessed by a devil in the shape of a cork leg ! Stop me ! for Heaven's sake, stop me ! I am breathless—I am fainting ! Will nobody shatter my leg to pieces ? Turningvort ! Turningvort ! you have murdered me !” The artist, perplexed and confounded, was hardly in a situation more to be envied. Scarcely kowing what he did, he fell upon his knees, clasped his hands, and with strained and staring eyeballs, looked after the richest merchant in Rotterdam, running with the speed of an enraged buffalo, away along the canal towards Leyden, and bellowing for help as loudly as his exhaustion would permit.

Leyden is more than twenty miles from Rotterdam, but the sun had not yet set, when the Misses Backsneider, who were sitting at their parlour window, immediately opposite the “ Golden Lion,” drinking

tea, and nodding to their friends as they passed, saw some one coming at furious speed along the street. His face was pale as ashes, and he gasped fearfully for breath; but, without turning either to the right or the left, he hurried by at the same rapid state, and was out of sight almost before they had time to exclaim, "Good gracious! was not that Mynheer Von Wodenblock, the rich merchant of Rotterdam."

Next day was Sunday. The inhabitants of Haarlem were all going to church, in their best attire, to say their prayers, and hear their great organ, when a being rushed across the market-place like an animated corpse, —white, blue, cold, and speechless, his eyes fixed, his lips livid, his teeth set, and his hands clenched. Every one cleared away for it in silent horror; and there was not a person in Haarlem, who did not believe it a dead body endowed with the power of motion.

On it went through village and town, towards the great wilds and forests of Germany. Weeks, months years, past on, but at intervals the horrible shape was seen, and still continues to be seen, in various parts of the north of Europe. The clothes however, which he who was once Mynheer Von Wodenblock used to wear, have all mouldered away; the flesh, too, has fallen from his bones and he is now a skeleton—a skeleton in all but the cork leg, which still, in its original rotundity and size, continues attached to the spectral form, a *perpetuum mobile*, dragging the wearied bones for ever and for ever over the earth!

May all good saints protect us from broken legs! and may there never again appear a mechanician like Turningvot, to supply us with cork substitutes of so awful and mysterious a power!

THE SISTERS OF SCIO.

[FROM THE LITERARY SOUVENIR FOR 1830.]

"Yes, weep, my sister! weep, till from the heart
The weight flow forth in tears—yet sink thou not!
I bind my sorrow to a lofty part,
For thee, my gentle one! Our orphan lot
To meet in quenchless trust; my soul is strong—
Thou, too, wilt rise in holy night, ere long.
A breath of our free heavens and noble sires,
A memory of our old victorious dead;
These mantle me with power; and though their fires
In a frail censer briefly may be shed,
Yet shall they light us onward, side by side;
Have the wild birds, and have not *we* a Guide?
Cheer, then, beloved! on whose meek brow is set
Our Mother's image—in whose voice a tone,
A faint, sweet sound of hers is lingering yet,
An echo of our childhood's music gone;
Cheer then! Thy sister's heart and faith are high;
Our faith is one—with thee I live and die!"

WORDSWORTH'S SONNETS.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, NO. CLX.]

It is chiefly by his sonnets that Wordsworth will be known to posterity. Boileau says,—

“ Un sonnet sans défaut vaut seul un long poëme,
Mais en vain mille auteurs y pensent arriver ;
A peine——
—Peut on admirer deux ou trois entre mille.”

If we consider how many have attempted, and how few have succeeded in this species of composition, we shall acknowledge the truth of the latter part of the above assertion. The very shortness of the sonnet is its difficulty. Like the man who had not time to write a short letter, many authors, more especially in the present day, seem to have no leisure to condense their thoughts. They are able, indeed, to pour out their unpremeditated verse with much facility ; and if they be men of real talent, some merit will undoubtedly be found in their composition ; but this merit must necessarily be of an expanded kind. Water runs apace—richer potations issue more slowly from the cask. Now a sonnet is worth nothing unless it condense the elasticity of thought into its own small compass. We do not require that a hogshead should be filled with otto of roses ; but we do demand that the small and portable vial should contain a precious essence. When we read the sonnets of Milton, or of Warton, we feel that each of them is the result of more thought, and more tends to produce thought in others, than many a long poem which has issued from a mind of weaker stuff. On this ground, more than on account of their nonconformity to the sonnet rules, I should deny the name of sonnet to the compositions of Bowles, or Mrs Charlotte Smith. They may be pretty songs, or pathetic elegies, but they are not sonnets. They were popular, for they neither resulted from deep thought, nor required deep thought for the comprehension of them. The sonnets of Shakspeare and Milton (however admired by the few) have never been popular, because they address themselves to the understanding as well as the heart, to the imagination rather than to the fancy. Of this stamp are the sonnets of Wordsworth. They may therefore fail to delight the popular palate in an equal degree with (as some wit called them) “ Mrs. Charlotte Smith’s whipt syllabubs in black glasses ;” but they will be dear to the lovers of original excellence as long as any thinking minds can be found in the community. They will be remembered—for there is something in a good sonnet peculiarly rememberable. “ Brevity,” says Shakspeare, “ is the soul of wit ;” and inasmuch as the soul survives the body, condensed wisdom also possesses a principle of longevity beyond the “ thews and outward flourishes” of wordy rhetoric. Proverbs live, while wholeæpics perish.

Amongst Wordsworth's miscellaneous sonnets (and they are numerous) there is scarcely one which is not good—there are many which are strikingly fine. They are all written after the strictest model of the legitimate sonnet, which from its artful construction and repeated rhymes, presents many difficulties to the composer; and yet there is an ease in Wordsworth's management of the sonnet, which proves that this is a kind of composition the most congenial, the most fitted to his powers. The lines are sufficiently broken to prevent the repetition of the same rhymes from palling on the ear; yet not so much as altogether to prevent their recurrence from being perceived, (a fault by no means uncommon,) so as to confound the distinction between rhyme and blank verse. The subjects are varied; and from Wordsworth's sonnets it would be easy to select specimens of the descriptive, the pathetic, the playful, the majestic, the fanciful, the imaginative. I have already presented my reader with a glorious example of Wordsworth's majestic style, in the sonnet to Milton. I will now, therefore, confine myself to one other specimen, which appears to me to combine many of the characteristics which I have mentioned distinctively above:

“Where lies the land to which yon ship must go?
 Festively she puts forth in trim array,
 As vigorous as a lark at break of day;
 Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?
 What boots th' enquiry?—Neither friend nor foe
 She cares for; let her travel where she may,
 She finds familiar names, a beaten way
 Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
 Yet still I ask, what Haven is her mark?
 And, almost as it was when ships were rare,
 (From time to time, like pilgrims, here and there
 Crossing the waters,) doubt and something dark,
 Of the old Sea some reverential fear
 Is with thee at thy farewell, joyous Bark!”

Here we have beautiful description, majesty of numbers, a lively fancy, a touch of pathos, and a fine exercise of the imaginative powers. I cannot conclude this branch of my subject, without pointing out to the reader's notice, more especially, Wordsworth's Introductory Sonnet, that on the extinction of the Venetian Republic, and the series of Sonnets on the river Duddon. That, in particular, which begins,

“Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour,”

is a fine instance of the vigour with which an original mind can refresh a hackneyed theme. It is rather unlike the sonnets of young ladies and young masters on the same subject.

A STORY OF THE FORTY-SIX.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

[FROM THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL, NO. 59.]

On the 17th of July, 1746, there was a tall raw-boned Highlander came into the house of Inch-Crory, the property of Stewart Shaw, Esq., in which there was apparently no person at the time but Mrs. Shaw and her three daughters, for the Laird was in hiding, having joined the Mackintoshes, and lost two sons at Culloden. This Highlander told the lady of the house that his name was Sergeant Campbell, and that he had been commissioned to search the house for her husband, as well as for Cluny, Loch-Garry, and other proscribed rebels. Mrs. Shaw said, that she would rather the rudest of Cumberland's English officers had entered her house to search for the Prince's friends, than one of the Argyle Campbells—those unnatural ruffians, who had risen against their lawful Prince, to cut their brethren's throats.

The Highlander, without being in the least ruffled, requested her to be patient, and added, that at all events the ladies were safer from insult in a countryman's hands, than in the hands of an English soldier. The lady denied it, and in the haughtiest manner flung him the keys, saying, that she hoped some of hers would yet see the day when the rest of the clans would get their feet on the necks of the Campbells. He lifted the keys, and instantly commenced a regular and strict scrutiny; and just as he was in the act of turning out the whole contents of a wardrobe, the lady in the meanwhile, saying the most cutting things to him that she could invent, he stood straight up, looked her steadily in the face, and pointed to a bed, shaking his hand at the same time. Simple as that motion was, it struck the lady dumb. She grew as pale as death in a moment, and both she and her eldest daughter uttered loud shrieks at the same instant. At that moment there entered an English officer and five dragoons, who hastened to the apartment and, enquired what was the matter.

"O, Sir," said Mrs. Shaw, "here is a ruffian of a sergeant, who has been sent to search the house, and who, out of mere wantonness and despite, is breaking every thing, and turning the whole house topsy-turvy."

"Oho! is that all?" said the cornet: "I thought he had been more laudably employed with your ladyship or some of the handsome young rebels there. Desist, you vagabond, and go about your business;—if any of the proscribed rebels are in the house, I'll be accountable for them."

"Nay, nay," said the Highlander, "I am first in commission, and I'll hold my privilege. The right of search is mine, and whoever are found in the house, I claim the reward. And moreover, in accordance with the orders issued at head quarters, I order you hence."

"Show me your commission then, you Scotch dog; your search-warrant, if you so please?"

"Show me your authority for demanding it first."

“My designation is Cornet Letham of Cobham’s dragoons, who is ready to answer every charge against him. Now, pray tell me, Sir, under whom you hold your commission?”

“Under a better gentleman than you, or any who ever commanded you.”

“A better gentleman than me, or any who ever commanded me?—The first expression is an insult not to be borne. The other is a high treason, and on this spot I seize you for a Scotch rebel, and a traitor knave.”

With that he seized the tall red-haired loon by the throat, who, grinning, heaved his long arm at him as threatening a blow, but the English officer only smiled contemptuously, knowing that no single man of that humiliated country durst lift his hand against him, especially backed as he was by five sturdy dragoons. He was mistaken in this instance, for the Highlander lent him such a blow as felled him in a moment, so that, with a heavy groan, he fell dead on the floor. Five horse-pistols were instantly pointed at the Highlander by the dragoons, but he took shelter behind the press, or wardrobe, and with his cocked pistol in one hand, and drawn broadsword, kept them at bay, for the entrance to the house was so narrow, that two could not enter at a time; and certain death awaiting the first to enter, none of them chose to run the risk. At length two of them went out to shoot him in at a small window behind; which hampered him terribly, as he could not get far enough forward to guard his entry, without exposing himself to the fire of the two at the window. An expedient of the moment struck him; he held his bonnet by the corner of the wardrobe, as if peeping to take aim, when crack went two of the pistols at his bonnet, his antagonists having made sure of shooting him through the head. Without waiting farther, either to fire or receive theirs he broke at them with his drawn sword; and the fury with which he came smashing and swearing up the house on them appalled them so horribly, that they all three took to their heels, intending, probably to fight him in the open fields. But a heavy dragoon of Cobham’s was no match for a kilted clansman six feet high; before they reached the outer door, two of them were cut down, and the third, after a run of about thirty or forty yards. By this time, the two at the west window had betaken them to their horses, and were galloping off. The Highlander, springing on the officer’s horse, galloped after them, determined that they should not escape, still waving his bloody sword, and calling on them to stop. But stop they would not; and a grander pursuit never was seen. Peter Grant and Alexander McEachen, both in hiding at the time, saw it from Craig-Ngart, at a short distance, and described it as unequalled. There went the two dragoons, spurring on for bare life, the one always considerably before the other, and behind all, came the tall Highlander, riding rather awkwardly, with his bare thighs upon the saddle, his philabeg flying about his waist, and he thrashing the hind quarters of his horse with his bloody sword, for lack of spurs and whip. He did not appear to be coming up with them, but nevertheless cherishing hopes that he would, till his horse floundered with him in a bog, and threw him; he then reluctantly gave up the chase, and returned, leading his horse by the bridle, having got enough of riding for that day.

The two Highlanders, M'Eachen and Grant, then ran from the rock and saluted him, for this inveterate Highlander was no other than their own brave and admired Colonel John Roy Stewart. They accompanied him back to Inch-Croy, where they found the ladies in the greatest dismay, and the poor dragoons all dead. Mrs. Stewart Shaw and her daughters had taken shelter in an outhouse on the breaking out of the quarrel; and that which distressed her most of all was, the signal which the tremendous Highlander made to her; for beyond that bed, there was a concealed door to a small apartment, in which her husband, and Captain Finlayson, and Loch-Garry, were all concealed at the time, and she perceived that that door was no secret to Sergeant Campbell, as he called himself. When the pursuit commenced, the ladies hastened to apprise the inmates of their little prison of the peril that awaited them; but they refused to fly till matters were cleared up, for they said, that one who was mangling the red coats at such a rate, could scarcely be an enemy to them. We may conceive how delighted they were on finding that this hero was their brave and beloved Colonel Stewart. He knew that they were concealed in that house, and in that apartment; and perceiving, from the height where he kept watch, the party of dragoons come in at the strait of Corry-Bealach, he knew to what place they were bound, and hastened before them, either to divert the search, or assist his friend in repelling the aggressors.

There was now no time to lose. Mr. Shaw, Captain Finlayson, Alexander M'Eachen and another gentleman, whose name I have lost, mounted as King George's dragoons, effected their escape to Glasgow through a hundred dangers, mostly arising from their own friends. In particular, the very first night of their flight, in one of the woods of Athol, at the dead of the night, they were surrounded by a party of the Clan-Donnach, and would have been sacrificed, had not Stewart Shaw called out, "*Jolach! Càrdail Cearlach!*" or some words to that effect, which awakened as great an overflow of kindness. Colonel Roy Stewart and Loch-Garry escaped on foot, and fled towards the wild banks of Loch-Errich, where they remained in safety till they went abroad with Prince Charles.

It is amazing how well this incident was kept secret, as well as several others that tended to the disgrace of the royalists, owing to the control they exercised over the press of the country; but neither Duke William, nor one of his officers, ever knew who the tall red-haired Sergeant Campbell was, who overthrew their six dragoons. The ladies of Inch-Croy did not escape so well, for Cumberland, in requital for a disgrace in which they were nowise influential, sent out another party, who plundered the house and burnt it, taking the ladies into custody, and every thing else that was left on the lands of Inch-Croy and Bally-Beg—an instance of that mean and ungentlemanly revenge for which he was so notorious.

CHARACTERS OF THE ENGLISH, SCOTS, AND IRISH.

"The proper study of mankind is man."—POPE.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, NO. CLIX.]

ENGLISH CHARACTER.

The Saxons of England exist nearly pure on its eastern coasts, are extensively spread over the whole of its surface, and perhaps equal in number all the other races that enter into the composition of English population.

The Saxon Englishman (for brevity, I may use only the latter name) is distinguished from other races by a stature rather low, owing chiefly to the neck and limbs being short, by the trunk and vital system being large, and the complexion, irides, and hair light; and by the face being broad, the forehead large, and the upper and back part of the head round, and rather small.

In his walk, the Englishman rolls, as it were, on his centre. This is caused by the breadth of the trunk, and the comparative weakness of the limbs. The broader muscles, therefore, of the former, aid progression by a sort of rolling motion, throwing forward first one side and then another. So entirely does this depend on the breadth of the trunk, that even a temporary increase of it produces this effect. Men who become fat, and women who, having borne many children, have the heads of the thigh bones farther separated, always adopt this mode of progression.

The mental faculties of the Englishman are not absolutely of the highest order; but the absence of passion gives them relatively a great increase, and leaves a mental character equally remarkable for its simplicity and its practical worth.

The most striking of those points in the English character which may be called fundamental, are cool observation, unparalleled single-mindedness, and patient perseverance. This character is remarkably homogeneous.

The cool observation of the Englishman is the foundation of some other subordinate, but yet important, points in his character. One of the most remarkable of these, is that real curiosity, but absence of wonder, which makes the "*nil admirari*" a maxim of English society. It is greatly associated, also, with that reserve for which the English are not less remarkable.

The single-mindedness of the Englishman is the foundation of that sincerity and bluntness which are perhaps his chief characteristics; which fit him so well for the business of life, and on which his commercial character depends; which make him hate (if he can hate any thing) all crookedness of procedure, and which alarm him even at the insincerities and compliances of politeness,

The perseverance of the Englishman is the foundation of that habitude which guides so many of his own actions, and that custom in which he participates with all his neighbours. It is this which makes universal cant, as it has been profanely termed,* not reasoning, the basis of his morals, and precedent, not justice, the basis of his jurisprudence. But it is this also which, when his rights are outraged, produces that grumbling which, when distinctly heard, effectually protects them; and it is this which creates that public spirit to which, on great emergencies, he rises with all his fellow-countrymen, and in which he persists until its results astonish even the nations around him.

Now a little reflection will shew, that of the three fundamental qualities I have mentioned, the first seeming may easily be less amiable than the final result shall be useful. To a stranger of differently constructed mind, the cold observation, and, in particular, the slowness and reserve which must accompany it, may seem unsociable; but they are inseparable from such a construction of mind, and they indicate, not pride, but that respect for his feelings which the possessor thinks them entitled to, and which he would not violate in others. The dignity, therefore, which in this case the Englishman feels, is not *hauteur*; and he is as rarely insolent to those who are below, as timid to those who are above him.

In regard to the absence of passion from the English mind, it is this which forbids one to be charmed with music, to laugh at comedy, to cry at tragedy, to shew any symptom of joy or sorrow in the accidents of real life; which has no accurate notion of grief or wretchedness, and cannot attach any sort of meaning to the world's ecstasy; and which for all these reasons, has a perfect perception of whatever is ridiculous. Hence it is, that, in his domestic, his social, and his public relations, it is perhaps less affection than duty that guides the conduct of an Englishman; and, if any one question the moral grandeur which this sentiment may attain, let him call to mind the example of it, which, just before the victory of Trafalgar, was given by Nelson in the simple and sublime communication to his fleet—"England expects every man to do his duty!" Which is the instance that equals this even in the forged records of Roman glory? Happily, too, the excess of hatred is as little known to the Englishman as excess of love; and revenge is abhorrent to his nature. Even in the pugilistic combat he shakes hands with his antagonist before he begins; he scorns to strike him when he is down; and, whether vanquished or victor, he leaves his antagonist neither cast down nor triumphant.

The extraordinary value of such a character is obvious enough. British liberty and British commerce are its results: neither the Scottish nor Irish mind would have attained them.

I have said, however, that the intellectual faculties of the Englishman are not absolutely of the highest order; and this is owing to his want of higher reasoning powers, as well as of passion. Happily, indeed, with

* The word must not here be understood as implying hypocrisy, of which the Saxon temperament is very innocent.

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the want of these reasoning powers, the passions also are wanting ; for had the latter existed without the former, the English character would have been utterly marred—This will throw some light on what we have next to say.

Every intermarriage or cross, or every new accession of character, however acquired, is not an advantage. This being premised, let us consider those which take place by the blending of the Saxon English with the surrounding tribes.

Here I should observe, that, independent of the descendants of the various invading tribes, still easily discernible, the coasts of England and Scotland present masses of population of greater or less depth, regularly corresponding to the population of the shores of the Continent which are respectively opposite to them. It is but few of these, however, that need be noticed here.

In the west the Saxon English are blended with the Welsh ; but there is here no gain, because the Welsh cross can add passion chiefly, without higher reasoning powers. The Welsh, in fact, are already a compound of Celt, Saxon, &c., as both physiognomy and language prove ; and in them the imagination, or the passion, of the former, and the perseverance of the latter, combine to produce that dull mysticism, or that dark and smouldering anger, which sometimes elicits such frightful consequences.

In the south the Saxon English are blended with the French, as is evinced by the dark complexion which marks our Kentish and southern population ; and, in that population we sometimes witness something of French sharpness added to Saxon firmness, and an increase of amiability of character.

In the north the Saxon English are blended with the Picts or Northernmen of Scotland, as the taller or sparer form the Yorkshire, Lancashire, and northern population in general shews ; and the additional reasoning powers thence obtained, are evinced in the ingenious industry of the northern towns of Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, &c.*

Thus, in England there is a great deficiency of any advantageous cross—there is scarcely any thing to improve the Saxon race ; but, to compensate for this, that race has such sterling fundamental qualities, and it so easily receives much improvement from the slight intermixture with the remoter Pictish, Scandinavian, or Danish races, that it greatly excels its original type, which may still be seen in Friesland and elsewhere on the opposite coast ; and it is, at the same time, so extensively diffused over the country, that, in its character, the English races are entirely swallowed up.

Now may the mode in which the Saxon character dominates over that of the other English races be more easily understood,—whether these races form a permanent portion of English population, or consist of the scarcely less numerous intruders from Scotland and Ireland.

How mad the dull mysticism—how atrocious the gloomy passion—of Wales must seem amid the lucid common-sense and unimpassioned judg-

* The Danish, Norman, and other races, require no particular notice in a sketch like this.

ment of England, may be easily conceived. How abashed their possessors must feel when surrounded by a more numerous race, not more distinguished from them by plain sense, and candid impartiality, than by civilization and opulence, is equally obvious.

Equally obvious it is how mean the prying enquiry, how reptile-like the bending obsequiousness of Scotland,—how malignant her party-spirit, even in the sanctuaries of science,—how satanical her consequent persecution,—how like fraud her crooked ratiocination,—how like stolen goods the wealth accumulated by such unholy means must seem in merry England; while the very intellect of her natives must make them shrink before the calm eye of the honest, sturdy, and uncompromising Englishman.

Not less obvious is it how utterly worthless and contemptible must seem Irish want of judgment, want of principle, and want of industry, and how well-deserved Irish wretchedness; though it is to be feared that the natural effect of this inevitable contempt is less salutary than, for the sake of Ireland one would wish it to be.

Thus however, must in England all characters ultimately merge in the Saxon.

SCOTTISH CHARACTER.

The Scottish character cannot be treated as I have treated the English. In Scotland, no tribe predominates so greatly as the Saxon does in England. The Celt of the Highlands dominates as completely within his circle as the Pict or Northman in the Lowlands; and the national character is fast forming by the union of both. They must, therefore, be considered separately.*

The Picts, or Northmen, of the Lowlands, exist nearly pure on their eastern coast, and I believe, considerably exceed in number the rest of the Lowland population.

The Lowlander is distinguished generally by a tall stature, and a rather sinewy frame, by complexion, irides, and hair rather light, and by the face being long, and the upper part of the head equally so in the horizontal direction.

In his walk, the Lowlander, being long-limbed, steps well out, having neither the lateral roll of the Englishman, nor the spring of the Highlander, but advancing directly, steadily, and firmly.

The mental faculties of the Lowlander are of a very high order, being sensibility, discrimination, prudence, &c.

The sensibility of the Lowlander is the foundation of some of his best and worst qualities—his benevolence as well as his pride and revenge.

The benevolence of the Lowlander, however, is too much under the control of prudence to be evidenced by acts that cost him aught pecuniary; but he will frequently sacrifice what costs him much more—his time, his exertions, and his interest, to the utmost extent of his ability. Many subordinate points in his character indicate the general exercise of this sentiment; as even the tone or chant of his language, which is in this respect

* There are in Scotland other tribes, as the Saxon in the Lowlands, and various others along the eastern and northern coasts; but they are unimportant to our present view.

remarkably distinguished from the briefer and graver tone of the Englishman, and the more gay and careless one of the Irishman;* so is it indicated by the soft and plaintive melody of his music. More palpably still is it indicated by that pliability and suavity of manners by which he is distinguished from the English, and more nearly resembles the Irish. To the irritability, pride, and revenge, which spring from the same source, I have already alluded.

The discriminating powers of the Lowlander are equally evidenced by his success in abstract and philosophical enquiry, and by his shrewdness in the affairs of common life. In the former of these respects Scotland—a nation of two millions—stands at least as high as England, a nation of twelve, or France, a nation of thirty; and, in regard to that education which enhances the reasoning powers of the rising race, Scotland takes precedence of every other nation. Unfortunately, in Scotland, pride and want of candour too often degrade knowledge into sophistry; and the shrewdness of common life is apt to degenerate into mean prying for the promotion of interest.

The prudence of the Lowlander is proverbial—perhaps excessive. On one hand, it gives rise to that love of accumulation in which the means is often mistaken for the end, that fear to do a good action lest some ill should come of it which is so absurd and contemptible, that narrow-minded suspicion which is a greater curse to the suspector than the suspected, and that difference to fortune and interest which is so base and disgraceful, and, on the other hand, joined to the preceding qualities, it is the foundation of that industry, economy, and freedom from crime, by which Scotland is distinguished from England as well as Ireland.

Thus the best characteristic of the Lowlanders (and it is difficult to conceive a better) is their extraordinary discriminating power; their greatest defect is in imagination and passion.

Happily, most happily, these are supplied by the Celts of the Highlands, with whom the Lowlanders are rapidly blending in intermarriages of which the cross could scarcely have been more scientifically chosen, and which are producing a race of the highest intellectual organization.

The Celts must now be briefly considered, in order to compare these with the Lowlanders, and both with the Saxon English and other tribes, and to understand the manner in which their united character dominates over these.

The Celts of the Highlands exist in greatest purity in their western parts, and equal perhaps in number the rest of the Highland population, on which consequently they have generally bestowed their manners, their language, and their dress.

These Highlanders are of middle size, well formed and active, of brown complexion, grey irides, and dark hair, and of rather broad face, rather

* The tone, or chant, is vulgarly denominated brogue. Wherever there are various tribes in a nation, each is distinguished by this. The brogue of England is as distinguishable as that of Ireland; and it is far less musical than either it or the Scottish. The Scottish chant consists of many inflections, but falls upon the whole, and may be represented by a falling curve; the Irish, with as many inflections, by a rising curve; and the English by a series of equal and smaller curves.

low but well-marked forehead, and head long in the horizontal direction.

In his walk, the Highlander, owing to the strength of his limbs advances with somewhat of a springing motion, which is easily distinguished.

The mental faculties of the Highlander are also of a high order, being sensibility, imagination, passion—the latter two being precisely those in which the Lowlander is deficient. This intellectual character, though directly opposed to that of the Englishman, is scarcely less homogeneous and simple. The character of the Lowlander stands, in some measure, between the two, conforming in that respect with his geographical position.

The sensibility of the Highlander is the foundation of that extreme irritability by which he is distinguished, and in a great measure also of that sentiment which is so remarkable, not merely in his language, his poetry, and his music, but as the basis of most of his actions in life.

The imagination of the Highlander creates his poetry,—that high imagining which his Highland mother gave to Byron, and which has now for ever blotted out nearly all the dull formalities of English poetry,—that genius too, equally high and wild, which wastes itself in the Northern Magazine, and which every month shews how unnecessary is the dull measure and the silly tag of verse. It creates also that spirit of adventure which carries the Highlander over every region of the earth.

The passion of the Highlander is equally evidenced in the devotedness of attachment and the fury of war—the invincibles of France beaten on the sands of Egypt, the ramparts of Spain scaled as if these were their native rocks, equally innocent of foes and fire, the line of Waterloo broken to the shout of “Scotland for ever!” But all Europe has witnessed their daring, and their enemies have paid them the tribute of admiration. It is unnecessary to say that urbanity, warm-heartedness, and hospitality, strongly characterize the Scottish Highlander.

It must now be obvious why I have said, that no intermarriage or cross could have been more scientifically chosen than between the discrimination and prudence of the Northman, and the imagination and passion of the Celt, and how inevitably this is producing in Scotland a race of the very highest mental organization—a nation which, as Scott observes, is “proverbially patient of labour and prodigal of life.”

Thus also is understood not merely the relation between these two characters—each needing the other’s aid, and neither entirely dominating, but why unitedly they triumph over every other tribe, and very easily over the Saxon, as a moment’s comparison will shew.

Amid such a population, the broad, round, and ruddy face of the Englishman is discerned even by children in the streets, as is the large trunk of the body, the deeper tone of voice arising from the extent of the vital cavities, the roll upon the centre of the stomach rather than of the head, the look of satisfaction with the state of the former rather than of the latter, the absence of every trace of deep thought, &c. All these qualities,

so opposite to those of the Scottish, enable them to hail the Englishman with as unerring a certainty, and as, satisfied a superiority as constitutes a return for the dislike, and even fear, with which they are sometimes received in England.

Amid the more active Scottish qualities, the shallow reasoning, or the want of reasoning, of the Englishman, would be despised, and his cold, unimaginative, and unimpassioned character would be scorned; while the absence of all dash or spirit in his conversation, even when literary,—his choice of words, and their loud, confident, and emphatical pronunciation, to express nothing,—his fear to say any thing at all uncommon, or that had not been said before,—and his resource in strong, formal, slow, and serious declarations of some matter of fact, as “the—very—extraordinary—satisfaction—which *he* received from the—most—uncommon—excellence—and really—admirable—style—of a dinner—at Lord——’s, where he had the honour of meeting.” &c. &c.; or, if he be above this, in equally strong, formal, slow, and serious accounts of the qualities of a particular wine, the intermarriages of particular families, the amount of the fortune of each of their members, and such-like wretched trash—the “*ne plus ultra*” of observation and weak-mindedness;—all these, despised, scorned, neglected, would in Scotland finally compel the English to merge in the Scottish character.*

How fortunate, however, the blending of this compound Scottish with the simpler English character, cannot for a moment be questioned. The more capacious forehead and calmer observation of the latter, become combined with the higher reasoning, imaginative, and impassioned powers of the former. This is often exemplified in the Scottish cross with the Lowland Saxon; and that union of observation with the higher faculties which distinguish Sir Walter Scott, is a striking example of its benefits.

IRISH CHARACTER.

Of the Irish character, the great basis has been already described in the Celt—the Celt of Ireland being, in organization, mind, language, &c. only a little less pure than he of the Highlands. They are similarly distinguished by sensibility, imagination, and passion; and repetition on this subject is unnecessary.

* Lest this representation should be deemed inaccurate, an unquestionable illustration may be taken from a truly English writer, Dr. Johnson, “many of whose Ramblers,” as Scott observes, “are little better than a sort of pageant, where trite and obvious maxims are made to swagger in lofty and mystic language, and get some credit because they are not easily understood.” Boswell tells us, that he (Johnson) gave Sir Joshua Reynolds the following account of its (the Rambler’s) getting its name: “What *must* be done, sir, *will* be done. When I was to begin publishing that paper, I was at a loss how to name it. I sat down at night upon my bedside, and resolved that I would not go to sleep till I had fixed its title. The Rambler seemed the best that occurred, and I took it.” This presents the usual number of words about a matter of no general, and of very small personal interest. Its amount is, that “he called it the Rambler, because it was the best title that occurred to him within the limited time which he was pleased to allow himself for the decision of this point:”—in other words, he called it the Rambler, because it pleased him to call it the Rambler.

Unfortunately, the domination of the Celt over Irish character is modified chiefly by that of the Milesian, whose large and dark eye, high and sharp nose, thin lips, and lined mouth, declare his southern origin more surely than Irish history or Irish fable.

Consistently with this organization, the Milesian adds the vivacity and wit, the love of splendour and want of taste, the voluptuousness and licence of the south, to the sensibility, imagination, and passion of the aboriginal population of Ireland. Owing to this, and illustrating it, Celtic music, which, in the Highlands of Scotland, is wild, grand, and melancholy, has become, in Ireland, more gay and voluptuous.

It is scarcely possible, however, to conceive a cross capable of conferring so little benefit on either, as that of the Celt and Milesian.

The intellectual organization of the Irish people has thus more resemblance to that of the south, than to that of the north, of Europe. It confers imagination and passion in a far higher degree than reasoning and judgment.

With such intellectual organization, it is easy to foresee the kind of moral character which must mark the nation. Such a people must naturally be much less distinguished in the discrimination of good and ill, and the calm and patient discharge of duty, than in the love of friends and the hatred of foes, or in the devotion, even unto death, to any cause which they may espouse.

Now, to the guidance of a people possessing such capabilities, it is obvious that knowledge is peculiarly necessary. With principles of high activity, there must be knowledge to direct.

Unfortunately, however, these very capabilities, and that high activity, are at variance with patient investigation and the means of knowledge. Such qualities, indeed, act as it were by intuition, and no more brook delay than the electric spark in its passage through the air. The results must as necessarily be brilliant and striking in the moral act as in the physical illustration; but they may indifferently be good or ill; they may rouse the torpid current of life and pleasure, or they may wither and destroy.

Among such a people, it is evident, that when owing to Saxon and Scandinavian intermarriages, calmer observation and reasoning powers are added to those high capabilities, so essential to all genius, the result must be such characters as Ireland has occasionally produced. It is not less evident, however, that such characters will be comparatively rare, and that the mass of the people will add fierce barbarity and superstitious bigotry to the grossest ignorance.

In Ireland, accordingly, when the people are excited by private or public hatreds, crimes at once the most brutal and the most cowardly are perpetrated without the slightest compunction; robberies, burnings, tortures, and assassinations, are the commonest means of vengeance; and we are warranted in saying, that no where in Europe may be seen such a complication of villainy and crime.

To sum up this view of English, Scottish, and Irish character, I may observe, that sincerity and independence distinguish the English; intelligence and sagacity the Scottish; and a gay and gallant spirit the Irish.

The best qualities, however, are apt to associate with bad ones. The independence of the English sometimes degenerates into coarseness and brutality; the sagacity of the Scottish into cunning and time-serving; and the gaiety of the Irish into fickleness and faithlessness. Could we combine the independence of the English, with the sagacity of the Scottish, and with the gallantry of the Irish, we should form almost a God. Could we, on the contrary, unite the brutality of the first, with the cunning of the second, and with the faithlessness of the third, we should form a demon.

A. W.

NORAH CLARY'S WISE THOUGHT,

BY MRS. S. C. HALL, AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER."

[FROM THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL, NO. 59.]

"We may as well give it up, Morris Donovan; look, 'twould be as easy to twist the top off the great Hill of Howth, as make father and mother agree about any one thing. They've been playing the rule of contrary these twenty years; and it's not likely they'll take a turn now."

"It's mighty hard, so it is," replied handsome Morris, "that married people can't draw together. Norah, darlint! that would'nt be the way with us. Sure, it's *one* we'd be in heart and soul, and an example of love and—"

"Folly," interrupted the maiden, laughing. "Morris, Morris, we've quarrelled a score o' times already; and, to my thinking, a bit of a breeze makes life all the pleasanter. Shall I talk about the merry jig I danced with Phil Kennedy, or repeat what Mark Doolen said of me to Mary Grey?—eh, Morris?"

The long black lashes of Norah Clary's bright brown eyes almost touched her low, but delicately pencilled brows, as she looked archly up at her lover; her lip curled with a half-playful half-malicious smile; but the glance was soon withdrawn, and the maiden's cheek glowed with a deep and eloquent blush, when the young man passed his arm round her waist, and pushing the clustering curls from her forehead gazed upon her with a loving but mournful look.

"Leave joking, now Norry; God only knows how I love you," he said, in a voice deep and broken by emotion. "I'm ye'r equal, as far as money goes, and no young farmer in the country can tell a better stock to his share than mine, yet I don't pretend to deserve *you*, for all that; only, I can't help saying, that when we love each other, (now, don't go to contradict me, Norry, because ye've as good as owned it over and over again,) and ye'r father agreeable, and all, to think that ye'r mother just out of *divinment*, should be putting betwixt us, for no reason upon earth, only to 'spite' her lawful husband, is what sets me mad entirely, and shows her to be a good-for—"

"Stop, Mister Morris," exclaimed Norah, laying her hand upon his mouth, so as effectually to prevent a sound escaping; "it's *my* mother ye'r talking of, and it would be ill-blood, as well as ill-bred, to hear a

word said against an own parent. Is that the pattern of ye'r manners, sir, or did ye ever hear me turn my tongue against one belonging to you?"

"I ax ye'r pardon, my own Norah," he replied meekly, as in duty bound; "for the sake o' the lamb, we spare the sheep. Why not; and I'm not going to gainsay—but ye'r mother"—

"The least said's the soonest mended!" again interrupted the impatient girl. "Good even, Morris, and God bless ye; they'll be after missing me within, and it's little mother thinks where I am."

"Norah, 'bove all the girls at wake or pattern, I've been true to you. We have grown together, and, since ye were the height of a rose-bush, ye have been dearer to me than any thing else on earth. Do, Norah, for the sake of our young hearts' love, do think if there's no way to win ye'r mother over. If ye'd take me without her leave, sure it's nothing I'd care for the loss o' thousands, let alone what ye've got. Dearest Norah, think, since you'll do nothing without her consent, do think—for once be serious, and don't laugh."

It is a fact, equally known and credited in the good barony of Bargy, that Morris Donovan really possessed an honest, sincere, and affectionate heart,—brave as a lion, and gentle as a dove. He was, moreover, the priest's nephew,—understood Latin as well as the priest himself; and, better even than that, he was the Beau, the Magnus Apollo of the parish;—a fine, noble-looking fellow, that all the girls (from the housekeeper's lovely English niece at Lord Gort's, down to little deaf Bess Mortican, the lame dressmaker) were regularly and desperately in love with;—still, I must confess, (perfection certainly was never found in *man*,) Morris was at times a little—the least bit in the world—stupid;—not exactly stupid either, but slow of invention,—would *fight* his way out of a thousand scrapes, but could never get *peaceably* out of one. No wonder then, that, where fighting was out of the question, he was puzzled, and looked to the ready wit of the merry Norah for assistance. It was not very extraordinary that he loved the fairy creature—the sweetest, gayest of all Irish girls;—light of heart, light of foot, light of eye,—now weeping like a child over a dead chicken or a plundered nest, then dancing on the top of a hay-rick to the music of her own cheering voice;—now coaxing her termagant mother, and anon comforting her hen-pecked father. Do not let my respected readers imagine that Mr. and Mrs. Clary were contemptible Irish *bog-trotters*, with only a plot of *pratees*, a pig, and a one-roomed cabin. No such thing; they rented an hundred good acres of bright meadow-land and their comfortable, though somewhat slovenly farm-yard, told of abundance and to spare. Norah was their only child; and had it not been for the most ungente temperament of Mistress Clary, they would have been the happiest as well as the richest family in the district.

"I am not going to laugh, Morris," replied the little maid at last, after a very long pause; "I've got a wise thought in my head for once. His reverence your uncle, you say, spoke to father—to speak to mother about it? I wonder (and he a priest) that he had'nt more sense. Sure mother was the man;—but I've got a wise thought.—Good night, dear Morris; good night."

The lass sprang lightly over the fence into her own garden, leaving her lover *perdu* at the other side, without possessing an idea of what her "Wise Thought" might be. When she entered the kitchen, matters were going on as usual—her mother bustling in glorious style, and as cross (her husband muttered) "as a bag of weazles."

"Ye're a pair of lazy hussies!" she exclaimed to two fat, red-armed, stockingless handmaids; "d'ye think I can keep ye in idleness? Ten cuts to the dozen!—why, that wouldn't keep ye in *pratees*, let alone salt—and such illigint flax too! Barney Leary, ye dirty ne'er-do-good, can ye find no better employment this blessed night than kicking the turf-ashes in the cat's face? Oh! ye'll be *mate* for the ravens yet, that's one comfort! Jack Clary," addressing herself to her husband, who sat quietly in the chimney corner smoking his *doodeen*, "it's well ye've got a wife who knows what's what! God help me, I've little good of a husband, *barring* the name! Are ye sure Black Nell's in the stable?" (The sposo nodded.) "The cow and the calf, had they fresh straw?" (Another nod.) "Bad cess to ye, man alive, can't ye use ye'r tongue, and answer a civil question!" continued the lady.

"My dear," he replied, "sure one like you has enough talk for ten."

This very just observation was, like most truths, so disagreeable, that a severe storm would have followed, had not Norah stept up to her father, and whispered in his ear, "I don't think the stable-door is fastened."—Mrs. Clary caught the sound, and in no gentle terms ordered her husband to attend to the comforts of Black Nell. "I'll go with father myself and see," said Norah. "That's like my own child, always careful," observed the mother, as father and daughter closed the door.

"Dear father," began Norah, "it isn't altogether about the stable I wanted ye—but—but—the priest said something to ye to-day about—Morris Donovan."

"Yes, darling, and about yerself, my sweet Norry."

"Did ye speak to mother about it?"

"No, darling, she's been so cross all day. Sure, I go through a dale for pace and quietness. If I was like other men, and got drunk and wasted, it might be in rason—but that's neither here nor there. As to Morris, she was very fond of the boy 'till she found that *I* liked him; and then, my jewel, she turned like sour milk all in a minute—I'm afraid even the priest 'ill get no good of her."

"Father, dear father," said Norah, "suppose ye were to say nothing about it, good or bad, and just pretend to take a sudden dislike to Morris, and let the priest speak to her himself, she'd come round."

"Out of opposition to me, eh?"

"Yes."

"And let her gain the day, then?—that would be cowardly," replied the farmer, drawing himself up—"No, I won't."

"Father, dear, you don't understand," said the cunning lass. "Sure, ye're for Morris; and when we are—that is, if—I mean—suppose—father, you know what I mean," she continued, and luckily the deepening twilight concealed her blushes,—“if that took place, its *you* that would have ye'r own way.”

"True for ye, Norry, my girl, true for ye; I never thought of that before!" And, pleased with the idea of tricking his wife, the old man fairly capered for joy. "But stay a while—stay, asy, asy," he recommenced; "how am I to manage? Sure, the priest himself will be here to-morrow morning early, and he's out upon a station now; so there's no speaking with him;—he's no way quick, either—we'll be bothered entirely, if he comes in on a sudden."

"Leave it to me, dear father—leave it all to me," exclaimed the animated girl—"only pluck up a spirit, and whenever Morris's name is mentioned, abuse him—but not with all ye'r heart, father—only from the teeth out."

When they re-entered, the fiesh-boiled potatoes sent a warm curling steam to the very rafters of the lofty kitchen; they were poured out into a large wicker kish, and on the top of the pile rested a plate of coarse white salt; noggins of butter-milk were filled on the dresser, and on a small round table a cloth was spread, and some delf plates awaited the more delicate repast which the farmer's wife was herself preparing.

"What's for supper, mother?" enquired Norah, as she drew her wheel towards her, and employed her fairy foot in whirling it round.

"Plaguy *snipeens*," she replied, "bits o' bog chickens, that you've always such a fancy for—Barney Leary kilt them himself."

"So I did," said Barney, grinning, "and that stick wid a hook of Morris Donovan's, the finest thing in the world for knocking 'em down."

"If Morris Donovan's stick touched them they sha'n't come here," said the farmer, striking the poor little table such a blow with his clenched hand as made not only it, but Mrs. Clary, jump.

"And why so, pray?" asked the dame.

"Because nothing belonging to Morris, let alone Morris himself, shall come into the house," replied Clary; "he's not to my liking, any how, and there's no good in his bothering here after what he won't get."

"Excellent!" thought Norah.

"Lord save us!" ejaculated Mrs. Clary, as she placed the grilled snipes on the table, "what's come to the man?" Without heeding his resolution, she was proceeding to distribute the savoury "*birdeens*," when, to her astonishment, her usually tame husband threw dish and its contents into the flames; the good woman absolutely stood for a moment aghast. The calm, however, was not of long duration. She soon rallied, and with blazing face and fiery tongue, thus commenced hostilities: "How dare ye, ye spalpeen, throw away any of God's mate, after that fashion, and I to the fore? What do you mane, I say?"

"I mane, that nothing touched by Morris Donovan shall come under this roof; and if I catch that girl of mine looking, at the same time, the road he walks on, by the powers! I'll tear the eyes out of her head, and send her to a nunnery!"

"You will! And you dare to say that to my face, to a child o' mine! You will—will ye?—we'll see, my boy! I'll tell ye what, if I like, Morris Donovan *shall* come into this house, and, what's more, be master of this house; and that's what *you* never had the heart to be yet, 'ye

poor ould snail!" So saying, Mistress Clary endeavoured to rescue from the fire the hissing remains of the poor stripes. Norah attempted to assist her mother, but Clary, lifting her up somewhat after the fashion of an eagle raising a golden wren with its claw, fairly put her out of the kitchen. This was the signal for fresh hostilities. Mrs. Clary stormed and stamped; and Mr. Clary persisted in abusing, not only Morris, but Morris's uncle, Father Donovan, until at last the farmer's helpmate swore, ay, and roundly too, by cross and saint, that before the next sunset, Norah Clary should be Norah Donovan. I wish you could have seen Norry's eye, dancing with joy and exultation, as it peeped through the latch-hole;—it sparkled more brightly than the richest diamond in our monarch's crown, for it was filled with hope and love.

The next morning was clear and frosty, long slender icicles hung from the branches of the wild hawthorn and holly, and even under the light footsteps of Norah, the glazed herbage crackled like feathery glass. The mountain-rill murmured under a frost-bound covering, and the poor sheep, in their warm fleeces, gazed mournfully on the landscape, beautiful as it was in the healthy morning light, for neither on hill or dale could they discover a mouthful of grass. The chill December breeze rushed unheeded over the glowing cheek of Norah Clary, for her "wise thought" had prospered, and she was hastening to the trysting-tree, where, "by chance," either morning or evening, she generally met Morris Donovan. I don't know how it is, but the moment that the course of true love runs smooth, it becomes very uninteresting, except to the parties concerned. So it is now only left for me to say, that the maiden, after a due and proper time consumed in teasing and tantalizing her intended, (a practice, by the way, which I *strongly* recommend as the best mode of discovering the temper, &c. of the gentleman,) told him her saucy plan and its result. And the lover hastened upon the wings of love (which I beg my Scotch readers clearly to understand, are swifter and stronger in Ireland, than in any other country) to apprize the priest of the arrangement, well knowing that his reverence loved his nephew and niece that was to be (to say nothing of the wedding supper, and the profits arising therefrom) too well, not to aid their merry jest.

What bustle, what preparation, what feasting, what dancing, gave the country folk enough to talk about, during the happy Christmas holidays, I cannot now describe. The bride, of course, looked lovely and sheepish; and the bridegroom—But, pshaw! bridegrooms are always uninteresting. One fact, however, is worth recording. When Father Donovan concluded the ceremony, before the bridal kiss had passed, Farmer Clary, without any reason that his wife could discover, most indecorously sprang up, seized a shillela of stout oak, and whirling it rapidly over his head, shouted, "Carry me out! by the powers she's bet! we've won the day!—Ould Ireland for ever! Success, boys! she's bet—she's bet!"—The priest too, seemed vastly to enjoy this extemporaneous effusion, and even the bride laughed outright. Whether the goodwife discovered the plot or no, I never heard; but of this I am certain, that the joyous Norah never had reason to repent her "Wise Thought."

ANECDOTES OF RUSSIA.

[FROM THE NEW MONTHLY-MAGAZINE, NO. CX.]

* Crimes are rare in Russia, because the blood does not flow with sufficient rapidity to excite violent passions.* I have elsewhere mentioned the reason why so little is ever known of the crimes committed throughout this vast empire; but those who have resided long in either capital may have had numerous opportunities of witnessing the punishment of the knout, or of meeting strings of unfortunate culprits doomed to spend the rest of their miserable existence in Siberia, whose backs are lacerated, and faces branded. As I am charitable enough to believe that these men are neither knouted, branded, nor exiled without some *crimé*, so I am confirmed in my opinion, that crimes are very common in Russia.

You are warned by the proprietor of the hotel in which you reside, never to leave the key of your rooms on the outside, as it will inevitably be stolen; your carriage cannot be left, in travelling, one instant without a Russian confounding the difference of *meum* and *tuum*; and the noble art of self-appropriation is practised in the churches: to these add the natural aptitude of cheating, which every traveller (even Granville) has mentioned, and see, then and there, the first-fruits of crimes. A Russian tradesman, I believe, thinks it laudable to cheat a stranger, for it is by no means uncommon to ask double the price he intends to take; sometimes the reduction is so great, that the buyer doubts if he has got the same article he first bargained for. This comfortable style of picking pockets is mostly practised by the fur-traders, who have a method of dyeing the hair so uncommonly well, that they often take in their own countrymen with the bear-skins. The well-known anecdote of Peter the Great is a proof that the great monarch knew his subjects well. When his Minister requested that the Jews might be exiled from Russia, Peter replied — “No, no; leave my long beards alone: the Jews will soon go without an order.” And although the followers of Moses yet vagabondize about Russia in all quarters and directions, yet reap they but a poor harvest, and cannot contrive to do as they do here, have two whole Sundays every week, and yet manage, with these fearful odds against them, to outdo the Christian, or overreach even the stock-jobber.

Travellers do tell such contradictory stories, that the man who travels only in his arm-chair, in imagination, must be wonderfully confused. For instance: Jones, and Rae Wilson, Clarke, and a score of others, mention the knout as a most dreadful instrument of punishment, far surpassing any thing of the kind in the world; a man may be killed in three or four strokes, and it is well known that some have not survived even a less number. Struck with the extent of such barbarity, the arm-chair traveller starts with horror, and throws aside the work which conveys such unpleasant, such cruel statements. Directing his attention to some other

work on the same subject, he opens Granville at p. 451, vol. ii. and there he finds that what he read before was all false; that the knout was not one jot worse than the cat-o'-nine tails, and certainly inferior in punishment to the driver's whip in the West Indies.

I shall give an idea of this weapon before I proceed with its application, as I have handled the executioner's knout in the prison at Moscow. The handle may be two feet long, a little more or less, to which is fastened a flat leather thong about twice the length of the handle, terminating with a large copper or brass ring; to this ring is affixed a strip of hide about two inches broad at the ring, and terminating, at the length of about two feet, in a point: this is soaked in milk, and dried in the sun to make it harder, and should it fall, in striking the culprit, on the edge, it would cut like a penknife. At every sixth stroke the tail is changed, a plentiful supply of these being always kept ready, and wrapped up with much greater caution and care than the executioner's children, and certainly kept much cleaner. In the hands of a stranger, it would be a most innocent weapon; nor could I, after a quarter of an hour's practice, make any considerable impression on the snow, while the executioner will leave a pretty fair mark on a deal plank; and this is sufficient to prove how hard the hide must be which inflicts the punishment, and how tough a hide it must be to resist it.

I shall here give an account of a knouting punishment, as seen by an English gentleman. "A coachman, a slave of Prince Jablonosky, a Polish nobleman, having murdered his master returning from Count Strogonoff's country-seat, finding means to escape, was pursued and taken at Novogorod, brought back to Petersburg, and there sentenced to receive one hundred and fifty strokes of the knout, to have his face marked with a hot iron, his nostrils torn out, and, if he survived, to inhabit Siberia for the rest of his life.—(This was on September 17, 1806, and I have chosen this punishment to show, hereafter, how far punishments of this kind have been softened.)—On the 2d of October, the sentence was carried into execution in the following manner:—He was taken from the prison about nine o'clock in the morning, and conducted to the police-office gate, whence the police-master, with the police-guards on horseback, conducted him to the place of execution, about two English miles, the beast market being at the end of the Newski* Perspective, where such punishments are inflicted. There is always some ceremony observed, common as these punishments are, and there were several police-guards to clear the way; then came the head police-master, attended by several district police-masters, and, after them, a detachment of police-guards on horseback. Next, surrounded by a number of the same guards on foot, walked the criminal, bareheaded, with fetters on his legs, and handcuffed. He was a bearded peasant, dressed in the long blue habit which is commonly worn, with striped pantaloons. Behind him walked the two executioners, with the knouts under their arms. When arrived at the place of execution, a detachment of regular troops

kept the mob clear of the block and boards upon which he was to be fastened.

"The dreadful ceremony began with a short prayer, then the culprit was stripped naked to his waist and laid down upon the board: his neck was strapped down to a groove, as were his arms to blocks upon each side. The first executioner, taking the knout, began by raising himself on his toes at each stroke, taking, as it were, correct distance—at each blow wiping the blood off with his fingers from the thong, observing an interval of two or three seconds between each stroke. After giving six lashes, he was replaced by the other executioner, who gave the same number as the former, thus changing every six cuts, and at each time taking fresh thongs. On receiving the first stroke, the culprit shrieked violently; but nature soon gave way, and after six cuts, the criminal, had not a slight tremor of his fingers indicated life, might have been believed dead.

"On this occasion the culprit was unable to receive more than fifty; the executioners untied him, and raised him on his legs, the one held his hands behind the man's head to support it; the other took the marking iron, with the letters *Vor* (thief) cut thereon. This instrument is composed of a number of iron spikes on a flat piece of wood, precisely the same as is used by rope-makers when they clear the hemp: it was fixed in a round wooden handle. Striking the handle with his hand, the sharpened irons were driven to the wood, on the forehead and the two cheeks of the culprit. After that he took a pair of pincers, like sugar-nippers; he put one side of them into the inside of the nostril, and the other the outside of the skin of the nose, and with a violent jerk he tore out the nerve; he then repeated the same operation on the other side, and the criminal's torture-finished for that day. The poor devil was then placed in a cart and conducted back to prison."

This is a very pretty specimen of what Granville's friend and himself were able to match in a boatswain's mate, or a negro driver; and then, to make the business better, it is followed with "*Eh bien! je vois que chez vous on a, peut-être, moins raison de lancer autant de diatribes contre nous, à raison du knout, que dans tout autre pays.*" Complimentary enough, surely!—But I shall give another specimen of this disgusting flagellation, and should like to know if, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a man who has been punished on board a ship does not go to his duty the next day. The negro (for I have resided three years in the West Indies), I know, is mostly at his duty the instant his punishment is ended; they cannot inflict more than thirty-nine lashes, and generally it is contrived in such a manner that the end of the whip strikes the ground before it touches the culprit's back. I have wandered from my subject, as I felt the sting of reproach stronger than others who have not had my opportunity of seeing and ordering punishments. It is a disgrace to any Englishman to allow that the paltry punishment on board his Majesty's ships is equal in cruelty to the knout, without (if the criminal is to be banished) the accompanying pleasures of branding and tearing.

As the Russians advance towards civilization; they advance towards mercy. Now, the unfortunate wretch doomed to suffer for his crimes has no longer his nose lacerated; this is entirely obliterated, and the branding alone remains. Now, it is true, we no longer read and hear of women of beauty and of birth being publicly knouted, and their tongues cut out, as happened in the reign of the Russian Elizabeth; nor, fortunately for some scandal-bearers at Moscow, is the lady of the house publicly whipped in her own ball-room, and then obliged to continue her civilities to her guests as if nothing uncommon had occurred!

So well are the laws of Russia administered, and so fairly are the judgments carried into execution, that you can always bribe the judge and the executioner. Here I agree with Clarke. There is not, in my humble opinion, one man in the whole Russian dominions that is proof against a bribe. I have found it at the custom-house in Petersburg; I have found it in half the public offices; and so despicably mean are they on these points, that twenty-five rubles (one pound English) is a very handsome offer indeed. This is no exaggeration. When my carriage was kept in pawn at the Custom-house, the hungry officer under whose control it came hinted to me in plain terms the smallness of his pay, and that five rubles would be acceptable; but I resolutely refused, and applied to his superior: the carriage was by him declared to be free of duty; and when I thought I had it in my grasp, the hungry, miserable slave who hinted his poverty, whined out to his superior the injustice of admitting foreign carriages, the poor Russian workmen, and the idea that it was subject to the tariff. As I did not want the carriage at the moment, having hired another, I left the vehicle in secure hands, and applied to the head of the Customs when I was about to start, and received it without paying the bribe. The officer actually came to my hotel afterwards, but it was quite fruitless: I had made up my mind that the Emperor's slaves should not be spoiled. While I am on this subject, I will mention that, when the carriage was sent to be placed on sledges, the Russian who had the employment, actually stole the bolts by which the glasses (it was a britskak) were secured; nor did I find it out until outside of Petersburg, the cold air (the thermometer being 20 deg. below zero) keeping me cold indeed.

In Moscow, in 1828, a man convicted of the murder of a female of eighteen years of age, after having violated her, was sentenced to receive 150 lashes of the knout, and to have the usual pleasant accompaniments of branding and exile, *if he survived*. The whole city of Moscow had, for a wonder, heard of this crime, and public opinion was pretty freely expressed when it was known that the executioner had been bribed. Every Thursday, at one o'clock, is the day and time fixed for these punishments in Moscow; and all the other days of the week, as time and circumstances will admit, are witnesses to the same punishments within the walls of the prison. This last piece of information came out by accident, and never was intended to be known. As my informer now resides in Russia, and as the "New Monthly" sometimes is smuggled into the country, mentioning his name might subject him to the

chance of being better acquainted with the pain which he has so often seen strongly marked on the faces of the culprits.

The ceremony was exactly the same as above-mentioned, and I need not, therefore, again mention the disgusting subject; the culprit only received thirty lashes the first day, and, in consequence of the bribe, it was not the intention of the executioner to dispatch him entirely. I saw this man the day after his first punishment in his bed, and apparently unable to move. By his side was a young lad of fourteen, who had been knouted the day before for robbing a church; he had only received nine lashes, and had been branded. I closely examined the marks of the iron; the inflammation, the necessary consequence of rubbing gunpowder over the wounds, had nearly subsided, and the young urchin in crime declared that the pain was not very violent. His back was another subject, on which he expressed himself very differently; and the nine strokes he had received would have kept him out of the habit of purloining without his going to Siberia. Whoever is knouted and exiled is always branded, so that a return to society is impossible.

As I like to relieve myself as well as my readers, I shall here mention an anecdote, which I had from the mouth of the Englishman who was an eye-witness to the scene, it will give some insight into the easy manner of disposing of some of the Czar's subjects, and the difficulty of finding out what becomes of your friends, when once the Police and the Government are kind enough to take them into their paternal keeping. Indeed this is a very nice discriminating point; for should you be over-anxious about your friend, you may have to make your personal observations, and have a much longer sledging party than would suit the taste of the most patriotic admirers of quick travelling in Russia.

On that fatal day which heralded Nicholas to the throne, to the utter exclusion of his elder brother, many lost their lives, many were condemned to lose their heads, and some hundreds retired to the resort of the best society in Russia—Siberia. It is, indeed, painful in the extreme to see the very little feeling usually manifested by a family when some of its members, young men of the highest promise, are in a moment torn from their parents and their affluence, degraded to the lowest, their names changed, and, instead of the sprightly walk of youth and pride, doomed to dig for gold, sweep the streets, or pick up platina. Amongst those condemned to this future felicity was the only brother of six sisters. The eldest sister had married a general-officer, who, if reports are true, did not give his interest, assistance, or power to avert the punishment; and in this revolution few could be lulled by the cheering voice of Hope, few heard the consolatory word pardon, and few started into new existence by the call of mercy. The revolution had been long arranged, but was not ripened to its fullest extent, when the death of Alexander gave a gleam of hope, which, like Emmet's rebellion, was hastily seized before the whole plan was sufficiently developed. This was no petty treason; a constitution, which Alexander had, some time previous to this event, himself drawn up, had been hoped for, and talked of, to the farthest extent of the empire. It is well known that when the noise, and the tumult, the slaughter, and the murders had ceased, a General of high distinction was accused of having drawn up

this constitution, and cited to appear before the present Emperor. The question was asked, 'if he had so far transgressed the bounds of a subject?' when the General, offering some papers to his sovereign's inspection, begged the favour that he would open them. He did so, and to his uncommon surprise found the new modelled government in the hand-writing of his late brother Alexander.

Sentence had been passed upon the young man above-mentioned, and it was one of the merciful orders issued on this occasion "that no one, not even of their families, should see or converse with the exiles." The winter had covered the ground with its snows; the sledge-roads were formed, and the guards appointed to convey this young man, and three others to their future abode in this world. The day was fixed, and with a heavy gloom and cold heart the exiles left the fortress of Petersburg, the tall spire of which is seen at a great distance along the banks of Neva, and would have been hailed as a palace of repose and pleasure, in comparison to the cold, dull, dreary waste they had to traverse.

The family of this unfortunate youth had long resided in Moscow. They heard with dismay the living loss of their brother, and learnt with greater pain, that a chance of an interview was almost impossible. An Englishman who was in Moscow at the time, (whose name I would willingly publish, did I not fear that it might be a clue to those who form the subjects of my anecdote,) whose generous heart projected the plan of an interview, certainly deserves to be known to the public. He learned from Petersburg the intended route of the guards, and offered to accompany two of the sisters to a place on the road, where he knew he could arrive before the sledges of the exiles had passed. There were few moments to be lost in consultation; a passport was procured for himself and attendants, and in a kablitzka they left Moscow.

Even the dreary waste was to them a pleasure, as it afforded a hope, which in many Russian families would have been considered so perfectly devoid of foundation, that the parents would have instantly forgotten the son and his absence, and would quietly have continued their *soirées*, and their amusements. The will of the Emperor must be done; and no mandate of the Turkish Sultan would be better obeyed by the craven Turk than is the fiat of this young Emperor by the Russians.

The route was long, cold, and miserable, but the joy was great, when, on arriving at the place destined, it was ascertained that the sledge had not passed; there was danger, however, that it might pass in the night. The next difficulty was to avoid suspicion; this being overcome, and men employed to give the earliest intelligence, the family learnt, with palpitating hearts, that the sledge had arrived at a cottage about a werst from the village, and that the sarjeant who commanded the escort had sent for the relay of horses from the post-house, not intending (as were his orders) to change in any town or village. They were instantly on the alert, and approached the wood hut, at the door of which stood the sarjeant. The small glimmer of light which shot from the miserable aperture misnamed a window, showed the brother with his companions; the sisters shrieked his name, and rushed towards the entrance. The sound caught the ear of the brother, who started at the well-known voices, and made a similar ap-

proach. It was in vain: the serjeant pushed his prisoner back, and, shutting the door, stood a sentinel before it. The sovereign passport to the hearts and feelings of all Russians, high or low, was resorted to—a bribe:—it failed for once; the serjeant remained inexorable, and hope nearly vanished, when the younger sister, a girl of great beauty, threw herself at his feet and clasped his knees. She implored him in the name of his mother, she pictured to him the despair of her situation, the ease of concealment, the promise of reward, and, what was of more avail, the tear of a sister. The cold-blooded soldier was observed to waver, when the elder sister, clasping his hand, and looking what no words could have expressed, overcame his duty and his orders; the door was opened, and one moment saw the arms of the sisters entwined round the neck of the brother. Few moments could be spared, the horses might soon arrive, and with them the guards, who had betaken themselves to the village for their favourite quass. Concealment would then be impossible, and the serjeant might pay the forfeit of his head on his return to the Capital.

The Englishman who witnessed the scene, mentioned that the parties were so overcome at their unexpected success, and the tears flowed so rapidly, that the object of the visit was nearly frustrated by forgetfulness; but he having found the value of rubles, persuaded the serjeant to grant another interview at the next relay, and to keep the sledge in the rear of the Englishman's. The sisters had begun to sew in the brother's clothes money, and to give articles which, in the hurry of departure, they had generously remembered; but they were hurried away by the Englishman, forced into their sledge, and galloped to the next relay. I never can forget the animation which flew into the countenance of my friend as he described the anxiety with which the sisters watched for the approach of the brother; at each delay the serjeant was suspected of having violated his promise, and changed his route; and fancies, the wildest and the most likely to be uttered by doubting females, were given vent to, in the most hurried language. The arrival of the brother soon dissipated their fears. The guards were sent to the next village for horses, and the interview took place. A plan by which a correspondence should be carried on was mentioned and approved of; and the sisters, giving him a ring, desired their brother, in the event of its being impossible to send a letter, to give it to the messenger, or some exile whose time of banishment was expired, thus to prove the truth of any statement sent. The parting, the parting for ever, was not the affair of a moment; in vain the serjeant endeavoured to tear them asunder, and equally vain was the attempt of my friend to urge the separation on the score of concealment. The minutes flew, and while in the act of mentioning the glimmers of hope through the brother-in-law's influence, the guard returned, and the whole was discovered.

The prisoners continued their route, and the sisters returned to Moscow. It happened that an exile, whose time was expired, was put under the serjeant's care to be conveyed to Petersburg: this exile was entrusted with the ring, and persuaded the serjeant to pass through Moscow, deviating not a little from his proper line of journey. The sisters were informed of the arrival, and received all the accounts an exile

could bring, or an exile could send. The picture of the situation of the brother was by no means consoling; his last request was, that some religious books and green spectacles might be sent. The eternal snow had nearly blinded him. The serjeant continued his route.

The two young ladies now determined to remunerate the serjeant. They were of great family, and nominally rich, for in reality no Russian can be said to be rich, as I shall hereafter explain. They traced him to Petersburg, they knew of his arrival, but from that moment all clue was lost, and to November 1828 they never could recover the trace, although the family was unremitting in their generous assiduity.

I have mentioned this anecdote as a balance against the general unfeeling conduct of Russians, when their relations may be said to be buried alive. One of these sisters died about two years ago, of what is called a broken heart, and the two who witnessed the last parting are mimic deaths, waiting to fill the grave; they never have recovered the last sad moment at the hut, and the Englishman, who had just returned from a visit of condolence occasioned by the death of the mother, mentioned his conviction that the sisters would shortly follow their parent.

I was desired to make particular inquiries relative to a gentleman in the Russian service, whose long silence had warranted the idea of his death; and as he is closely connected with a noble family in this kingdom with which I am acquainted, I was desired to inquire what had become of him. I shall never forget the number of evasive answers I received when I pressed the subject; I was promised a positive reply the *next day*; and at the end of five months I knew no more of the object of my search, than I did before I landed at Cronstadt.

Every body knows, or must have read of the suspicions of the Russian Government. Poor old blind Holman was conducted across the frontier, having been mistaken for a spy! I confess I am not astonished at this; for why a *blind* man should go to see a strange country is quite incomprehensible. The Russians could not comprehend this either, and were equally surprised when Holman published his book. I was myself anxious to know how the book was concocted, or rather, how the materials were procured. An English gentleman, a resident at Moscow, mentioned that he accompanied Mr. Holman on his various peregrinations about the capital—he mounted the tower of St. Ivan with him—Holman desired him to place him towards the North, and then asked what was to be discerned in that direction? The answers he treasured up in his memory, until he procured some one good enough to write them, and, as it was always night with him, he was not very scrupulous in disturbing the slumbers of a friend, who had quite enough occupation during the day. In point of fact, Holman's description of Moscow belongs exclusively to Mr. Rowan, whose father, amongst other good things, conferred on the Russians the blessing of the potato.

Another gentleman, rather eccentric in his manners, and who, from the number of his daily ablutions, was voted mad by the fouler Russian, resided some time in Tobolski, where he was employed in making a collection of the numerous minerals found in that part of the Czar's dominions. When his collection was nearly completed, some unceremonious Cossacks

seized the whole, which they distributed to every street within their barbarous reach, and placing Mr. N—— in a sledge, drove him across the frontier, not allowing him time to pack up his wardrobe, one half of which was in the hands of his washing-woman. It is but justice to say, that the whole duty of that vexatious police is not confined to the men, whose cocked hats without feathers render them easily known: the ladies are sometimes concerned in these tale-bearing employments. I was warned one night in Moscow, that a lady of some rank was in the pay of the police, and to be on my guard how I expressed myself. As I was always pretty cautious of expressing my opinions, I abstained from all observations as to the laws, merely hinting that I most cordially hated any approach to tyranny: she endeavoured to continue a conversation relative to my notions of the Government, and its different departments; I evaded the question, and spoke of the beauty of the women.

The only thing a man could spy in Russia would be the nakedness of the land, the uncultivated state of the country, the vast waste of ground, and the thinness of the population. He might remark that, however brave the soldiers may be, some of the heads of the various departments are equally deficient in brains; for when the army advanced in 1828 to the Danube, they took with them land mortars with sea shells; and when they were about to be used, they were found too large for the mortars, a dispatch was instantly sent to Moscow, and the proper shells were forwarded in post waggon.

With all the increasing power of the Russians, in the way of arms, they show little inclination to improve in comforts. In the beginning of 1828, a gentleman was dispatched from this country on a speculation, which was to convey water to the tops of the houses, and to give Russia an idea of cleanliness. The whole concern fell to the ground; and the only answer given was, that in the event of the plan being carried into execution, they knew not how to employ the slaves now used to convey water. Neither would the Government lend any assistance, either by word or money, to light the city by gas. Some years ago an attempt was made, but by mismanagement the gasometer blew up, and this quite discouraged any farther attempts.

I am of opinion, that, from the time a traveller arrives in Russia, to the day of his exit, he is rarely annoyed by the interference of the police. He has a certain number of forms to go through, such as appearing at the police-office; if he has any military rank entitling him to nobility, they do not sketch his description on the passport, and he is not required to pay any thing. There is a small green box in the room, which is nominally destined to receive contributions for foreigners in distress, into which it is hinted you may drop what would be paid for the passport, if you were not of the nobility. To the gentleman who presides in this office at Petersburg is due all that can be said of a most civil, obliging, and accommodating officer; he is the most attentive public officer I have ever met with in the North.

Amongst other recommendations to future travellers. I would strongly urge the necessity of his placing his letters in the post-office, and paying the five rubles himself; I have not the slightest doubt that my valet de

place purloined the money and destroyed my letters, not one of which ever arrived in England. We were told that our letters would of course be read, and if they contained any improper remarks relative to the Government they never would be forwarded. This may or may not be the case: I can scarcely see the utility of it, unless they deprived travellers of their tongues and hands; for once free of the soil, once having shaken the snows of Russia from their shoes, they would only give vent to their feelings in stronger language.

Amongst the greatest annoyances is that of the search at the Custom-house; it is as rigid as our own, but performed in a more unceremonious manner. My uniform was very nearly seized, because, forsooth, it was new, and they declared it had never been worn: I shortly undeceived them by showing the bottom holes. Then came the books, every one of which underwent a most scrupulous examination; and those which the searching officer did not understand were sealed and sent to the Censor: at last he handled a small bible—"It is only a Bible," said I—"May be," he said, "but it must go to the Censor, and if there is nothing in it which is prohibited, he will return it to you again," which of course was done. To give an idea of the delays in the office at Cronstadt, I arrived on Monday at noon, and although assisted by the English Consul, had to dance backwards and forwards between the Harbour master's house and the Custom-house all Tuesday, and did not get my trunk cleared until Wednesday morning. If I had known the secret of the bribe, as well as I afterwards learnt it, I could have been in Petersburg on Tuesday morning; and even after all I was advised by my servant, who had been accustomed to these plunderings before, to give a blue note, five rubles. On leaving Russia by Polangen, the bitter cold weather had obliged me to close the carriage as much as possible. On arriving at the barrier, a Gentleman in uniform asked for my passport, which was duly given. "Be as quick as possible," said I, "for I am anxious to get to Memel to-night."—"It will take two hours," replied the officer, "before the passport will be properly examined." "Two hours!" quoth I; "here are five rubles for you."—"In two minutes it shall be ready;" and in truth he was not much more. Then came another harpy. "Have you nothing contraband?"—"Nothing at all" resumed I, "No Russian money?" said the vexatious devil. "Not a copek," quoth I. "Then you must alight, and I must search the carriage." "Oh, I crave your honour's pardon, I have," said I, "a red note, (ten rubles,) which I find accidentally forgotten in my pocket; as it is not permitted to carry Russian money out of Russia, may I beg you to do me the favour of accepting it?" My friend the harpy bowed acknowledgement—hoped I should not catch cold—advised me to close the carriage—ran himself for the passport, and calling to the cosack who attends all travellers across the neutral ground between Russia and Prussia wished me a friendly adieu.

GASPARONI THE BANDIT.

[FROM THE FOREIGN LITERARY GAZETTE, NO 1.]

[The authenticity of the following Memoir, and the manner in which it has been obtained, by the confessions of the criminal himself, will sufficiently appear in the course of the narrative. We have to thank our distinguished correspondent, Count V*****, for selecting our pages as the medium for bringing our readers so intimately acquainted with the atrocious career of this sanguinary monster.]

Milan, 7th December, 1829.

MR. EDITOR,—Perhaps a short sketch of the life of the famous bandit Gasparoni, little known to the public, from the jealousy with which the Roman government have kept secret even the present existence of this wretch, may not be uninteresting to your readers. The writer has gleaned the following from a friend, who is one of the very few persons who have had the opportunity of seeing and frequently conversing with him in his cell. He is in appearance about forty years of age, though really much younger; about the middle size, and rather slightly formed. His costume was at first extremely picturesque and imposing; his hair was suffered to grow to an immense length, reaching his loins, and tied by a red riband: he also wore mustaches and enormous whiskers. A high conical or sugar-loaf hat, trimmed with ribands of various colours, and here and there a small print of the Madonna, and other saints, composed his head-dress. A velvet jacket, decorated with various metal crosses, red waistcoat with large silver buttons, short breeches, and a kind of half-gaiter braced up at the side. As is usual with all banditti, he wore the broad red sash, and silver buckles of at least a pound weight ornamented his shoes and knees. This dress, however, he has been latterly obliged to lay aside. The government have likewise cut off his hair, and compelled him to shave at least once a week; so that at present he has lost all that imposing appearance for which he was so remarkable. He is without irons, but confined in a cell about nine or ten feet square, with two sentinels at the door. When his provisions are carried him, or the governor of the fort or his confessors appear, he is obliged to lay on his back on his mattress, and neither allowed to move hand nor foot without the danger of being shot by the sentinel, who is placed over him with a loaded carbine, to prevent his moving. He is, however, allowed an hour's walk in the morning, in a gallery which communicates with his cell. As he can neither read nor write, his only pastime is smoking. His brother, who assisted him in his depredations, is confined in the same fort, but is allowed rather more liberty. His appearance is very different from that of his brother: his height is about six feet three inches, and well proportioned. Jaccovacci, the lieutenant of Gasparoni, together with seventy or eighty of those who composed part of his band, and who surrendered themselves after the capture of their leader, are likewise imprisoned at Cività Vecchia. The major part of them are mere lads, of from fifteen to twenty now much

emaciated by their long and close confinement ; and many of them have within the last two or three years dropped off.

Antonio Gasparoni, the subject of these memoirs, (accused of 143 murders, besides rapes, and who confesses 105,) was born at Sonino in the year 1796. His father was a drover of cattle ; which employment the son followed till the year 1812. The first crime of this strange being was the murder, when only 16 years of age, of his parish priest, for refusing him absolution (after confessing some petty theft) without restoring the property stolen. He immediately fled to the mountains, and a large premium being offered for his apprehension, he joined a few banditti who infested the neighbourhood and set the government at defiance. At 18 years of age, after a skirmish with the police, in which engagement he succeeded in killing and wounding about 20, he was elected chief to the band, when he turned all his attention to the strengthening of his party ; and from the terror his name had occasioned in the vicinity, and the great advantages held out to this lawless mode of life, he succeeded in increasing their number to nearly 200. Their knowledge of the passes in the forests and the mountains rendered it utterly impossible for any force to suppress them. Amongst their most daring exploits, prior to their being so numerous a body, may be mentioned the storming of a convent of nuns at Mount Comodo, in the middle of the day, and carrying off 34 young girls, who were there for education, and whom he selected from the others, having previously obtained information that their parents were in circumstances to pay a heavy ransom. They were kept ten, and some even twenty days in the mountains, where (to his credit be it spoken) every attention and respect the situation and their safe keeping warranted was paid them. The ransom demanded for each varied from 200 to 1000 dollars ; and for which he had the courage, such was the terror his name had acquired, to treat in person ; no one dared arrest him, from fear of the consequences. What is more extraordinary in the life of this miscreant, is his strict attention to the outward forms of his religion. It has been already mentioned his person was nearly covered with crosses and images of saints. He (as well as most of his companions) attended regularly on the festivals ; never once committed (as he has often confessed to my friend) either murder or robbery on a Friday ; and always on this, as well as other vigils, observed a strict fast. A priest was compelled to confess them once a month, (who, of course, from terror, gave them immediate absolution,) and one of this order was at last the means of bringing them to justice, and destroying the band. On returning once to the mountains, after a severe encounter with the gendarmes, in which he had been worsted, and one of his best men killed, he found a bishop and friar, who had been taken the day before, and awaited his return to name their ransom. Irritated by the loss he had sustained, they were immediately ordered before him, when he declared to the bishop, that the only means of preserving his life was on his knees to deny the existence of the Saviour. The bishop, seeing no means of escaping death, complied ; on which Gasparoni observed, "Wretch ! thou art unworthy to live, and instantly stabbed him to the heart." The friar was next applied to, who seeing the murder of the bishop, and hop-

ing to avoid his fate; pre-emptorily refused to deny his Saviour. The bandit's reply was short:—"Thou wilt be an acquisition to heaven, and may save thy bishop's soul from purgatory. This world is too corrupt for thee;" and presenting his carbuncle, shot him dead at his feet.

In the month of Sept. 1822, a wedding took place in a village called Valle Corsa, situated, as its name implies, in the beautiful Vale of Corsa, between an amiable and industrious young couple somewhat above the lower class, who had that day taken possession of a small farm purchased by their hard-earned savings and the assistance of their parents. Whilst the guests were amusing themselves with dancing at an early hour in the evening, Gasparoni made his appearance in the room with a few comrades, and inquired if nothing good had been left from the wedding dinner. Being answered that very little had remained, from the concourse of visitors having been greater than they had anticipated,—he commenced a search of the house, and, unfortunately for the young couple, discovered a rather plentiful though homely supper, which had been prepared for the guests. The countenance of the bandit immediately changed, "What!" demanded he in a surly tone, "are Gasparoni and his companions to be denied their supper at a wedding, when there are sufficient provisions in the house? Enough! the bride shall go with me!" then turning himself to the youthful husband, he said, "If you are in want of your partner, send me the day after to-morrow, at latest, 600 scudi, or you will never see her more." Resistance was vain, the guests were horror-struck, and the unfortunate girl was dragged from the arms of her distracted husband, and carried to the mountains. On the second day, as the bandit had intimated, the unhappy husband had contrived, with the assistance of his friends, to collect the sum named for ransom, which he immediately sent by one of his labourers who consigned it into the hands of Gasparoni. Hereupon the villain took the man to a grotto, where he found the poor girl tied to a tree, with her hands behind her. "You are come," said the bandit, "to take your master's young bride home. I will keep my word, you shall take her." With that he drew his bloody knife and stabbed the innocent virgin to the heart. Such was the strength and dexterity with which he used the diabolical instrument, that the point came out at her back. "Return now," said he, "to your master; tell him from me to enjoy her, and that I hope he will be more hospitable to his friends at his next nuptials. The affrighted countryman took the corpse of the murdered girl on his shoulders, and bore it to the anxious and expectant lover. The scene which followed may be more easily imagined than described, suffice it to say, that in the moment of frenzy he snatched the lifeless body of his wife from the bearer, and rushing into the house, shot himself through the head, and expired on the corpse. The police were now in hot pursuit after him, and the government, amongst other edicts, offered a premium of 4,000 scudi for his head, and a free pardon, besides this large sum of money, to any one of his comrades who should succeed in destroying him. The knowledge of this edict, and his having discovered among his accomplices many daring individuals who had entered his band with the connivance of the government, and even assisted him in his robberies with the desperate re-

solution of gaining the golden prize by his destruction, irritated him extremely, and obliged him to dismiss a great number of his followers, and retire with a chosen few on whom he could rely to the neighbourhood of Terracina. Here, instead of concealing himself, his daring spirit conceived and executed the plan of carrying to his retreat, in a forest two miles only from Terracina (a garrison town), a colonel of the Austrian Troop. He demanded as his ransom, 10,000 scudi (about 2,000*l.*) In this however, he was frustrated, by the general-in-chief of the Austrian army sending him word, that if the slightest insult was offered to the colonel he would fire the whole village of Ciccari, and revenge himself on Gasparoni's parents. This spirited answer alarmed him for the safety of his mother, to whom he was always much attached; and he immediately gave the colonel his liberty. Gasparoni attributes his many miraculous escapes (from his own associates and the police) to the affections of a boy to whom he had stood *compare*, or godfather. This lad, who partook of the ferocity of his preceptor, but excelled him in his cunning, and joined him when only seven or eight years of age, would never leave his side, and always watched whilst the bandit slept, standing or sitting assentinel at his head; and for the five years they were together, was never known to be off his guard. Every effort was made by the government to seduce this boy, but ineffectually. He was faithful to his trust, and at last died in the defence of his inhuman master. The circumstance of this little hero's death was as follows. In Oct. 1824, Gasparoni having information that the police were informed of his retreat, and that he was to be surrounded in the night, fled to a hut some miles distant, which had been indicated to him, taking with him only the boy, where he fancied himself in perfect security. He was, however, deceived; the information given him was a deep laid scheme, in which some of his followers were implicated, to entice him to this spot, and if possible to take him alive, that a summary example might have been made of him. The boy, hearing a noise, waked his master, by whom he was immediately urged to fly, Gasparoni trusting to his own wit and courage to get clear himself. The police who were nearer than they imagined, and could see their motions through a loophole cut in the hut for the purpose, and fearful of losing their prize, fired instantly amongst them, and the first ball passed through the conical hat of the bandit. The intrepid boy sprung forward with his pistols, and was in the act of firing, when a second shot brought him to the ground. The police had by this time forced the fragile door of the hut; but knowing the ferocious and now desperate courage of him they were to take, stood hesitating to enter, when Gasparoni took a cool and deliberate aim with his blunderbuss, killed the first, a brigadier of the gendarmerie, and wounded two others. Taking advantage of the shock his pursuers had received from his fire, and assisted by the darkness of the night, he rushed past them with an agility almost incredible, and succeeded in escaping.

He laments the poor unfortunate boy to this day; and, could one believe in the assertion of this execrable wretch, he would willingly have died for him. The reward this ill-fated lad received for his attachment and fidelity to his fiendish master, was condemnation to death, and his

body to be quartered and hung in the most conspicuous places. His head, the only part now remaining, is to be seen over the Porta Angelica of Rome (a gate leading to Ponte Molla, on the Florence road) in an iron cage.

The condemnation to death after a man is actually dead, must sound strange to the English reader, but such is the case in the Roman as well as in the Tuscan tribunals; by the latter of which the son of a wealthy merchant of Leghorn (with whom the writer is acquainted), being accused of a crime a few years since, was, notwithstanding his death by assassination, tried nearly a twelvemonth afterwards, and sentenced, by this strange law, to the galleys for life. Every effort has been made, and immense sums spent by the father, to quash this ridiculous sentence, but uselessly, and the stain still remains on the family.

FAREWELL TO WALES.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“The voice of thy streams in my spirit I hear—

Farewell! and a blessing be with thee, green land!

On thy halls, on thy hearths, on thy pure mountain air,

On the strings of the harp, and the minstrel's free hand!

From the love of my soul with my tears it is shed,

Whilst I leave thee, oh! land of my home and my dead!

“I bless thee; yet not for the beauty which dwells

In the heart of thy hills, or the waves of thy shore;

And not for the memory set deep in thy dells,

Of the bard and the warrior—the mighty of yore;

And not for thy songs of those proud ages fled,

Green-land, poet-land of my home and my dead!

“I bless thee for all the true bosoms that beat,

Where'er a lone hamlet smiles under thy skies;

For thy peasant hearths burning, the stranger to greet,

For the soul that looks forth from thy children's kind eyes!

May the blessing, like sunshine, around thee be spread,

Green-land of my childhood, my home, and my dead!”

THE HURONS.—A CANADIAN TALE,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR ANDREW WYLIE."

[FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY, NO 1.]

At the head of lake Ontario, a long, narrow strip of land separates its clear waters from a smaller expanse, generally known by the name of Burlington Bay. Along the northern part of the beach, as this strip is called close under the residence, of Brant, the Mohawk chieftain, a number of detached, picturesque trees, grow upon the sand, curiously festooned with gigantic vines interwoven among their branches; and in the ground beneath, at short intervals, are many square artificial hollows, the remains of a fortified camp of a party of the Huron Indians, who resisted the original invasion of their hunting grounds, when the French first attempted to establish military posts in that remote wilderness.

At first sight, it seems strange that the Hurons should have advanced so far to meet the enemies of their independence; but a cursory inspection of the map will serve to shew, that in taking this advanced position they were guided by a military eye of no common perspicacity. The country on their right and left was covered with a forest penetrable only by Indians; rude ascents and steep precipices rose in the midst of it, presenting a vast rampart of great extent against access from the low country.

It is evident, from the choice of their position, that the Hurons expected the French to arrive in boats; and to prevent them from penetrating into Burlington Bay, was, without doubt, the motive which induced them to prefer it. Whether they were ever attacked in that position is no longer remembered, but an adventure of a party of them during the time they were encamped at this place is not excelled by any demonstration of resolution in the records of ancient heroism.

The French had in the mean time constructed Fort St. Louis, at the mouth of the river Niagara, at which the Indians became alarmed, and sent out a strong detachment, who intrenched themselves on the rising ground of the opposite bank, where Fort George is now situated.

In taking this new position, which evidently demonstrated courage and defiance, the Hurons did not sufficiently consider the superiority which the French possessed in their boats. It was easy at any time for the garrison of Fort St. Louis to attack the Indian intrenchments; but the Hurons had no engines capable of disturbing the embattled walls and sheltered quarters of their enemies. The few rude canoes which they had formed on the spot were unfit for warlike purposes.

What was wanting to these brave people in the machinery of war was supplied by their ingenuity; they employed their canoes in fishing, and the sentinels on the walls of the fortress were frequently found pierced with arrows. This annoyance from the canoes inflamed the garrison; and it was determined to dislodge the Indians.

The night appointed for the enterprise was at the change of the moon when no light, save that of the stars, could shine upon the adventure. The command was given to the Chevalier La Porte, a young officer of aspiring bravery, and beloved by all the garrison. The boats belonging to the fortress were collected, torches were prepared, and grenades, together with many other instruments of combustion, to fire the stakes and fences of the Indian fortification. The enterprise was against warriors who were never known to have yielded.

The Hurons had no intelligence of these preparations; but their natural sagacity apprised them that they could not expect to remain long in their strong hold unmolested. While their enemies were concerting the means of their destruction, they were no less active in augmenting their defence. In this crisis the incident took place which we have now to describe.

While the preparations for the expedition were going forward, the wife of La Porte was induced by the beauty of the weather to embark with her child for a sail under the walls of Fort St. Louis. The wind happened to blow strong from lake Ontario, and she in consequence directed her pinnace to be rowed, in the lee of the high banks, up the river. In the course of this little excursion the boat was drawn into one of the whirlpools; and though saved from the vortex, by the dexterity of the rowers, was thrown over towards the Canadian shore, and captured by some of the Indians, who were fishing near the spot.

La Porte, on learning the misfortune of his lady and child, became impatient to rescue them, and to revenge the insults which he conceived his wife must have suffered. Accordingly, it was determined that the attack on the Indian camp should be made on that night; and soon after dark the troops were embarked. It was a gloomy night—the sky was overcast—the wind was gusty—the waters of the lake were muddy and troubled—and the heavens and the earth were ominously darkened, as if fate frowned on the expedition. But, nevertheless, the gallant Frenchmen reached the Canadian shore, and approached in silence towards the palisades of the Indian encampment.

The Hurons, in the joy of having taken prisoner the wife of their most intrepid adversary, had spent the fore part of the evening in revelry and gladness, but, tired of their feasting, when the French approached, were in a profound sleep, and, dreadless of danger, were without their usual watch. But there was a faithful dog among them; and the soft footing of the enemy's advance could not be concealed from his vigilant ears. As they drew near he began to bark—first at intervals; but his alarm gradually became louder and louder, until he had roused the Indians from their fatal security. While they were rallying, La Porte advanced his troops close to the palisades, and poured a shower of fire and lead through the apertures. The Indians, notwithstanding their surprise and confusion, made a desperate resistance. They mounted their assigned posts, and, with heroic resolution, defended themselves against their enemies, who, having scaled the enclosure, advanced upon them sword in hand, cutting down all who opposed their progress.

In the meantime, La Porte, anxious to rescue his wife, frequently called her aloud by name; and at last she heard his voice, and replied with an exclamation of joy.

The Indians, on hearing this, believed she was the object of the enterprise, and formed a rampart around her and the infant she held in her arms. The French attacked them with the animation peculiar to their character; but it was in vain. The Indians repulsed them with their spears, and raised a wall of the slain before themselves. La Porte, almost distracted, commanded the torches and combustibles to be lighted, and the wigwams in which the squaws and papooses of the Indians were lodged to be set on fire. The flames spread with appalling rapidity—the shrieks and screams of the burning victims pierced the hearts even of the infuriated Frenchmen; but the Indians stood in their places like adamant, with a constancy of purpose that the adventures of European war have never surpassed. By the light of the flames, the Indians were enabled to make a fearful retaliation—they bent their bows and drew their arrows from their quivers, and in the first shower of their shafts every arrow bore a billet to the heart of an enemy. Another such desolating volley had destroyed the French: but at this crisis one of the sachems, fixing his eye on La Porte, called on his Indian companions to stay their arrows for a moment; and placing one of his own on his bowstring, he levelled it at the breast of the intrepid Frenchman.

The sachem was standing at the time beside Madame La Porte, and by that circumstance he was protected from the muskets of the assailants. On both sides there was a pause—the fate of La Porte seemed inevitable—when his lady, with heroic presence of mind, as the bow was drawn to its full bent, snatched a burning brand, and dashed it at the hand of the sachem,—the harmless arrow dropped at his feet. The French raised a shout,—La Porte rushed on the sachem, and sabred him to the ground. This decided the conflict for a time. The Indians made no further resistance, but fled from their encampment, and abandoned all to their enemies.

Here the curious sagacity of the Indians in this desperate condition of their affairs, shewed itself. On escaping from the entrenchments of their camp, instead of scattering themselves, they all instinctively ran, as if they had been directed by a command, to the spot where the boats of their enemies were lying, and cut them adrift. They then planted themselves under the bank, and, with bent bows and fixed arrows, waited the return of the French. La Porte, when he found the camp abandoned, mustered his men, and led them back to where they had left the boats, with the intention of re-embarking. The Indians heard them coming, and suppressed their breathing. The French drew near, and went straight to embark: those who were foremost gave the alarm, that the boats were gone. In the same moment a shower of the Indian arrows made dreadful havoc among them. La Porte was standing with his wife and her child leaning on his arm, when this terrible ambuscade so suddenly burst upon his men. But possessing that presence of mind which qualified him to undertake the difficult enterprise in which he was engaged, he directed his wife to lie down with her child; and calling to

such of the soldiers as had torches and combustibles, to light them, and to plant them on the ground, he charged the Indians in their lurking places under the bank, and before many of them could escape, he was their master again. The contest was now unequal. The Indians, however, rallied on the top of the bank; and the torches illuminating the shore, enabled them to take perfect aim at the French. La Porte, though he escaped himself, saw with dreadful feelings his men falling around him one by one.

By this time the garrison of Fort St. Louis, anxious spectators, had discerned by the lights on the shore that the boats were thrown adrift, and justly apprehending from that circumstance that their comrades had the worst of the conflict, manned the two or three boats which remained at the garrison, and went to their assistance. They arrived at the critical moment when the Chevalier La Porte and his few remaining companions were exhausted with fatigue, and their ammunition nearly all expended. The reinforcements cheered the French and dismayed the Indians, who, nevertheless, with the constancy of their fearless nature, maintained themselves upon the top of the bank; and the heavens having by this time cleared up, their tall forms, darkly seen by the star-light, presented conspicuous targets, as it were, to the aims of the French: thus, in their turn, they fell as fast as the soldiers of La Porte, whom they had so nearly destroyed. Victory being now decidedly with the French, La Porte was anxious to re-embark his few remaining men; but as the Indians stood firm, the honour of the French would not permit them to listen to prudent counsels, and with one voice they declared their determination not to retreat.

In the meantime, Madame La Porte, who, with her child, had continued lying on the ground, to escape the arrows of the Indians, during a short pause in the battle raised herself, holding her child in her arms, to see the aspect of the conflict: while in this position she was discovered by an Indian, and almost in the same moment the infant was pierced with an arrow. She felt him shudder—and then he was dead, but she clung to the lifeless body, and again stretched herself on the ground.

At this moment, La Porte seeing that the firmness of the Indians was not to be overcome by attacking them in front, despatched a few of his men under the bank of the river to attack them in rear. This manoeuvre was successful. The Indians finding themselves between two fires, uttered a wild shout and again fled; but it was not the flight of defeat. They rallied in the darkness, and before the French could reach them they were descending towards the landing-place, through a narrow path which wound through the bushes towards the bank where the boats lay. Here they found Madame La Porte lying on the ground, still embracing her lifeless infant; and one of them was on the point of despatching her with his tomahawk. It happened, however, that among the French who had fallen there was one, who, though severely wounded, was able to use his right hand, with which he still grasped his sword. Seeing the peril of the lady, in the same moment that the Huron raised his tomahawk, the wounded man, with a desperate effort, plunged his sword into the heart of the savage. By the exertion he in the same instant expired.

At day-light the two bodies were seen as they died. The Indians holding the tomahawk, was still in the position, though he lay upon his back, in which he had raised his arm; and the Frenchman's sword stood in the heart of the Indian, grasped with seemingly the same energy with which it had been fixed there.

During this conflict on the shore, La Porte, who had hurried up the steep bank with his men, in quest of the fugitive Indians, not finding them returned to re-embark, satisfied with his victory; but when he again reached the top of the bank, and saw, by the gleam of the morning, which now began to dapple the east, the Indians in possession of the boats and the landing-place, with his lady besmeared with blood, he was for a moment struck with consternation: it was, however, only for a moment. The undaunted courage, and the bold expedients with which the unconquerable Hurons had fought and circumvented him, fired his French emulation, and he determined not to leave the field while a single Indian remained. A few words told this resolution to his men. They shared his pride and spirit, and with a unanimous voice they cried, as if inspired simultaneously by the same instinct, "Let each take his man!"—and rushed down upon the Indians, of whom as many as there were Frenchmen almost in the same instant fell beneath their swords.

Only three of these determined warriors now remained. Yet these three stood as resolute in stern sublimity as if they were still surrounded by their heroic companions. They fixed their arrows to their bow-strings, and were on the point of taking aim, when two of them were pierced with as many bullets. Such unsurpassed heroism moved the admiration of all the French, and La Porte ordered that last warrior to be spared. But the Huron would not accept the boon. His arrow was ready in the bow—he raised it—took aim—and it quivered through the heart of La Porte. He himself sunk at the same time under the swords of every Frenchman who was near enough to inflict a blow.

So ended this intrepid adventure. The bodies of La Porte and his child were placed in one of the boats, and, with Madame La Porte, were slowly conveyed to the garrison. The bodies of the slain were next morning buried by the French where they lay.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

[FROM THE INSPECTOR.]

Oh! if there is a magic charm in this low valley drear,
To cheat the pilgrim's weary way—the darkened soul to cheer,
It is the soothing voice of Love that echoes o'er the mind
Like music on a twilight lake, or bells upon the wind.

Oh! dull would be the rugged road and sad the wanderer's heart
Should that celestial harmony from life's dark sphere depart
Oh! how for that far distant land would sigh the lonely breast
"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

MARIE, OR THE BLUE HANDKERCHIEF.

[FROM THE FOREIGN LITERARY GAZETTE, NO. 3.]

Returning on foot from Orleans to Chateau de Bardy, in the month of October 1828, I saw a regiment of the Foreign Guard* marching before me on the same route. I quickened my pace to hear the military music which I love so much : but the music ceased ; and only a few faint measures of the distant drum, marking the uniform step of the soldiers, reached my ear.

After half an hour's march I saw the regiment enter a small plain, surrounded by a wood of firs : I inquired of a captain whom I knew, if they were going to manœuvre. "No," replied he ; " we are going to try, and probably to shoot, a soldier of my company for stealing from a citizen, in whose house he was billeted." " What !" said I, " judge, condemn, and execute him in the same moment ?" " Yes," replied he, " these are the rules of our capitulations."† This from a disciplinarian would bear of no reply, as if every thing had been foreseen in those capitulations, both fault and punishment, justice and humanity itself. " But if you are curious to see it," added the captain, " I will procure you a place : it will not last long." I have ever felt an interest in sad sights of this description. I imagined that I was about to learn in what manner death is depicted on the face of a dying man ;—I followed the captain.

The regiment had formed square ; behind the second line, on the skirts of the wood, some soldiers were occupied digging a grave. They were commanded by a sub-lieutenant ; for in the regiment every thing is done with order, and there is a certain discipline even in digging a man's grave. In the centre of the square eight officers were seated on drums ; a ninth, to the right, and a little more in advance, was writing negligently on his knees, merely as if to shew that a man was not killed without some form.

The accused was called forward. He was a young man, of tall stature, of a mild and noble appearance. With him advanced a woman, the only witness who deposed against him in this affair. But when the colonel was about to interrogate him, the soldier said, "'Tis useless, I will confess all ; I have stolen a handkerchief in this lady's house."—*The Colonel*. " You, Peter ! you, famed for a good fellow ?"—*Peter*. " It is true, colonel ; I always endeavoured to satisfy my superiors, but indeed I did not steal for myself ; it was for Marie."—*Colonel*. " Who is this Marie ?"—*Peter*. " 'Tis Marie, who lives yonder.....in our countrynear Aremberg where the big apple-tree stands I shall then never see her more !"—*Colonel*. " I do not understand you, Peter ; explain yourself."—*Peter*. " Well, then, colonel, read this letter ;"—and he delivered him the following letter, every word of which is still present to my recollection.

* Swiss Royal Guards, in the Service of France.

† Term of service, extending from seven to fourteen years, used in all foreign armies, many regulations of which are peculiar to the Swiss troops, governed by military laws, totally independent of those of the country where they take service, and many features of which are distinguished by the most cruel and rigid discipline.

"My dear friend Peter,—I profit by the recruit Arnold, who is engaged in your regiment, to send you this letter, and a silk purse, which I have made on purpose for you. I was obliged to hide from father to make it ; for he always scolds me for loving you so much, and says that you will never return ; but you will return, won't you ? yet, even should you not, I shall love you. I promised myself to you the day you picked up my blue handkerchief at the dance of Aremberg, to bring it to me. When then, shall I see you ? But what pleases me is, that I'm told you are esteemed by your officers, and loved by your comrades. Yet you have another year to serve. Do it quickly, for then we'll be married. Adieu ! my dear friend Peter. "Thy dear Marie."

"P. S. Try and send me also something from France: not for fear that I shall forget you, but that I may wear it about me. You must kiss what you send me. I am quite sure that I shall find the place you have kissed immediately."

When the perusal of this letter was ended, Peter resumed : "Arnold," said he, "delivered me this letter last night, when I received my billet. All the night I could not sleep ; I thought of the country and of Marie. She asked me for something from France : I had no money ; I have engaged my pay for three months for my brother and my cousin, who returned to our country some days ago. This morning, when I got up to march, I opened my window ; a blue handkerchief hung from a line ; it resembled Marie's ; it was the same colour, the same white stripes. I had the weakness to take it, and to put it in my knapsack. I went into the street—I repented : I was just returning to the house, when this lady ran after me ; the handkerchief was found upon me. This is the truth : the capitulation requires that I be shot ; shoot me, but do not despise me."

The judges could not conceal their emotion ; nevertheless, when the vote was put, he was condemned, unanimously, to death. He heard the sentence with coolness ; then approaching his captain, he begged him to lend him four francs. The captain gave them to him.

I saw him then advance to the woman, to whom the blue handkerchief had been restored, and I heard these words : "Madam, here are four francs ; I know not if your handkerchief is worth more, but even should that be, I pay it dear enough for you to forgive me the rest." Then taking back the handkerchief, he kissed it and gave it to the captain : "My officer," said he, "in two years you will return to our mountains : if you should pass by Arembergh, ask for Marie, give her this blue handkerchief, but—do not tell her—how I have purchased it." Then he knelt, prayed to God, and marched with a firm step to execution.

I then retired and entered the wood to avoid seeing the end of this cruel tragedy. Some musket-shots soon informed me that all was over. I returned an hour after ; the regiment had retired, all was calm : but, on skirting the wood to regain the road, I perceived, at a few paces before me, traces of blood, and a mound of earth newly turned up. I took a branch of fir, made with it a sort of cross and placed it on the Grave of poor Peter, forgotten now by all the world except by me and perhaps by Marie.

—*French of Etienne Bergnet.*

MOZART'S VIOLIN.

[FROM THE FOREIGN LITERARY GAZETTE, NO. 3.]

"About forty years ago, a poor dealer in knickknacks and *bric-à-brac*, named Ruttler, took up his abode at the upper extremity of the Faubourg Saint Joseph, at Vienna. The scanty profits of his little trade ill sufficed for the support of a young wife and fourteen children, the oldest of whom was but sixteen years of age. Ruttler, however, notwithstanding the discouraging position of his affairs, was kind-hearted,—ever ready to serve his friends; and the needy traveller was never known to quit his door without the benefit of his advice or his charity. An individual whose serious deportment and benevolent expression of countenance was calculated to inspire respect and interest, passed regularly every day before the door of Ruttler's shop. The individual in question was evidently struggling against the influence of a desperate malady;—nature seemed no longer to have any charms in his eyes. A languid smile would, however, play around his discoloured lips as Ruttler's children each morning saluted him on his passage, or heedlessly pursued him with their infant gambols. On such occasions his eyes were raised to heaven, and seemed in silence to implore for the young innocents an existence happier than his. Ruttler who had remarked the stranger, and who seized every occasion to be of service, had obtained the privilege of offering him a seat every morning on his return from his usual walk. The stranger frankly accepted the proffered civility, and Ruttler's children often warmly disputed with each other the prerogative of setting the humble stool before their father's guest. One day the stranger returned from his walk rather earlier than usual. Ruttler's children accosted him with smiles:—'Sir,' said they, 'mamma has this night given us a pretty little sister.' Upon this the stranger, leaning on the arm of the eldest child, presented himself in Ruttler's shop, and kindly asked after his wife. Ruttler, who was going out, confirmed his children's prattle; and after thanking his guest for his enquiries—'Yes, sir,' said he, 'this is the fifteenth that Providence has sent us.' 'Worthy man,' cried the stranger, in a tone of anxiety and sympathy;—'and yet a feeble portion of the treasures showered on the courtiers of Schœnbrun lights not on your humble dwelling. Age of iron! when talent, virtue, honour, are admired only when the tomb closes on them for ever! But,' added he, 'have you a godfather for the infant?' 'Alas, sir! the poor man with difficulty finds a sponsor for his child:—for my other children I have usually claimed the good offices of some chance passer, or neighbour as poor as myself.' 'Call her Gabrielle:—here are a hundred florins for the christening feast, to which I invite myself, and by taking charge of which you will oblige me.' Ruttler hesitated:—'Come, come,' said the stranger, 'take them;—when you know me better, you will see that I am not unworthy to share your sorrows. But you can render me a service:—I perceive a violin in your shop;—bring it me here to this table;—I have a sudden idea, which I must commit to

paper.' Ruttler hastily detached the violin from the peg to which it was suspended, and gave it to the stranger, whose skill drew from the instrument such extraordinary sounds, that the street was soon filled with a crowd of inquisitive listeners. A number of personages of the highest distinction, recognising the artist by his melody, stopped their carriages. The stranger, entirely engrossed by his composition, paid no attention to the crowd that surrounded Ruttler's shop. When he had terminated, he thrust into his pocket the paper on which he had been writing, left his address with Ruttler, and took leave of him, intimating that he should expect to receive due notice of the christening. Three days elapsed, and the stranger returned no more. In vain Ruttler's children placed the stool before their father's door. On the third day, several people, dressed in black, and their countenances impressed with the seal of wo, stopped before the humble seat, and contemplated it in sadness. Ruttler then determined to make some personal inquiries as to the fate of his guest. He arrived at the house to which the stranger had addressed him. The door was hung with black—a coffin was illuminated with an immense quantity of wax lights—a crowd of artists, of grandees, of scientific and literary men, deplored the fatal event that had taken place. For the first time the truth flashed across Ruttler's mind. He learned with astonishment that he whose funeral obsequies were on the point of celebration—his guest—his benefactor—the proposed godfather of his child—was Mozart? Mozart had exhaled his last melodious sigh at Ruttler's miserable threshold! Seated on the shapeless stool, he had composed his melodious requiem—the last strain of Germany's expiring Swan! Ruttler paid the last sad tribute of respect to one whom he had honoured and revered without knowing him. Returning home, he was astonished to find his modest asylum invaded by the idle crowd, who often incense the shrine only when the deity has departed. The circumstances which we have just detailed brought Ruttler's establishment into vogue, and enabled him to amass a competence and provide for his fifteen children. According to the wish expressed by Mozart, the youngest was named Gabrielle; and the violin on which the great composer had played a few days before his death, served as the marriage portion of his god-daughter, when she had attained the age of sixteen. The same violin was afterwards sold for 4,000 florins. With the seat on which Mozart had sat, Ruttler never would consent to part, notwithstanding the brilliant sums offered for it. The honest merchant resolved to keep it as a monument at once of his former poverty and of his present good fortune."

THE DEVIL'S MILL.

[FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NO. L.]

About six miles to the westward of Dublin stands the village of Lucan, "noted," as the *Post Chaise Companion* has it, "for its medicinal spring, the waters of which are of great efficacy in many disorders," that is to say, it is a pretty rural retirement, where people of fashion, in former times, when there *were* people of fashion in Dublin, used to recover from the effects of the dissipation of the season, by keeping regular hours, and taking regular exercise, through romantic woodland scenes, and in a mild salubrious climate, though they invariably attributed their cure to a pint of cold clear water (as agreeable in taste and smell as the washings of a gun), by them taken twice a day.

The low road to Lucan is a beautiful drive, passing through the Phoenix Park, with its place of arms, the fifteen acres, where more duels have been fought than upon any given spot on the face of the globe, and the Strawberry Banks, whence Dublin is supplied with that fruit, and where, in the pleasant days of summer, the citizens ruralize, after the fashion of their brethren of Cockaigne, amongst the Arcadian groves of Hampstead and Richmond Hill. Winding onward through rich meadows, and sunny slopes, and gradually losing sight of all that can remind you of the city, the road reaches the Liffey, there a dark, rapid, and sullen-looking stream, overshadowed by tall trees, and embosomed among gloomy superstitious groves, and silent upland pastures, that shut out all distant views, and preserve unbroken the character of the place. A little farther on, where the shadows fall deepest over river and road, the troubled voice of the stream, at once mournful and complaining, gives token that its course is ruffled by some impediment, and there, half overcome by the indefatigable waters, lie certain antique walls, and a ruined wear, denominated by the peasantry "The Devil's Mill." A gloomy spot it is, that lonesome road, with its nodding spectral trees, when an autumn evening is falling around you, and closing in the view with its thin gray pall; when the chafed torrent is raving and groaning through the dim-seen ruins, as if anxious to shake off their load, and sweep them headlong from its path; and when the wild legend, to which they owe their name, arises in your mind. Many and many a time have I heard it, with the woods of L——town right before me, and the work of the fiendish architect beneath my feet, as I sat on the twisted root of one of the venerable trees; while with that air of undoubting implicit belief which lends a peculiar interest to all Irish legends, whether humorous or tragic (for your narrator delivers them to you, no matter how extravagant, as if he believed every jot and tittle of them from the bottom of his soul), some patriarch of the neighbouring village pointed out the various localities of the story. Here it is for you.

In the old-world times of the Charles' and James', ay, up to the middle of the last century, the Irish nobility were a fierce and lawless race, little

resembling their contemporary brethren of England, in manners or habits, and preserving much of the feudal sway of the days of the Henrys and Edwards; together with no small portion of the rude pomp and stern aristocratic bearing, consequent upon that system. Between them and their vassals "there was a great gulf fixed," and I could tell you tales for a twelvemonth, of their desperate feats in drinking, hunting, courtship, and duelling, gathered from the descendants of those very vassals, and handed down in fear and wonder from father to son : somewhat distorted, perhaps, by reason of the wide separation I have alluded to between the castes, but yet possessing strong traits of character, national and individual, and, like all other traditional tales, shadowing out real events of by-gone times, even in their wildest flights. The memory of many a noble, of the times I speak of, is tainted with the charge of league and compact with the powers of darkness ; and I do not wonder at it : the miserable country was convulsed by civil wars of the most unsparring nature, and torn to the very vitals by every conceivable alternation of unflinching pitiless cruelty, as either party was hurried along by the tide of fortune, evil or good, by the headlong fury of victory or defeat ; and it is in no way strange that the scared peasantry, as they beheld with awe and wonder the excesses of their superiors, should attribute them to a deeper influence than the mere ordinary passions of human nature, and that they should see in the wild unnatural merriment of their midnight festivities, as well as in the sweeping fury of their partizan warfare, the workings of the inspiration of the spirit of evil, rather than the mere abuse of sensual pleasures and lawless power.

Among the latest who fell under the heavy imputation I have described, was a former possessor of the beautiful, though sombre-looking seat whose ancient trees overshadow the road at the spot where the scene of my legend is laid. The mansion and demesne then bore the name of L——town, from the family to which it belonged ; its present proprietor, however, has called it Woodlands, and, while in his hands, I will warrant it from witnessing any feats which may require either the head or the heart of the daring few, who at any time have been suspected of encountering the dwellers in the dark abodes, though, to tell the truth, his father might have been in possession of the philosopher's stone, for aught I can say to the contrary, inasmuch as he commenced his career as a flying stationer, that is to say, an itinerant vender of pamphlets, and died a member of parliament worth half a million sterling.

It is said that one of the L—— family (the former possessors of the estate) shewed William the Third the passage across the Boyne ; at all events, without pretending to investigate that point of history, I can only say, that there are few names to which the Irish peasant attaches such deep damnation, and which he pronounces with such a fervour of hatred and horror as that of L——.

At the time I speak of, the L—— of the day seemed fairly determined to earn in his own person all the anathemas which the people had ever poured out upon his race ; he drank like a Frey Graf of the fourteenth century—he rode like a wild huntsman—he was the first and the last in the revel and the field, and though frequently engaged in the sanguinary

duels of the period, as well as in all other hazardous exploits that seemed to promise a short and speedy termination to his fierce career, yet he ever escaped unhurt, as if he bore a charmed life; but of all the passions which swayed his mind by turns, that of play seemed the master, and the ruler: for this he would sacrifice all else besides, and night and day, when the fit was upon him, lights danced, and rafters rang, and the very owls and ravens whooped and croaked as the voices of his fierce companions and of himself broke through the stillness of the antique mansion, and the solemn woods, with song, and shout, and blasphemous incantation, as the shifting luck at dice or cards stirred their spirits, and chafed their blood.

On a November night, when the groaning trees bowed beneath the storm, and the Liffey, swelled by the mountain rains, swept through the vale in a dark brown flood, that threatened to carry every obstacle before it, from Lucan to Dublin Bay, the usual party was assembled at play in L—— town. It seemed as if the night had lent a portion of its darkness and fury to their spirits and demeanour; they drank, and played, and shouted, as if bent upon rivalling the storm without; and ever as the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared, they mocked the elemental strife in their impious songs and ribald jests. As though, in very deed, the powers of nature were moved at their audacity, it seemed as if the storm increased in intensity, and concentrated around the house, until at last even the boldest of them thought they could distinguish hoarse yelling voices mingling with the midnight blast, and ghastly faces leering through the windows, and furious eyes glaring out of the darkness, as the livid lightning flashed through the gloom, like the banner of the accursed host; crash after crash of thunder pealed through the very room with every flash, until at last, a globe of fire, the brightest, the most terrible that ever eye beheld, leaped right among them, dazzling them for an instant with its intolerable light, and leaving them the next, in the darkness and the silence of the grave.

The host was the first to start up and thunder to the servants for lights, and when the affrighted menials came, it was an altered scene which presented itself; the tables had been upset, and the lights extinguished by the explosion of the thunderbolt, though none of the guests were hurt. But on collecting their scattered senses, and looking around, they all perceived, with a shudder, that a stranger was added to their company. Now, though at the first glance, he was to all appearance no more than a middle aged man, dressed in black, yet, as they looked at him, they could see that the outline of his figure wavered and flickered, as if traced upon a mist; and in his eye there was something so fiendish and withering that the boldest heart grew cold before his glance, nay, the very storm itself seemed to dwell around, or emanate from him, for ever as he moved in his chair, though every motion seemed studied, and subdued, as he turned and bowed in token of recognition to one after another of the silent group, floor, walls, and ceiling trembled and shook as if the mansion was about to come down, and bury them in its ruins.

L—— was a bold hearted man, and though daunted by what he saw, and well he might be, he was the first of the party to recover himself sufficiently to speak; he demanded the name and purpose of the intruder—

there was a pause before the stranger replied, then mastering an obvious inclination to laugh, which gave a yet wilder and more unnatural air to his countenance, he coolly replied, "That he was right well known to every individual in the honourable company, and that he was the guest of their host, by regular invitation, given so very lately, and acceded to by them so unanimously, that he could not help wondering at the strange reception they gave him"—and with this, after another withering glance round the circle, he looked downward at his own feet; all eyes followed his, and all recognized with horror the fatal hoof—in Ireland, as in Germany, the infallible mark of the devil: for disguise the rest of his person as he may, it seems he never parts with or conceals that. The company, with one accord, fled from the room.

In the neighbourhood of L——town lived a clergyman, renowned for his piety; and little as the inmates of that mansion thought of him in their blasphemous revelry, and much as they were accustomed to scorn his ghostly counsels on ordinary occasions, yet now, in the hour of supernatural peril, he was called for by all, as the only champion who had a chance of success against their dangerous enemy. He came at once, and, without the slightest hesitation, committed himself alone with the evil one. Of the particulars of their interview little is known; as the legend draws near its close it waxes dim and faint, like an incoherent dream. The demon, avowing his errand, boldly declared that he came for him who had summoned him, and that he would not depart without him, unless compelled by a superior power. Strong as were the exorcisms of the virtuous priest, yet the fiend, armed with the guilt of his summoner, as with a delegated commission of vengeance, stood upon his right. At length a species of compromise was effected: the demon consented to forego his claim for the present, out of compliment to the merit and skill of his antagonist, rather than upon compulsion, and through fear of his exorcisms, but only on condition that a task should be assigned to him which he could not perform. Now every child (in Ireland at least) knows, that if you try skill with the devil, endeavour to puzzle him, and fail in the attempt, you pay for the failure and become his victim, by virtue of a kind satanic forfeiture of recognizance. The aged priest pondered for an instant, and listened to the raging torrent as it swept along in its strength, and he knew by the sounding roar that the stream, which in summer glides pleasantly through greenwood and pasture, just deep enough to shelter the nimble trout in his transparent eddies, was now careering from mountain and swamp, armed with the fury of a hundred midnight torrents, and sweeping cabin and peasant, cattle and stock, from its downward path, like any other pitiless conqueror. The old man's eye lighted up with the hope of baffling the subtle fiend, and he chuckled at the thought of giving him enough of cold water for once in his life, as he bade him filter the swollen river with dam and weat, and build a substantial mill in the midst of the torrent.

Lamp grew dim, and tempest was hushed and lightning crept back into the bosom of the cloud, and the old priest hid his face between his hands! as with fantastic and unholy gestures, and forbidden words of power, the evil spirit summoned his brethren around him; and the roof rang once

more with peals of fiendish laughter, as they listened to the simple task of the priest, and vanished to perform it. Like the tall piles that arise at the bidding of sleep in a troubled dream or the fantastic architecture one constructs in the western clouds of the evening sky, the affrighted exorciser could see by a lurid light, as of a mighty furnace, the mill arising through the cleft waters, as with jest, and song, and damned merriment, the busy demons plied their task; then came a glare of brightest light, the throng broke, and fell back, the work was finished, and wheel and hopper clanked, and banged through the hushed night. The priest's heart died within him at every stroke—"Heaven be good to me!" said he; "what will become of me?" for he thought on the well-known consequences of failing in an attempt to puzzle the devil—"What next?" said the stranger, impatiently—"What next?" and his brow darkened, and his eyes glared wolfishly at the poor priest.—"*Sancte Johanne ora pro me—Beati Apostoli, orate pro me*"—"Give me work shouted the evil one, his form dilating as his human disguise gave way before his fiendish rage—"Give me work, I want no prayers,—you promised me work—keep your word or look to yourself." Just at that instant a saving thought flashed across the mind of the terrified old man: he remembered the well known *crux*, which at various times has posed the most intelligent and dextrous devils in Pandemonium; and with a long-drawn gasp, like that of one who had just been snatched from the devouring sea, "You want work," said he, "do you? be off with yourself, then, to the Bull of Clontarf*—the blessed saints be praised that put it into my head—and make me a three-ply cable of the sand of the sea. And hark ye," said he, his spirits rising at the blank disappointed look of his enemy, "you needn't be in such a hurry with *this* job, the day's long, and the wages are small." The baffled demon vanished with a howl.

And now farewell to Lucan, with its long-drawn vistas of solemn woods, its mazy river, and atrabilious-looking water drinkers; cross as they seemed, many a pleasant day I have passed among them in merry childhood, wondering all the while how *they* could look so sad and yellow, while the swift river sparkled, and the sweet birds sang, and the trees blossomed around them; but I have eaten of the fruit of knowledge of good and evil since those times, and I wonder no more.

J. R. O.

PRODIGALITY.

That which gilded over his imperfections,
Is wasted and consumed, even like ice,
Which by the vehemence of heat dissolves,
And glides to many rivers; so his wealth,
That felt a prodigal hand, hot in expense,
Melted within his grasp, and from his coffers
Ran like a violent stream to other men's.—*Cooke.*

* A sand bank in Dublin Bay.

PAGANINI.

[FROM THE FOREIGN LITERARY GAZETTE, NO. 4.]

[So much has been said of this wonderful violinist, and the continental press has so teemed with his exploits, that we have drawn many of the particulars into one focus, for the amusement of our readers.]

“There is but one *Handel*; there is but one *PAGANINI*.”—*An Auditor at Berlin.*

He who has once heard Paganini will bear me out in the assertion, that his hand wields the sceptre of creative and imitative power with such consummate mastery, as to stamp him the first and greatest, the most original and the divinest, harmonist of his age. Indeed, were artists pinnacled among the more illustrious of our race, he has long since earned, and would long since have been hailed by, the style and designation of “the great.” This wonderful master of sweet tones has left behind him recollections with which envy itself would be reluctant to part; and the most fastidious will confess that he uses his bow with a skill which is perfectly incomprehensible to the maturest idoliser of Cremonese glory. You may deem me an enthusiast, if you choose; but, believe me, there is not one of his mute and enraptured bearers who did not conceive himself caught up into the unearthly regions of heavenly melody, when this Amphion of our modern day poured forth his magic notes. And I use this term advisedly—so often did his chords resemble the full-toned bursts of one harmonious choir. There is no meretricious niggardliness in Paganini’s play—he would win all, or none; and therefore his play is ever-varied and universal. At one moment his tones are those of English seriousness; at another, Italian fire bursts from them; at a third, they carol with the giddy sprightliness of French vivacity; and now they move with Spanish dignity. And with every changing imagery of his numbers, the feelings of his auditors are attuned to accordant impulses. The unprecedented sway he exercises is enhanced by the interest with which nature has gifted his person. Paganini is meagre, palid, pensive, and absent; the impress of affliction is stamped upon his brow, and his sunken cheeks betrays the cankering cares and sufferings of many an hour of trial. When his emaciated form first meets the eye, the spectator feels an instant thrill of pity;—such indelible trace does it bear that he has been long a man of sorrows. But, hold! the bow is in his hand—his sunken eye kindles with the glow of inspiration—a smile of happiness rises upon his lip—the muscles of his countenance play visibly—there is a dew upon his forehead—his whole frame moves with strong emotion—his right foot is thrown forward, the left seems rooted to the floor—his thoughts appear to wander, and yet they are intensely surveying every corner of the orchestra. Heard ye that note? It was the *erstling* of a prayer—it spoke at once the language of the skies, and he that gave it utterance can know no evil thoughts—if ever they were his, they are dispelled and banished from his soul—impurity can have no harbour there.

Paganini has not been exempted from the calumnies, the malice of envious tongues, the blasts of detraction, the filthy stain of cowardly insinuation : he stands alone and great on his high pedestal ; and he must eschew the taunts of the fashionable puritanism of his day. He is a native of Genoa ; and early in life acquired a notoriety that was scantily re-echoed on this side of the Alps by the tongue of an occasional wayfarer ; for scarcely a glance on the subject was imparted by the Italian journals. His political friendships, as it is said, were for a long series of years the occasion of his incarceration in Rome ; but this we do know,—his marriage proved a bed of thorns instead of roses. Out of these afflictions the wilful wickedness of his detractors has concocted a desperate tale of horrors. We believe not in the immaculacy of the best man's virtue ; but neither dare we ever believe that the crimson of human gore has stained the hand of Paganini. “ It is a lie !—a base, unnatural, degenerate lie ! ” coined in the same mint whence the “ Crucifixions ” of Spagnoletto, Buonarroti, and Rubens, came forth arrayed in all the agony of the living models, from which they were reported to have been borrowed. Many of my friends, after lending too ready an ear to slanders as black and baseless of Paganini, have felt astonished that there was not one single mien or feature, or the slightest vestige of expression about his countenance or manner, which could be referred to the inward sense of a smiting conscience or guilty deeds ; they found him modest, patient, open hearted ; and the thrill of his own melody lighted up his palid features with a glow of delight and happiness, of which none but a being as artless, as mild, as humane, as unpretending, as Paganini, could have been susceptible. He that can produce such heavenly cadences as this harmonist, must be what he appears to be. Take him as a mere artist, and he stands before you as great in the andante as the scherzo, in the adagio as the allegro, he melts each into the other,—and still each preserves its marked characteristic ; they seem to move in inseperable unison,—and yet neither is denuded of its peculiar graces. He works upon your feelings until the tear is ready to start from your eyelid ;—and in an instant, as if suddenly conscious that his audience would blush at the weakness that tear would confess, he reveals with such gentle humour and playfulness on his strings, that you could almost “ laugh through the mist that bedims your eye.” I will only add to this feeble sketch, that I have but described what I have felt, and reported what I have witnessed. If I love Paganini for his art much, I love Truth for her own sake more.—*This paper, so amusing from its enthusiasm, is communicated from Frankfort.*

Glowing as may be the terms in which our Frankfort friend speaks of this wonderful performer, we know, that as regards his play, there is, and can be, and must ever be, but one opinion. We could multiply confirmations *ad infinitum*. For the present, our readers will prefer the *multum in parvo* comprised in a few lines from Vienna.

From the first day that the violin has been known in the musical world—and this occurred in the times of the crusades, when it was imported from

the East conjointly with many another useful invention — thousands have contended for its championship ; but few have succeeded in 'creating even a partial sensation, and fewer still any thing approaching to a popular ferment. We are told of one Du Manoir, who displayed such skill and taste in his execution, that Lewis XIII. of France, by a special ordonnance, created him "King of Violinists," and authorised him, wherever and whenever he thought proper to form a corps of fiddlers. We have also heard of one Antony Lolli, who touched his strings with so dexterous a hand, that he went by the name of the "Shakespeare of fiddlers," and the "Musical Vaultor ;" this artist enjoyed the honour of Catherine II.'s patronage. She was not satisfied with merely making him a present of a valuable bow, but enhanced the worth of the gift by writing upon it with her own hand — "This bow, the work of Catherine's hand, is intended for the incomparable Lolli ;" but from the days in which these two great masters entranced the musical world, no meteor has shot across the catgut horizon until Paganini appeared, entangling every feeling in the magic of his splendid tones and heavenly melody. Ours was the first foreign land he visited on his flight from Italian skies ; and so great, ay, and so richly deserved, was the enthusiasm he kindled, that our celebrated medallist Lang, the first fiddle at the Imperial Mint, thought it not beneath his dignity to strike a medal in his honour ; and it is equally worthy both of the artist and the harmonist. The obverse presents an excellent likeness of Paganini, with the words, "*Nicolao Paganini—Vindobona M.DCCC.XXVIII.*," running round it ; the reverse, his violin and bow, encircled with a crown of laurel, and leaning against an open note-book, which contains the first bar of one of his favourite pieces ; it is encompassed by the device, "*Perituris sonis non peritura gloria.*" The medal is of the size and substance of a dollar.

N.

TO THE FIRST VIOLET.

[FROM FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, FOR 1830.]

ONE on this half-worn bank and only one —
 Fair comer of rude March ! the first to show
 A smile of triumph o'er the season gone —
 White in the winds as is the drifted snow.
 Alone — yet dost thou wear a cheerful look ;
 Cheerful, as unto kindred sweets allied ;
 And from thee seems content breathed round this nook —
 With thine own worth and grace self-satisfied.
 Here art thou safe, whilst largest ships are strewn
 In shapeless wrecks about the restless sea ;
 Here dost thou smile, now mighty arms are blown
 From oaks, and pines lie prostrate on the lea.
 Quiet in storms, beauty in dearth, what power
 As in thy lowliness, sweet simple flower !

FROGERE AND THE EMPEROR PAUL.

[FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NO. CXIV.]

“Rit bien pui rit le dernier.”—*French Proverb.*

“Thou’rt marvellous merry, and thy wit is keen,
But better hadst thou pluck the Turk by the beard
Than shoot thy bolts at me. Bethink thee on’t.”—*Old Play.*

FROGERE had been a comic actor, of no very great celebrity, in Paris. He went to Russia, where he became the favourite, and the intimate associate of the Emperor Paul. It was upon this account only he was remarkable. I knew him but slightly; nor should I mention him but for the very odd way in which our acquaintance began, and for the purpose of repeating an anecdote he related to me, highly characteristic of his Imperial play-mate. I was one day dining at the *Cafe Anglais* with Monsieur T——. “That little man coming towards us,” said my companion, is Frogere.” It is necessary I should premise that I had frequently been mistaken for an actor at the *Odéon* of the name of Davide. Frogere took his seat at our table, spoke to Monsieur T——, and, patting me familiarly on the head, asked me what the deuce ailed me that I acted so seldom. Guessing the cause of his error, I mumbled a reply, and allowed him to ask me two or three questions, respecting proceedings at the theatre, before I undeceived him. It was the most extraordinary resemblance he had ever met with, &c. &c.; and having exhausted his expressions of wonderment, away he went. Walking along the Boulevard Montmartre, a few days after this, I saw Frogere skipping across the road towards me, gesticulating, and evidently charged with something marvellous to communicate. “My dear!” exclaimed he, “I’ll tell you something will make you die of laughing: Three or four days ago I went into the *Cafe Anglais* and there was T—— at dinner with an Englishman. Well, will you believe it? I talked to the Englishman for five good minutes, thinking all the while I was talking to you.”—“Well, Monsieur Frogere, and are you quite sure, you are right this time?” He stood aghast. “My dear Sir,” said he, “do me the kindness to answer me one question: had I the honour of bowing to you, in the Palais Royal, about half an hour ago?” I assured him I had not been there all that day. “Why, then, this is the Devil’s own mystification! What will my poor friend Davide think of me? It must have been him, then, I met there; and (instead of approaching him familiarly, as usual,) mistaking him for you I passed him with a bow of formal civility!”

Modern refinement has abolished the office of King’s Jester, or Court Fool; but although there is no longer any acknowledged stipendiary dignified with that title, yet, in more European Courts than one, the duties of the office are sedulously performed by some ‘loyal volunteer,’ bearing the honorary distinction of *Butt*. In point of respectability, however, the professors of the olden time had the advantage, inasmuch as there

are upon record several hard hits given by the Fools to the wise men, or Kings ; whereas in the case of the modern amateur the give-and-take is not fairly divided—the *give* being all on the side of the master, and the *take* on that of the man. The companion of a crowned head stands in a similar predicament with the lap-dog in the lion's den, or rather in that of Ali Pacha's pet lion with Ali himself: the ferocious and tyrannical Ali would take whatever liberties he pleased with the lion, but he never would permit the lion to use the slightest freedom with him ; he invariably resented any attempt to abuse, by too great familiarity, his condescension ; and, upon such occasions, would presently teach his shaggy associate to remember that, though tolerated for his master's amusement, he was but a lion after all. Upon re-considering the point, I doubt the aptness of this second illustration : European monarchs are not Ali Pachas, nor are their butts lions. Frogere, however, as I have been assured upon other authority besides his own, was not the mere butt of his Imperial patron, but really was upon terms of more equal familiarity with him than it might be supposed a man in his station would have been admitted to.

Yet easy and pleasant as was the friendship which for so long a time subsisted between these two eminent personages, it did once happen that the player was provided with leisure and opportunity for considering the important question. Whether it be altogether prudent or safe to make very free indeed with an Emperor of all the Russias ? At supper, one evening, at the Emperor's table, some one present took occasion to pay the illustrious host a compliment at the expense of Peter the Great. The Emperor turning to Frogere, said, " 'This is really robbing Peter to pay Paul : 'tis hardly fair, is it, Frogere ?' "—"Quite the reverse Sire," replied the actor ; "for the reputation your Majesty will leave behind you will hardly tempt any one to rob Paul in return." Now, though this was almost as good a thing as any one need wish to say, it somehow happened that his Majesty did not appear to be in the least tickled by it ; and as his Majesty did not condescend to honour it with his imperial laugh, no one else could presume to notice it by such a symptom of approbation. In fact, the joke, with all its merit was a total failure ; at which nobody was so much astonished as the perpetrator of it himself. After a short time the Emperor withdrew, and the company separated. Frogere retired to his own apartment. He was anything but happy in his mind. His jest had fallen flat ; and such a mishap to a professed joker is as serious a calamity as the failure of a commercial speculation to a merchant. But to what strange cause could he attribute its ill success ? The joke was a good joke, there was no denying it ; and, were it otherwise, the Emperor was not so squeamish a critic but that he had laughed heartily at many a worse. He thought, and thought—and thought again ; but since his cogitations availed him nothing (he being still unable, with all his sagacity, to discover what could have occasioned his failure,) he got into bed, and like a wise man as he was, fell fast asleep.

It was the middle of a Russian winter. In the dead of the night Frogere was aroused by a loud knocking at his chamber-door. He arose and

opened it, and, greatly to his astonishment, an officer, accompanied by four soldiers armed to the very teeth, entered the room. Frogere, having no reason to expect such a visit, naturally concluded that the officer (an old acquaintance of his, who had had the honour of being of the Emperor's party on the previous evening) had mistaken his room for that of some other person. Alas! he was speedily convinced there was no mistake, but that the untimely and alarming visit was indeed to him: the officer exhibited the Emperor's warrant for his arrest, and immediate banishment to Siberia!! The effect produced on him by this terrible announcement may—to use a phrase less remarkable for its novelty than for its convenience upon occasions of this nature—"be more easily conceived than described." The idea of a trip to Siberia has shaken firmer nerves than those of poor Frogere. He wept—he screamed—he knelt—he tore his hair. What crime had he committed to draw down upon him so heavy a punishment? Could he not obtain a short delay? Of a day—a few hours only—merely, then, till he could see the Emperor that he might throw himself at his feet? His supplications were in vain: the Emperor's commands were precise and peremptory; and if ever there was an absolute monarch who allowed his mandate to be trifled with, certainly it was not the Emperor Paul. All that the unfortunate man could obtain from the officer, who was his friend, was just sufficient delay to enable him to throw a small quantity of clothes and linen into a trunk; and having done this, he was led forth. A carriage, guarded by a sufficiently strong body of cavalry, was in waiting, and, more dead than alive, he was lifted into it: a soldier, armed with a brace of pistols, and a sabre drawn, taking his seat on each side of him. The officer having seen that the windows of the carriage were carefully closed, so as to prevent the prisoner's communicating with any one from without, headed the cavalcade, gave the word, and they started, at a brisk trot, on their formidable journey. How long they had travelled till they made their first halt he knew not, for he was in total darkness, and his guards were dumb to all his enquiries: they were strictly forbidden to speak to the prisoner, and few Russian soldiers are so much in love with the knout as to disobey orders: but reckoning time by his sighs, and groans, and lamentations, it seemed to him an eternity. At length the carriage-door was opened. It was broad day; but he was not long permitted to enjoy the blessed light of the sun, for he was instantly blind-folded, and in that state led into a miserable hovel. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a small room, the windows of which being closed, was dimly lighted by a solitary candle. Some coarse food was placed on a rough wooden table, and signs were made to him that he should eat. But a few hours ago he was revelling amidst the splendour and enjoying the luxuries of a palace, princes the partakers of his pleasures, a mighty potentate his boon companion. Now—disgraced; a banished and forlorn man; a wretched shed for his resting-place; his fare so little tempted he would not yesterday have offered it to a starving mendicant; surrounded by faces which, for the sympathy he would have implored, struck hopelessness down into the very bottom of his heart as he did but look upon them; a traveller on a dreary, dreary journey, which, when ended, no

tongue should say him 'welcome;' nor should his soul rejoice as he should utter 'here will be my dwelling!' SIBERIA! In that one word seemed to him to be concentrated all of human suffering; and as he wildly paced the mud floor of the comfortless apartment, no sound escaped his lips, save only Siberia—Siberia!

That extremes meet is somewhat a trite observation. A trifling incident converted the agony of despair—and such was poor Frogere's—into a paroxysm of joy. The officer who commanded the escort entered the hovel, attended by an estafette. Frogere had not seen him since he got into the carriage on the previous night, nor was he aware that he had accompanied him so far on the journey. He was the only person of the whole number the unfortunate man was acquainted with; and the appearance of a familiar face was to him, in his present unhappy situation, a source of happiness unutterable. He was about to rush into the arms of his quondam friend, but a slight movement of the hand, and a look of withering sternness, sufficiently convinced him that such a demonstration of friendship was not very cordially desired by the other party. He prepared to speak, but a finger on the lip constrained him to silence. The officer went towards the light, and sealed a packet which he held in his hand; and having delivered it to the estafette, to whom he enjoined the utmost possible speed, he ordered the guard to post themselves outside the door. Being left alone with his prisoner, and having again made a sign of silence, "Frogere," said he, in an under-voice, "Frogere, here we part; the officer who will take charge of you to the next station is in attendance. Tell me—what can I— And yet I hardly dare: the Emperor's commands are not to be disobeyed with impunity; and should it be discovered that I— No matter; to serve an old friend I will run the hazard of my disobedience. Tell me, then, what can I do for you on my return to Moscow?"

The luckless Frogere burst into tears; and instead of replying directly to the friendly inquiry, he indulged in wild exclamations on the severity of the punishment for a crime, the nature of which he had yet to learn.

His companion looked at him with amazement. "Yet to learn! Are you mad, Frogere? Surely you are; and you must have been (as we all thought you) mad last night, or you never would have ventured that bitter sarcasm,"—and he added, in a still lower voice,—“the more keenly felt as it was not altogether destitute of truth.”

“Good Heavens! and is it for a trifle like *that* that I am to be——?”

“This is no time, Frogere, to waste in words: mine is the last friendly face you are likely to see for the rest of your long journey. The Emperor, as you well know, is implacable in his resentments; you cannot hope for pardon; so make up your mind to bear your punishment like a man, and tell me what I can do for you at Moscow.”

But the mind of the traveller was too bewildered to think upon any other service which his friend might render him, than the only one which his friend (like many other friends upon trying occasions) declared to be exactly the one *he could not* perform for him: it was to intercede in his behalf with the Emperor. It was impossible:—but for any thing else, he would “raise Heaven and Earth,” “go through fire

and water," &c. &c. &c. And, truly, there were many other modes of service open, not the least important of which was the disposal of his property—for not one particle of it (save the wearing-apparel already mentioned) had he been allowed to take with him. He had money and some valuable jewels; and provided nothing to his disadvantage should come out upon the examination of his papers, it was possible that those might escape confiscation. In that case had he any friends or relations in France to whom he wished they might be transmitted? In the event of a contrary result to the scrutiny, a vast deal of trouble would be saved to him and to his heirs for ever.—No; he could think of nothing, he could think of nobody: his mind was all engrossed by the calamity which had befallen that one hapless member of his family who was at that moment on the high road to Siberia; nor was it capable of entertaining any other idea.

"Then," said his friend, "I must think for you, and I must act for you. Should your property, as I have said, escape confiscation, I will deposit it in safe hands, and on your return you can claim it." •

"My return! am I not banished for life? Is there, then, a hope that —?"

"For life!" interrupted the officer; "do you imagine you are banished for life? Ha! ha! ha! No wonder, then, you are so grieved at your departure. No, my dear friend; and happy am I to be the means of pouring consolation into your bosom. Courage, courage, my dear Frogere! thirty years are soon over, and then —."

"Thirty years!!!" groaned the luckless jester—but there was no farther time for conversation. The fresh escort was in readiness; and the eyes of the victim having been bandaged as before, he was replaced in the carriage. His friend at parting kindly pressed his hand, and placing therein a small sum of money, whispered, "You will find this more useful on your arrival at the place of your destination than you are now aware of. Courage! Farewell!" The blinds of the carriage were again carefully closed, the word to proceed was given, and away went the cavalcade, much faster than was agreeable to at least one of the party.

A Frenchman is proverbially the gayest creature in the universe, and blessed with greater aptitude than the native of any other country to accommodate himself to disagreeable circumstances. His language, too, furnishes him with a set of phrases admirably calculated to assist his philosophy, when assailed by the common misfortunes to which poor humanity is liable. He loses his umbrella or his wife; his dog is stolen, or his mistress is unfaithful; he is caught in an intrigue or a shower of rain, and he is speedily reconciled to the event by an "*allons, puisque —*" or a "*c'est une petite contrariété,*" or "*un petit malheur;*" or (if either or all of these should fail) by that last refuge of heroic endurance, the infallible "*ça m'est égal.*" But a "Thirty years in Siberia," albeit it makes a promising appearance on paper as a title for a new book, is something more than a *petite contrariété*, and it is not by any means *égal*; so that poor Frogere finding that not one of these modes of consolation applied to his peculiar case, and no other source of comfort occurring to him, he conditionally surrendered himself to despair. For

many hours he rode on in total darkness, and in silence unbroken but by his own unavailing lamentations: for his guards were again debarred of speech, either to their prisoner or to each other. At length they stopped. He underwent the same ceremonies as before: his eyes were bandaged; he was led out of the vehicle; and when he was permitted the use of sight, he found himself in another miserable hut, drearily lighted by the flickering glare of two or three burning twigs of the fir-tree. Here another coarse repast was presented to him; and, when he had partaken of it, the escort was relieved by a party of fresh men, and again was he hurried forward on his journey. But upon this occasion the sound of no friendly voice met his ear—all were silent, all were strangers. As nearly as he could guess, he had travelled three nights and three days, with occasional halts, always attended by similar circumstances, when, on the night of the third day, again they halted. His eyes were bound; but, instead of being allowed to walk, he was carried in the arms of his guards till he found himself placed on a wooden bench. Here he was left for several minutes, wondering why the bandage was not removed as usual. Presently he heard an indistinct whispering. Footsteps approached him. His hands were suddenly seized and bound firmly together. He tremblingly asked the reason of this proceeding. No answer was returned. Rapidly, but silently, the upper part of his dress was loosened, and his neck laid bare. His heart sank within him. He began to doubt whether it was intended he should end his mortal journey by taking so cold a place as Siberia in the way. A word of command was given, and he heard the clank of musquetry. The word was given to march! He was carried forward in the arms of four men; and as they proceeded, he heard the regular tramp of many footsteps, before him and behind.—“Halt!”—He was placed on a seat—his hands were unbound—the bandage was removed from his eyes—and he found himself—at the very same place, of the very same table, in the same apartment where he had cut his unlucky joke, the same persons being present, with the Emperor at their head! His wild look of terror, astonishment and doubt, was greeted with a loud shout of laughter—and Frogere fainted. This had been a sort of Tony Lumpkin’s journey, for he had merely been driven backwards and forwards the distance of about half a dozen miles on the same road; and though, computed by the standard of his own melancholy sensations, the time had appeared much longer, he had, in fact, been absent for but little more than four-and-twenty hours—the Emperor, in disguise, being present at each of the stoppages. Though this was but a *trick*, the anguish and the sufferings of the object of it were *real*; and the consequence was a severe illness, from which it was long before poor Frogere recovered. It was, upon the whole, a piece of pleasantry which, however humorous it may be thought in conception, few would have had the heartlessness to execute but an Emperor Paul.

Some time after this the player was supping with the merry monarch, whilst, at the same hour, a trick was preparing of which Paul himself was to be the *butt*. Not long had they separated when the palace was alarmed. Frogere with several others, rushed to the Emperor’s apartments, and there lay the imperial joker—a murdered corpse!

HEAT AND THIRST,—A SCENE IN JAMAICA.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, NO. CLXVII.]

THE TORCH was lying at anchor in Bluefields Bay. It was between eight and nine in the morning. The land wind had died away, and the sea-breeze had not set in—there was not a breath stirring. The pennant from the mast-head fell sluggishly down, and clung amongst the rigging like a dead snake, whilst the folds of the St George's ensign that hung from the mizen-peak, were as motionless as if they had been carved in marble.

The anchorage was one unbroken mirror, except where its glasslike surface was shivered into sparking ripples by the gambols of a skipjack, or the flashing stoop of his enemy the pelican; and the reflection of the vessel was so clear and steady, that at the distance of a cable's length you could not distinguish the water-line, nor tell where the substance ended and shadow began, until the casual dashing of a bucket overboard for a few moments broke up the phantom ship; but the wavering fragments soon reunited, and she again floated double, like the swan of the poet. The heat was so intense, that the iron stanchions of the awning could not be grasped with the hand, and where the decks were not screened by it, the pitch boiled out from the seams. The swell rolled in from the offing in long shining undulations, like a sea of quicksilver, whilst every now and then a flying fish would spark out from the unruffled bosom of the heaving water, and shoot away like a silver arrow, until it dropped with a flash into the sea again. There was not a cloud in the heavens, but a quivering blue haze hung over the land, through which the white sugar-works and overseers' houses on the distant estates appeared to twinkle like objects seen through a thin smoke, whilst each of the tall stems of the cocoa-nut trees on the beach, when looked at steadfastly, seemed to be turning round with a small spiral motion, like so many endless screws. There was a dreamy indistinctness about the outlines of the hills, even in the immediate vicinity, which increased as they receded, until the blue mountains in the horizon melted into sky. The crew were listlessly spinning oakum, and mending sails, under the shade of the awning; the only exceptions to the general languor were Johncrow the black, and Jackoo the monkey. The former (who was an *improvisatore* of a rough stamp) sat out on the bowsprit, through choice, beyond the shade of the canvass, without hat or shirt, like a bronze bust, busy with his task, whatever that might be, singing at the top of his pipe, and between whiles confabulating with his hairy ally, as if he had been a messmate. The monkey was hanging by the tail from the dolphin-striker, admiring what Johncrow called "his own damugly face in the water."—"Tail like yours would be good ting for a sailor, Jackoo, it would leave his two hands free aloft—more use, more hornament too, I'm sure, den de piece of greasy junk dat hangs from de Captain's taffril.—Now I shall sing to you, how dat Corromantee rascal, my fader, was sell me on de Gold Coast.

“ Two red nightcap, one long knife,
 All him get for Quackoo,
 For gun next day him sell him wife—
 You tink dat good song, Jackoo ?”

“ Chocko, chocko,” chattered the monkey, as if in answer. “ Ah, you tink so—sensible honimal!—What is dat ? shark—Jackoo, come up, sir : don’t you see dat big shovel-nosed fish looking at you ? Pull your hand out of the water, Garamighty !” The negro threw himself on the gammoning of the bowsprit to take hold of the poor ape, who, mistaking his kind intention, and ignorant of his danger, shrunk from him, lost his hold, and fell into the sea. The shark instantly sank to have a run, then dashed at his prey, raising his snout over him, and shooting his head and shoulders three or four feet out of the water, with poor Jackoo shrieking in his jaws, whilst his small bones crackled and crunched under the monster’s triple row of teeth.

Whilst this small tragedy was acting—and painful enough it was to the kind-hearted negro—I was looking out towards the eastern horizon, watching the first dark-blue ripple of the sea-breeze, when a rushing noise passed over my head.

I looked up and saw a *gallinazo*, the large carrion-crow of the tropics, sailing, contrary to the habits of its kind, seaward over the brig. I followed it with my eye, until it vanished in the distance, when my attention was attracted by a dark speck far out in the offing, with a little tiny white sail. With my glass I made it out to be a ship’s boat, but I saw no one on board, and the sail was idly flapping about the mast.

On making my report, I was desired to pull towards it in the gig ; and as we approached, one of the crew said he thought he saw some one peering over the bow. We drew nearer, and I saw him distinctly. “ Why don’t you haul the sheet aft, and come down to us, sir ?”

He neither moved nor answered, but, as the boat rose and fell on the short sea raised by the first of the breeze, the face kept mopping and mowing at us over the gunwale.

“ I will soon teach you manners, my fine fellow ! give way, men”—and I fired my musket, when the crows that I had seen rose from the boat into the air, but immediately alighted again, to our astonishment, vulture-like with outstretched wings, upon the head.

Under the shadow of this horrible plume, the face seemed on the instant to alter like a hideous change in a dream. It appeared to become of a deathlike paleness, and anon streaked with blood. Another stroke of the oar—the chin had fallen down, and the tongue was hanging out. Another pull—the eyes were gone, and from their sockets, brains and blood were fermenting, and flowing down the cheeks. It was the face of a putrefying corpse. In this floating coffin we found the body of another sailor, doubled across one of the thwarts, with a long Spanish knife sticking between his ribs, as if he had died in some mortal struggle, or, what was equally probable, had put an end to himself in his frenzy ; whilst along the bottom of the boat, arranged with some shew of care, and covered by a piece of canvass stretched across an oar above it, lay the remains of a beautiful boy, about fourteen years of age, apparently but a few hours dead. Some biscuit, a roll of jerked beef, and an earthen wat-

er-jar, lay beside him, shewing that hunger at least could have had no share in his destruction,—*but the pipkin was dry; and the small water-cask in the bow was staved, and empty.*

We had no sooner cast our grappling over the bow, and begun to tow the boat to the ship, than the abominable bird that we had scared settled down into it again, notwithstanding our proximity, and began to peck at the face of the dead boy. At this moment we heard a gibbering noise, and saw something like a bundle of old rags roll out from beneath the stern-sheet, and apparently make a fruitless attempt to drive the gallinaso from its prey. Heaven and earth, what an object met our eyes ! It was a fullgrown man, but so wasted, that one of the boys lifted him by his belt with one hand. His knees were drawn up to his chin, his hands were like the talons of a bird, while the falling in of his chocolate-coloured and withered features gave an unearthly relief to his forehead, over which the horny and transparent skin was braced so tightly that it seemed ready to crack. But in the midst of this desolation, his deep-set coal-black eyes sparkled like two diamonds with the fever of his sufferings ; there was a fearful fascination in their flashing brightness contrasted with the death-like aspect of the face, and rigidity of the frame. When sensible of our presence he tried to speak, but could only utter a low moaning sound. At length—"Aqua, aqua"—we had not a drop of water in the boat. "Elmuchacho esta moriendo de sed—Aqua."

We got on board, and the surgeon gave the poor fellow some weak tepid grog. It acted like magic. He gradually uncoiled himself, his voice, from being weak and husky, became comparatively strong and clear. "Elhijo—Aqua para mi pedrillo—No le hace para mi—Oh la noche pasado, la noche pasado !" He was told to compose himself, and that his boy would be taken care of. "Dexa me verlo entonces, oh Dios, dexa me verlo"—and he crawled, grovelling on his chest, like a crushed worm across the deck, until he got his head over the port-sill, and looked down into the boat. He there beheld the pale face of his dead son ; it was the last object he ever saw—"Ay de mi !" he groaned heavily, and dropped his face against the ship's side—He was dead.

SONG.

[FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

Rise from thy pillow, my Lady fair,
 For the sunny sea looks bright,
 Braid the dark folds of thy glossy hair,
 And robe thee in vestments white ;
 Splendid attire, and the costly wile,
 May grace the vain haunts of glee,
 But in simple garb, and with artless smile,
 Hasten, sweet Lady, to me.
 I met thee last in a glittering throng,
 Flatterers knelt at thy shrine, &
 I could not breathe 'mid the dance and song
 A vow so fervent as mine ;
 But the azure sky. and the dawn of day,
 Shall witness my love for thee,
 Come then, beneath the sun's glad ray,
 Listen, sweet Lady, to me.

THE ABBEY GARDEN ;
OR,
THE CONFESSION OF EDWARD WALDEN.

These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
 That yet my heart dissolves not.

FLETCHER—*The Maid's Tragedy.*

[FROM THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL, NO. 73.]

I have a dark tale to tell—the history of my own unfortunate and perverted mind ; which I would trace onwards from its commencing changes to that terrible scene which closed the drama of life for me, and filled, to overflowing, the envenomed cup of my sufferings and my sin. And it must be told now, if it is ever to be unfolded ; for the aberrations by which my intellect is daily more and more fearfully shaken, warn me to expect that dismal blindness of the spirit, compared with which the death of the body is enviable.

From my earliest boyhood, I was deeply and silently thoughtful—enthusiastic, imaginative, reflective ; I showed no outward sign of my internal restlessness ; the subdued and calm tone of my manners deceived even those who might have known me better ; and I was early considered as possessed of a cold heart and a sluggish fancy—as a solitary book-worm, a being who held no fellow-feeling with ordinary life, and nourished no aspirations after its enjoyments. They guessed not that my perceptions, acting with difficulty on an inanimate frame and inexpressive features, were yet vivid, even to painfulness, while present, and stored up in a faithful memory as the subjects of long and intense reflection. And it was in reflection chiefly that, from early youth, I enjoyed life. Slow my ideas of present objects were not ; but they were the images of shadows, compared with the pictures which my imagination afterwards formed from them. I have mixed among happy groups, and been asked, with wonder, why I showed so little interest in the general gladness ; while they knew not that I retired from it only to call it up before my fancy with added splendour, and to live succeeding hours and days in musings tinged with the spirit of these few hours of rejoicing ; they knew not that such moments were fresh in my soul with tenfold radiance, after they had vanished from more thoughtless spirits, without leaving a vestige or an effect.

But, as with the good of my life, so was it with the evil. My moments of happiness were indescribably heightened by my turn of mind ; but my hours of misery were so likewise. The young are incapable of struggling with the unhappiness of life, and wisely is it ordered that they should feel it but little ; and when in manhood, the conviction of human sorrow springs up along with reflection in the mind, the soul has acquired strength for resistance, and, in the ardour of the mighty conflict, half forgets the misery against which it strives. To me was given the knowledge of man-

hood with the weakness and incapacity of the boy. I need not say that the gift was fatal. Mental disquietudes, or outward sufferings and injuries, which, to others of my age, would have appeared the merest trifles, or been forgotten as quickly as they arose, formed to my mind subjects of meditation, I will not say how long ; and of necessity continued, while thus ruminated upon, to increase in apparent magnitude and aggravation.

And my intercourse with my youthful companions was exposed to one cause of mischief, which gave the finishing stroke to the tottering fabric of my peace. The body was in league with the spirit—an enfeebled body with a distempered mind. And it is superfluous to tell with what painful frequency I felt my bodily inferiority in the boisterous sports and constant contentions of ~~my~~ youth. Unpopular from my retired habits, depised for my miserable and puny frame, and insulted and triumphed over on account of both, I was too proud to stoop beneath oppression. I resisted it to the last, with a bitter consciousness that resistance was wholly in vain. The effect produced on me by years so marked was melancholy indeed. They did not break my spirit ; they could not !—but they clouded it with a sad mixture of stubbornness and dejection. I would not be misunderstood ; I was no misanthrope. I early saw the difference between the characters of others and my own ; and that those injuries and slights which appeared to me so heavy, were received by them with the same indifference with which they inflicted them. From the heart I pardoned their thoughtlessness, while I felt that it rendered me most unhappy ; and, had the evil stopped here, the progress of advancing years might have worn away those dark traces from my heart. But this was not to be.

I have said I was no misanthrope ; it is the truth. I felt dislike to no human being ; to none—save *one* ; and *him* I found that I could not but hate. He had crossed, he had baffled me, he had insulted me from the earliest period, when I was sensible to love or hatred ;—and he had his reward. Heaven is my witness, that, even yet, I strove long and anxiously not to hate him. I brooded, it is true, over my injuries, for it was not in my nature not to do so ; but while my blood boiled to think of them, it was my ardent wish to persuade myself that he himself never viewed them under the aspect which they presented to me ; that they partook of the levity which pervaded his whole character ; and were nothing more than the wantonness of youthful excitation, eager to exercise power, and unscrupulous as to the objects on which it fell. And I could assuredly have so warded off the gloomy emotions which infested me, if I had been exposed to my enemy only at intervals ; if I had enjoyed but moments of repose from his persecutions, to which I could have looked forward for comfort, and which might have been employed in endeavours to subdue my heart. But this I had not long. Colville was my cousin ; and we were still boys when we were placed, both orphans, under the same roof,—made sole companions in the retirement of a country mansion-house,—and turned loose on each other, with no bar but the observation of a kind, weak uncle, and the censure of a simple book-exhausted tutor, between my hatred and his scorn. The consequences were natural. My cousin was capricious and tyrannical ; and I, his junior in age

and his inferior in bodily strength, was the victim of his humours in those hours when we were left to ourselves ; while in the family, his frank and showy address gave him an easy advantage over my melancholy and reserve. Those sentiments of mine, which had till now been, at worst, but transient fits of aversion, matured into a stern and settled hatred. And his feelings towards me changed too : he continued to take a malicious pleasure in insolently tormenting that sensitive spirit whose motions his dull heart at once understood not and despised ; but he quickly perceived my loathing for him, and began to add a deeper feeling to his contempt ; till, by degrees, he entertained an enmity as cordial, though not so bitter, as mine. It could not last ; I was rapidly forgetting every aim and every distress in the one overpowering passion of hate,—the one diabolical pursuit of revenge ; he was the poison-tree of my life, which blasted my every hope and affection ;—would it have been wonderful if I had tried to tear the fatal plant up by the very roots ? I beheld the precipice over which I hung, and, with moody resolution, I forced myself from its brink. In my sixteenth year, I abandoned my home, and cast myself into the vast arena of the world, helpless, friendless—almost hopeless.

And yet, for the first time, I was not altogether unhappy. A weight was taken from my breast ; I was thrown among new associates who saw not all my weaknesses, and therefore more readily pardoned those which were visible ; and even Colville I for a time forgot, except to hope that his blighting influence might never more shed desolation on my path. And fortune gradually favoured me in a worldly view ; a line of life was opened to me to which I could never have dreamed of aspiring. My life for some years was indeed wild, eccentric, and adventurous, but I rose in rank and estimation ; and, at length, proudly felt myself not useless nor alone. My body improved along with my mind ; and when seven years after my flight, I returned to my country, with nerves strung by war and travel, and a countenance embrowned by the winterless heats of the East, few could have traced in the robust man of three-and-twenty, the weakly shrinking boy who had been so shunned and so despised. I had now acquired a character of decision and hardihood, while my habits of ruination and loneliness had been mellowed down into a calm and gentle thoughtfulness, which I found was considered both excusable and pleasing. On this part of my story I must be brief. I met and loved one, of whom I will not speak. Alas ! I dare not ! and I had reason to hope for her favour, when a rival appeared and was quickly successful. It was Colville : and to this day I believe that he presented himself solely with the malignant design of thwarting and triumphing over me. There succeeded a period fearful to my recollection,—a chaos of fierce regrets and gloomy apathy. I was again thrown back from that placidity which I had through so much labour attained, into a state of mind black and joyless as that from which I had formerly extricated myself. After a few more years of wandering, aimless and uncheered, my mind again became more quiet ; and, home-sick, I turned my steps once more to the cold island regions of the north, now indeed a melan-

choly man, but still with much of the good of my character unextinguished, and, as I too fondly hoped, even purified and strengthened. I knew not how irretrievably my moral system had been shattered, till the injury was shown by that fatal event, which formed the catastrophe of my struggle against guilt and destiny, and to the recital of which I now summon up all my remaining vigour of resolution.

On reaching the quarter of the country where lay the place of my nativity, I pressed on with eager longing to visit the habitation of my youth. I knew that my cousin had succeeded to the inheritance which might have been mine; but I had been informed, that he had, with his wife, now delicate and consumptive, left the island for some time in search of the more genial influence of continental climates. I understood that my youthful home, the Abbey, dear to me in despite of all the sufferings which it had witnessed, was solitary and deserted:—ruinous and decaying it had ever been, and fading like the setting star of the fortunes of our race; and with sorrowful pleasure I anticipated the prospect of spending a few hours among its silvan retirements.

It was a glorious summer's evening when I reached it, and as I passed westward up the straight avenue, the broad plane-trees threw down rich masses of shadow, now veiling, and now contrasting with the bright hues of the green carpet beneath them, and of the low, moss-grown broken walls with which they were on each side shut in. My heart beat as I approached the mean hoary range of buildings which excluded the view of the mansion-house, where the avenue separated into two walks, passing on each side of the tree-skirted lawn, and meeting at the ends of the house. I passed round the corner of the buildings and scarcely knew for some moments whether the picture before my mind was produced by actual vision, or was held up to imagination by Love and Memory, the eldest and most powerful of her slaves! The two flanking arcades of majestic patriarchal trees darkened before me, enclosing in their grasp, like some sequestered forest-glade, the large half natural green whose soft and hillock-broken turf was illuminated by the countless tints of the departing day. And wandering on along that gorgeous surface, the eye rested on a dark shadow falling forward on its further extremity. I blessed that shadow even with tears as it met my view; for it was the shadow of my father's house,—of those old walls which in foreign solitudes I had seen with closed and brimful eyes,—those beloved walls whose memory shall be the last to leave the fading tablet of my soul! I looked up, and the house was there, unchanged as if I had but left it yesterday, closing the prospect to the west before me with its three antique gables side by side facing the lawn, and standing up sombre and distinct in the red and spirit-like streaming of the sky. There was much too that I did not behold, and which rose swiftly into my fancy as I musingly advanced up the centre of the lawn. Behind the house, and stretching to the right, lay those spots which had been my favourite haunts when thoughtfulness or hardship drove me into solitude;—the scattered and devious wood with its beautiful mounds and rocks clothed with the rustling fern and the bushy tangles of the blackberry;—

and the deserted and romantic quarries, where I had so often roamed to pluck the graceful fox-glove from their granite cliffs, or to plunge into the black tarns which lay numerous among the profound recesses. To the left of the mansion was the garden, and towards it I turned.

I entered, and had one wing of the house close on the right ; and before me the cumbrous but delightful features of the place, those antique arrangements which find perfection in ruin and decay ; the grassy walks, the mossy seats, the artificial arbours, and the old clumps of verdant box and holly ; while the surrounding walls were richly mantled with the gloomy foliage of the ivy, or the more cheerful flowers and tendrils of the jessamine and woodbine.

I was standing behind some tall leafy shrubs, when I suddenly heard voices from the building, and looking from between the branches, I saw through the two open windows of our old parlour, evident signs of inhabitants, or of preparations for their reception. I had scarcely time for consideration, when foot-steps in the house struck my ear, and immediately afterwards a voice, which it shook every nerve in my body to hear. I could not mistake it—it was my cousin's ; and it was replied to by another, whose sweet low accents I knew likewise only too well. In the few sentences which passed between Colville and his wife, I learned enough to sting me into irrepressible indignation. She complained of neglect, of desertion, of cruel treatment ; she spoke patiently of her own life as waning to its close ; and she begged, with mild solemnity, that her few remaining hours might be spent in peace. And it was with boiling blood that I heard him answer her with a bitter sarcasm, which proved that his naturally unfeeling temper had been hardened by time into inhuman insensibility ; and when, in the course of tossing over the articles in the room, I could see him throw a couple of swords on a table, I could hardly refrain from bursting forth and calling him to a deadly account for his wrongs to me and to her.

He came out ; and my breathing ceased while I gazed on him. Even I was shocked at the change I beheld—dissipation, debauchery, sensual and brutal, had done its work ; for *him* I was incapable of pity ; but had my own wrongs been all, I could now have sternly despised him. His unhappy wife followed him, and urged some request—I know not what it was—I heard not a word, for my head swam with agony, and I could hardly bear to look upon that face and figure, and think on the history of approaching dissolution which they so surely told. Feebly she followed him, and as she stopped to lean for support on the sun-dial before the door, I could hear the hollow panting of her breast, and see the tears falling silently down her thin and death-like cheeks. She raised herself with effort, and approached her husband, who stood within arm's-length of my covert. She clung to him ; for she tottered, and must have fallen without support ; and the wretch shook her from her hold ! He did more—he struck her ! By my remorse, he did !—savagely and violently struck her, and the unfortunate fell on the ground beside him, senseless as a three days' corpse. He bent down alarmed over her, and in the same instant I had sprung out and was gazing on her too. One look on-

ly was necessary ; the glimmering taper of her life even a gentler hand might have extinguished. She was dead ; he had murdered her, as he had ruined me. We raised our heads at the same moment, our eyes met, and he started as he recognised me. He cowered before my look, with a mixture of compunction and sudden fear, and I triumphed at the sight even in that crisis of unutterable horror ; it was the first time, and I felt that I had vindicated my place. For one moment I did *not* hate him. His confusion was short, and he was the first to speak, in the voice and words which I had, years before, gnashed my teeth to hear, careless, contemptuous, and taunting :—“ To what circumstance, Mr. Walden, do I owe your presence ? ”—“ To that Providence,” I replied, “ which avenges guilt ; ” and I said the words as firmly as he spoke himself. I had not hated him for twenty years, to give vent to my passion now by cursing like a drunken boy. “ I come to demand vengeance for acts long since past ; and for *that*.” I pointed to the body at his feet, for I could not name her death nor *her*. He was unmoved by the taunt, and addressed me again,—“ Ever the same, my most cool and inveterate of haters ; you are true to yourself, my amiable cousin, and to your early fame. Another man now would have been at the sword’s point with me by this time ; but you,” (he bent forward and spoke into my ear,) “ you stand quietly by, and talk of outrage and revenge ; as if it pleased your malice to view your vengeance and your enemy before you grappled with them.” My veins swelled with a fever like madness, for my conscience told me that my enemy spoke the truth. I looked in his face, and met there the identical sneer with which nineteen years before, he had brutally spat on me, and insultingly grasped my hands, and mocked my impotent endeavours to revenge the affront. The evil feelings of my youth burst back upon me in one appalling sweep, and my better angel was not near to save. I looked round, and saw the swords lying in the open room. I dashed in, snatched them up, and, throwing one of them to Colville, motioned him to defend himself. He retreated a step or two, and called anxiously to me, “ Hold, Walden ! what means this ? Madman that you are, stand back ! ”—“ Coward ! ” I shouted ; and I could not have uttered another syllable though it had been to purchase the salvation of my soul. His eyes flashed fire, and we closed together in the resolute conflict of deadly and unquenchable hate. A few passes were enough to show that he was the better swordsman ; and the conviction braced my nerves to something like desperation. One furious thrust had almost reached him, and in parrying it his sword broke across. Frantic with rage, I heeded not his quick and terrified cry for forbearance. In the next moment he lay, mortally wounded, at my feet ; and leaning on my bloody weapon, I watched with a steady eye the convulsive workings of his face, and smiled as I marked the last agonizing shudder which contracted his body as the spirit left it. What passed during the remainder of that terrible night, I remember but indistinctly ; the recollection comes only in my most horrible moments, and I dare not invite them.

With that night my concern with life terminated. My existence since has been a breathing agony. To some men my act might be as nothing

to me the memory of it has been an iron hand that curshes my very heart. There is blood upon my head,—blood which deserved to be spilt, but, oh ! not by my hand ! It cries up against me from the earth, and I hear it always. I have no rest ; for there has not passed a single night since that dreadful one, in which I have not, in my perturbed sleep acted over again that unnatural scene. The two who died that evening in my presence have a heavier slumber—would that it were mine ! my punishment is greater than I can bear.

The Abbey has been converted, fitly, into a *mad-house* ; and it may be that my life will end there, where it began. AN ARTIST.

ANECDOTES OF BRAZIL.

“Sunt quibus in satirâ videar nimis acer, et ultrâ
Legem tendere opus.”

[FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NO. 54.]

Like the simoom of the desert, whose ruthless blast spreads terror and desolation over a whole region of fertility, modern civilization has swept from the surface of society all that was romantic and picturesque, with some slight shades of difference. One uniform system of manners and customs prevails over all the European continent ; man is in every part of it the creature of the same habits, and swayed by the same opinions. In Brazil, on the contrary, from causes moral as well as physical, human nature has remained stationary, and retains to this day many of the interesting features which shed so romantic a halo around the society of Europe centuries ago.

Under the tropical climate of the Rio de Janeiro, no pale gradations from saffron hue to roseate morn harbinger the approach of day ; the Delphian god bursts suddenly from the bosom of darkness, and light awakes the world. At the earliest peal of the holy matin bell, the fair Brazilian, her graceful form shrouded in the ample folds of the jealous mantilla, and accompanied by her sable attendants is seen gliding to the shrine of her patron saint to offer up her morning orisons. The coloured population issue forth in crowds to pursue their daily avocations, their wild and discordant cries breaking with singular effect on the ear through the stillness of the morn ; the quays are filled with the rich and varied productions of both hemispheres. At eight o'clock the more important business of the day commences ; the public functionaries move with stately step, in their antiquated cocked hats and formal cut coats, to the scene of their duties. The avenues leading to the custom-house are crowded with men of every clime. Observe near its door that group of English merchants, how their air of purse-proud arrogance sinks into one of obsequious reverence as they salute the administrador, who is passing them in all the pride and dignity of office. Mark well the gray eye of another,

how it dances with delight on his well-packed bales, his commission on which he is mentally calculating. How finely his ruddy complexion and tight European attire contrast with the sallow cheek and sombre habiliments of the solemn friar, who invokes his charity in the name of St. Francis! That flight of rockets proclaims that high mass has commenced at the imperial chapel, while the party of German lancers, proceeding to mount guard at the palace, leads back the memory to the parades of Berlin and Vienna. The sun has now attained its meridian height; the business of life ceases; the streets are deserted, save by a solitary foreigner whom curiosity or ennui has led forth to brave its torrid heat. The more indolent Brazilian courts the balmy pleasures of the siesta, till the lengthened shadows proclaim the close of day. All again is bustle and animation. The beautiful drives in the environs of the city are crowded with horsemen and vehicles of every description, from the clumsy iroquitana or segé of the native, driven by a monkey-looking black postillion, in huge cocked hat and cumbrous boots, to the neat stanhope of the English resident, or the more stylish equipage of some member of the corps diplomatique. At this hour the great square of the palace presents in pleasing variety all the lights and shadows of Brazilian life. In the foreground of its various groupings stands out with pictorial effect, in his singularly wild and picturesque costume, the tall Mineheiro (or inhabitant of the mines); the magnificent outline of his gigantic figure is partly concealed by his dark-blue poncho, which descends in ample folds to his heavily spurred heel; his sable eyebrow shades an eye of fire; and his savage gloom of countenance, heightened by the raven curls and large slouched hat, reminds the spectator of some dark creation of Salvator's pencil. His mustachoeed lip curls with derision as he turns his back on the foreign trader, to whom he has just disposed of a parcel of uncut topazes for a sum four times their value. Near to him are a party of Botocudo Indians, staring at all around them with an air of savage wonder, their distended ears resting on their shoulders, and mutilated lips presenting a unique spectacle of disfigured humanity. Inhaling the evening breeze in her richly gilded balcony, is a dark-eyed daughter of Brazil; her female attendants are directing her attention to the religious procession issuing from the neighbouring church: but she heeds them not; her lustrous eye is fixed with ardent gaze on the martial figures of a party of foreign officers of the guard lounging beneath her own door. Among them you may distinguish the yellow-haired German, the fiery Italian, the lively Frenchman, and haughty Briton, disjointed fragments of the mighty hosts that formerly met in fierce conflict on the banks of the Bidassoa, bivouacked amid the burning palaces of Moscow, or escaped the horrid butchery of Leipsic, or the "king-making field," of Waterloo. The fiery orb of day now descends with headlong speed into the lustrous bosom of the western wave,

" Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But in one unclouded blaze of living light."

The vesper-bell sends forth its solemn peal, the hum of human voices is hushed, the devout Brazilian piously repeats his Ave Maria, a magic

stillness pervades all nature, which on a sudden ceases ; the “*Boa nocte*” passes from lip to lip, and the various topics of conversation are resumed. There is something solemn and singularly beautiful in this custom ; the mind, chastened by religion, withdraws from the consideration of worldly affairs, and indulges in the effusions of friendship and affection.

Such are some of the leading external features of Brazilian life. The streets of the capital are deserted by an early hour, for its enervated inhabitant dreads the nocturnal dews as much as the modern Roman the malaria of the Pontine marshes. You may wander through their silent expanse, lighted up by the silver moon and her starry court, and nothing breaks on the soft stillness of the hour, save the wiry sound of a guitar, or the solemn hymn of the dead, which tells that some frail son of earth is leaving this world of care and woe.

Many of the prevailing manners and domestic habits of this people are of Moorish origin. With the exception of the highest class of society, the Brazilians take their meals squatted à-la-Turc on mats spread on the ground. A very singular custom is observed at these repasts towards a stranger. The host, or the person whom chance may place beside him, extracts from his plate some portion of the dainty it may contain, and, in return, will convey some choice morsel from his own on to that of the stranger guest. As the use of knives and forks is on these occasions most religiously dispensed, there is certainly something in this custom revolting to our European refinement ; but here it is the pledge of hospitality, like salt with the wandering Arab.

Some traces of the language of flowers, so common all over the East, are still to be found in Brazil. A stranger, on entering a house, is invariably presented with a flower by some female member of the family. This custom has survived the lapse of time, and the gradual revolution of manners : but the language, the delicate allusion, the sentiment of high-flown gallantry and tender affection, allegorically expressed by these beautiful productions of nature, is as little understood by the Brazilian as the mathematical analysis of the tables, by which he calculates an eclipse, by the modern Brahmin. By nature a Gascon, a Brazilian’s description both of persons and things must be received with cautious limitation, for they are always in the richest vein of oriental bombast. I have repeatedly heard the emperor compared to a god, and his people to a nation of heroes. Their usual style of addressing a person is “most illustrious.” A splendid entertainment is merely termed “*hum copo d’ ago*,” a glass of water ; while the courage of some favourite military officer is represented as something superhuman, varying in a ratio from that of ten to a hundred thousand devils. “*Tem o animo de cento-mil diabos*,” is the hyperbole used on such occasions. One unacquainted with their national character would imagine he were residing among a nation of fire-eaters ; but in few countries is the personal dignity of man sunk to a lower ebb than in Brazil. During a nine years’ residence, I never heard of a single duel, nocturnal assassination being the fashionable mode of vindicating outraged honour. The rigid state of seclusion in which the females are kept deprives society of that fascinating polish of exterior cast over its surface in other countries by the influence of the

softer sex. The mind of the Brazilian female is left in all the wild luxuriance of uncultivated nature; her existence is monotony itself gliding on in its dull course in the society of her slaves, to whom in point of intellect she is little superior; but her manners are soft and gentle, and her sensibilities, when roused, have all the fiery energy of her native clime. Interesting rather than beautiful, her sedentary life tinges her cheek with a sickly hue; while early marriage gives to her figure an exuberant embonpoint, which however, in the oriental taste of the country, is considered the beau ideal of beauty in both sexes. In this precocious climate ladies are grandmothers at seven and twenty. Female education, I have already remarked, is an absolute nullity; that of the other sex is not of a more elevated character. With the exception of those who have pursued their studies abroad, it is extremely rare to meet with any one who possesses even elementary knowledge on any branch of science or polite literature. Few among them ever take the trouble of reading their own beautiful *Lusaid*. Indolent, addicted to gambling, and slaves to the grossest sensuality, which but too often degenerates into the most criminal excesses, all the finer feelings of our nature are early blunted in the mind of the Brazilian, who bears the loss of his nearest and dearest friends with an indifference amounting to apathy. As if to veil the native deformity of vice, his manners are courtly in the extreme: he repeatedly reminds you that every thing he possesses is at your disposal, and on leaving his house after a morning visit you are bowed out to the very door, often at the imminent risk of breaking your neck down the stairs in wheeling round to correspond to the courtly inclinations of your polite host. There is, after all, much that is good and generous in his nature, systematically debased by political misrule and religious superstition. It is to be hoped that the wide field of honourable ambition, thrown open to him by the revolution, will elevate his character in the scale of civilized man.

From this picture of the moral degradation of our species, the mind turns with pleasure to the contemplation of the singular and somewhat more favourable specimen of humanity presented by the population of the two mountain provinces, Minas and São Paulo. Left by their isolated station to the undisturbed workings of their own hearts, their characters are such as might be expected. Stubborn both in truth and error, confined from the cradle to the grave, to the consideration of few objects, they never reach that tractable state of feeling which extensive knowledge of the world can alone produce. Their bigotry, when called into action, makes them ardent in their thoughts and deeds. Their jealousy and revenge are proverbial even in Brazil. The following anecdote, which I had from an officer, an eye-witness of the event, is highly illustrative of the former passion. A young officer, on a tour of inspection, arrived on the eve of St. John at a small villa in Minas. On the following morning, he accompanied the *capitão mor* of the district to the celebration of high mass. During the ceremony he was forcibly struck with the beauty of a young female kneeling near the altar. Young, ardent and impetuous he expressed his admiration with all the indiscreet warmth of licentious passion. The innocent object of his aspirations was the wife of the *capitão mor*, who, however, vouchsafed no answer to his anxious inquiries;

but his brow grew dark, and even as he bowed down before the elevated host, he meditated a deed at which the blood runs cold." On leaving the church he framed an excuse for leaving the officer during the remainder of the day; but in the evening he rushed into his apartment, and, holding up a knife reeking with blood, exclaimed with an hysterical laugh, "Your intended victim is now beyond the reach of dishonour!" Among a people entertaining such extravagant notions of honour, it would be but natural to expect to find the purity of the female character fixed at an elevated point. This, however, is unfortunately not the case; few places, perhaps, present a more lamentable picture of vice and licentiousness than Villa-Rica, the capital of the province of Minas. To such a pitch is it carried, that a proposal to form a "liaison" the most "equivocal" with a young female would not be received by her family as an insult, but acceded to, or declined, according as they might deem it advantageous. But, on the other hand, a clandestine correspondence, although carried on with the most honourable intentions would, if prematurely discovered, bring down the vengeance of the family on the offender. The Mineheiro never forgives an affront; he will track his victim with the ruthless spirit of a tiger, till he has an opportunity of wreaking his revenge. The knife in the hands of these people is a most formidable weapon. With his left arm enveloped in the thick folds of his poncho, the Mineheiro, under cover of this shield, advances fearlessly against an experienced swordsman: if foiled in his onset he will spring back ten or fifteen paces with the agility of a mountain-cat and throw his knife at his advancing foe with unerring and fatal precision. From these two provinces the emperor draws his best cavalry. Most of the higher offices of state are also filled by Mineheiros and Paulistas, whose activity and energy of character fit them better for the duties of office than the more indolent inhabitants of the maritime provinces. On a levee day the court of the emperor presents a most brilliant spectacle. He has created a corps of noblesse, which in numbers, at least, will vie with that of the oldest European courts. Military talent, the never-failing stepping-stone to nobility, is not, however, one of the attributes of the newly privileged orders of Brazil. The late revolution was sterile in talent, not having produced a single successful soldier. At a levee held by the emperor towards the close of the late war with the Buenos Ayrean republic, when a series of disasters, crowned by the signal defeat of Ituzaingo, tarnished the lustre of the imperial arms, Don Pedro turned to a distinguished foreign officer near him, and pointing to the brilliant circle by which he was surrounded, exclaimed in a tone of great bitterness,—"In all this glittering crowd I cannot find an officer fit to command a brigade." The character of this prince is the very antithesis of that of his people. Simple in his tastes, active in mind, of a manly and energetic temper, his unremitting exertions and loftiest aspirations are for the welfare of his newly founded empire. The political regeneration of his people is, however, an herculean task; for the vices engendered by the old colonial system are of an inveterate character. On few occasions can the morality of the Brazilian functionary withstand the temptation of a bribe: the unaffected grace with which he extends his greedy palm to clasp the glittering prize is only surpassed

by the singular felicity of the aphorism by which he reconciles it to his conscience, "*Viva el'rey e do aca a capa.*" To such a pitch was speculation carried under the old system, that full one-half of the revenue of the country never found its way into the government coffers. The *dezimo* alone produces a large revenue, but the mode of levying it falls very heavy on the poorer classes, who have not the means of propitiating the *dezimeiro*, for in many instances it is literally taken numerically, rather than intrinsically. Many of the vices of the national character have their source in the maladministration of justice. A lawsuit in Brazil, both in duration and intricacy of proceedings, realizes the fable of Penelope's web. After years spent in useless litigation, during which time a dozen decisions may have been pronounced in your favour, and as often reversed, you are at last finally nonsuited, not from any conviction in the mind of the judge of the badness of your cause, but from the more sporting character of the opposing litigant, who fairly outbids you in the last result. The laws, however for the protection of the slave population are an honour to humanity. The Brazilian is a humane master; and the horrors of slavery are in Brazil greatly mitigated by the mild spirit of Christianity. Negroes are eligible to holy orders; and with a laudable attention to their prejudices, a black virgin and one or two sable saints have been placed in the calendar, whom they venerate as their patrons. The condition of the negro, when transplanted from his native Africa to the colonies, is an epitome of the more extended chapter of human life—as various in its colouring—as diversified in lot.

Throughout all the provinces are innumerable tribes of gipsies, who in fact carry on the commerce of the interior. The period of their first migration to Brazil I could never ascertain; but in their physiognomy and predatory habits they closely resemble the gipsy tribes of Europe.

Crimes are rare in Brazil, at least such as spring from the pressure of want. In these fruitful regions the earnings of two days' labour will subsist the labourer the other five. Few countries, indeed, are more blessed by the bountiful hand of nature than Brazil. A prodigious extent of territory, is diversified by every variety of soil and climate; her resources, mineral, as well as agricultural, are also immense; while the character of her prince and the theoretical spirit of her government are favourable to their full and rapid development. At a period of universal depression and stagnation like the present, it is gratifying to be able to direct our attention to a country which presents so wide and extended a field for the operation of British capital and enterprise as Brazil. That there are still some dark clouds hovering round her political horizon I am not free to deny. But it has been justly remarked by a celebrated writer of the present age,—“When a man forms schemes in politics, trade, economy, or any business in life, he ought not to draw his arguments too fine, or connect too long a chain of consequences together, for something is sure to happen to disconcert his reasoning.” If, in the present instance, averted by the remote contingents of future evil, we neglect availing ourselves of the present good, we should realize the fable of the countryman, who waited till the river flowed away to pass over to the opposite bank:

“*Rusticus expectat dum defluit amnis.*”

SPRING HOURS IN PERE LA CHAISE.

[FROM THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL, NO. 74.]

Jaded as I was in body and mind by the gaities of a Parisian winter, the first vernal buds which studded the trees growing into my windows, on one of the most frequented divisions of the Boulevards, were welcomed as harbingers of a season that promised repose. My object in going abroad had been to see life; and in the Parisian *saloons* humanity may be studied in all its varieties. Unflinchingly did I follow the giddy-round of fashionable entertainments. How strange! that he who once wooed retirement, and thought himself devoted to solitude, should take pleasure in a career so new, so much at variance with quiet habits! But my life was more one of observation than of actual enjoyment. If I mingled in the dance, or seated myself at the card table, it was less for the pleasure these amusements yielded, than for the opportunity they afforded of indulging my favourite propensity—the study of character. So much had I become immersed in this dissipation, so interesting was the mighty book Nature opened up to me, that I no longer heeded aught unconnected with my immediate engagements. Books, home, friends—all were neglected. My habits were thoroughly changed. Time flew on—week hurried after week, month after month. The gleaming of “some bright particular star,” as I stepped into my cabriolet long past midnight; a glance at the fair moon, as I waited till the drowsy porter answered our imperious summons—was the only intercourse I held with that lovely firmament, on which I had erst bestowed whole nights of contemplation.

But winter was now about to terminate, and the first glimpse of reviving vegetation reproachfully carried me back to Scotland—“her hazel and her hawthorn glade”—to that country life which long habit had rendered dearer than that which I had recently led. Like the sight of land to the unaccustomed voyager, the early signs of spring gave hope of respite from the new labour to which I had condemned myself. I began to long for a look at nature, and sighed to breathe a purer air than can be inspired amid those “exhalations” of a large city, so feelingly anathematized by Cowley. With him I was ready to exclaim—

“Who that has reason and has smell,
Would not amidst roses and jasmine dwell?”

It is true, that the rose and jasmine were not yet to be found among the cypresses and yews of P  re la Chaise. yet it was there alone, in all the vicinity of Paris, that the approach of early spring could yet be discovered. To this burying-ground, therefore, I resolved to pay a visit. A month or two later, and the varied heights of Saint Cloud, the enchanted labyrinths of Versailles, the purpled walks of Fontenay-aux-Roses, or the yet more lovely vale of Montmorency, where nature revels fancy-free, might have attracted my steps. But in the beginning of March, the only visitable spot is that one seemingly least suited to excite pleasurable emotions. For me, this crowded place of repose (which has been

so often written about) ever has a fresh interest. Never have I entered it, without feelings of sadness ; never have I left it, without being more reconciled to change, less heedful of worldly things. The sleep of death here seems so sweet—the living pass through this abode of the departed with such a reverential tread—that one feels not hurt by the thought of its being, perhaps at no distant period, his last resting place. Some complain that there is too much of show, too much of ornament—but the care taken by the living in tending the frail flowers planted round the graves, which I have often seen watered by burning tears, is surely more consoling to those who may soon require such fond service, than if the sepulchre were at once abandoned. May not the departed soul look complacently on the friend who guards the sod that covers the earthly tabernacle it so lately tenanted ? Nor is it a mere show of grief that is here exhibited, for no one can have often visited Père la Chaise, without witnessing sorrow the most poignant : tears, bitter as ever flowed, sobs from the very heart, are the tribute frequently paid on the grave of some lamented friend. Oft in passing through this impressive scene, has my sympathy been excited, on finding a lonely mourner by the side of a newly-covered grave. Such instances—I have met many of them—completely removed from my mind any objection I might at first have had to the seemingly ostentatious display here made of the regret felt by the living. Nothing can be more painful than the sight of a man in tears, yet I have involuntarily arrested my steps, on seeing the bereaved father shedding floods of tears on his son's cold grave. That worst of agonies, tearless grief, has also struck my attention ; and the very want of this “ vain dew ” but excited a stronger compassion. During my early visits, I frequently saw a female of elegant appearance, clad in the deepest mourning, leaning on a nameless tombstone. Day after day she took up her sorrowful watch. Grief was imprinted on every feature, yet not a sob was heard, not a tear seemed to roll along her parched cheek. I never passed the spot, without thinking how appropriately the language of Hermione would have sounded from her lips :

“ I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are ;

———— but I have

That honourable grief lodged here, which burns
Worse than tears drown.”

That these exhibitions of genuine sorrow are not numerous, I am willing to admit ; but the occurrence of a few such cases might suffice to remove the impression, which is too general in this country, that every thing in French burial-grounds is “ got up ” for show. That much of the frippery and mere neatness of Père la Chaise is the work of the florist or of the stonemason, cannot be denied ; but to see there a single case of unfeigned sorrow, is enough to sanctify it in the eyes of a stranger. To my having beheld there such scenes, may be owing much of the melancholy pleasure I always felt in visiting this unusual place of resort. On the present occasion, I had an additional inducement, from having as a companion one who had long wished to accompany me thither. Born beneath an eastern sky, the varying climate of Europe, to which she was

removed at a very early age, had seriously impaired her health. The ravages of disease, however, extended not to her vigorous mind. Her spirits were frequently as light, her laugh as free, as if pain had never visited her gentle frame. Accomplished, and, like Wordsworth's "conspicuous flower,"

"Admired for beauty, for her sweetness praised,"

she was thought to enjoy all that could make life pass happily. But even in those moments when strangers believed her most to be envied, the canker-worm was at work within. This, too, she herself knew well, and the saddening conviction would bring a cloud upon her brow even in the gayest hour. Often did she retire to weep while the circle she had delighted was yet loud in her praise, or envied that cheerfulness which could enliven the most saturnine. She feared that her numbered days were soon to be exhausted. I had tried to remove this impression, but all my efforts were vain. After being some time in Paris, she became more than ever persuaded that the struggle could not long be supported. Repeatedly did I reason on the subject, but she grew daily more fixed in her first belief, and anxious to select a spot where her remains might be interred, often urged me to go with her to my favourite burying-ground. Fearful that so near a contemplation of the realities of death might be too much for weak nerves, I used every argument to dissuade her from making the attempt but at last had promised to accompany her thither as soon as the opening of a milder season should render exposure to the air less dangerous.

The spring at Paris dawns most sweetly. Some of its early days are perhaps the finest, certainly the most delightful, of the whole year; and on one of these did we drive to the melancholy scene we had long proposed to visit. The sky was partially clouded, but only so much as to excite that not unpleasant anxiety which enhances our enjoyment of a fine day. The air was so light as scarce to weigh perceptibly on those just escaped from the severities of a frosty winter; and the feeling of awe ever experienced on entering a place connected with so many solemn thoughts, gradually subsided into a pleasant melancholy as we began to climb the declivity on which stands the simple chapel. Our task was less difficult than I had usually found it at the close of winter. Instead of being covered with heavy clay, which frequently renders them impassable, the well-beaten footpaths were firm to our tread. We passed from tomb to tomb, pausing now by that of some warrior who had once filled the ear of terror-struck Europe, but here occupying as little space as the obscure citizen who passed through life without fame, and died without having done aught by which his name might be remembered; now arresting our step beside the last home of one who had reached the extremest stage of human existence, and a few paces farther contrasting his fate with that of some infant recorded to have parted with life before encountering those trials humanity must endure. At one time we lingered by the grave of the artist, who had made the world forget the obscurity of his birth, by the commanding influence of genius; at another we hurried by that of one who had disgraced his high rank by vices the

most base. Here we met with the last record of one who had died in the midst of numberless friends; there stood a monument to him who had expired a stranger amongst strangers, with scarce a voice to soothe him in his last hour. One stone was dedicated to the memory of two sisters, who died within a few weeks of each other. As if separation had been insupportable; the younger had fallen a victim to the violence of that affection

———“ which bade them be
True to each other, as on the sea
Two loving birds, whom a wave may divide,
But who float back soon to each other's side.”

Amid all this havoc, amid all these proofs of Death's undistinguishing sway, the mind becomes firmer. We learn to look on the tyrant with less fear on finding before us immediate proof that all must submit to his decrees. Familiarity with what may at first terrify, weans us from an undefined fear. Thus, so far from being frightened by a visit to which I had looked forward as too much for her, my companion gradually became more cheerful. She talked gaily of the past, thought hopefully of the future. The fears which once dwelt upon her mind disappeared—like the clouds imperceptibly dispelled by the sun from the landscape at our feet. The sluggish Seine shone more brightly to the beams, now glittering along its surface, and gilding at the same time the majestic dome of the Invalides. Throughout the vast wilderness of buildings stretching indistinctly in the distance, tower after tower successively stood out more boldly to the eye, till, as we loitered on the chapel steps, the whole of that wide spread city was displayed to our gaze, with scarce a speck to conceal the heights beyond. A view more imposing can scarcely be enjoyed. There lies the immense capital of one of the greatest nations of the world, lulled, as it were, to rest,—for little but a low confused hum reaches the ear. Yet, even from this point, some of its darkest as well as brightest features are seen; though the princely Tuileries fills some of the landscape, it scarce attracts so much attention as that humble bridge near which stands the last receptacle of misfortune, that gloomy charnel-house of guilt, the foul Morgue, which I could never pass without a shudder, thinking by what crimes it was filled. The assassin's steel, the gambler's despair, the wretchedness of his ruined children, ever rose to view as I glanced at the loathsome structure. These associations were less endurable than all we had felt while moving through the silent tombs of the dead, and were only effaced when our eyes fell on an edifice devoted to nobler purposes, the Salpêtrière, where aged females are comfortably sheltered from the ills of poverty and years. The excited feelings were soothed by reflecting on this more grateful subject, and we resumed our survey with renovated strength. The spirits of my companion improved with the day. She talked cheerfully of all we had seen, and looked calmly to the time when she too might dwell in this house of death, which was now deemed so sweet and inviting, that the prospect of reposing within its precincts was no longer unwelcome. The opening buds that gemmed each grave carried her forward to a land

“ Where souls do couch on flowers ;”

and a few leaves were gratefully plucked, to be cherished as memorials of this interesting visit. She had got over a secret unacknowledged fear of beholding the grave, and her mind became serene. We departed almost reluctantly from a spot which I had dreaded to approach in her company. From that hour her health improved ;—such was the happy effect of contemplating that which at a distance seemed so forbidding ! The cause of this improvement is obvious. Imagination was no longer on the stretch, and another proof was thus afforded, that

“ To please the fancy, is no trifling good
Where health is studied ; for, whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of the harmonious frame.”

[*Edin. Lit. Jour.*

Morayshire, March, 1830.

LINES TO HER WHO BEST CAN UNDERSTAND THEM.

By D. MacAskill.

They tell me that another's arm
Hath wreathed that waist of thine ;
That from thy cheek the blush was chased
By other lips than mine ;—
They whisper those ripe rosy lips
Another's lip hath prest,—
That thou hast pour'd thy soul's first love
Upon another's breast !

They say he drew thy curls aside,
And kiss'd that forehead fair ;
And in that kiss, that eye met eye,—
And oh, what love was there !
Thine eye did speak in its blue pride
What words to paint were weak ;
And the curls that veil'd thy high pale brow,
Fell trembling o'er his cheek !

Hast thou forgot that summer eve,
When skies smiled soft around,
And balmy breath of flowers arose
From woods and blooming ground ?
Hast thou forgot my whispering love,
My soft and rapturous kiss ?
Thou didst not speak, but, girl, thine eye
Told all it told to his !

You swore by all your hopes of Heaven,
You plighted me your vow,
By your quenchless love, your constancy,—
Where are these tokens now ?
False maid ! take back thy faithless love,
'Tis now a worthless store ;
Thou teachest me that love is breath,
And I shall love no more.

SOME REMARKABLE PASSAGES IN THE REMARKABLE LIFE OF THE BARON ST. GIO.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, NO. CLXVII.]

I HAVE wondered often if it was possible that a person could exist without a conscience. I think not, if he be a reasonable being. Yet there certainly are many of whom you would judge by their actions that they had none ; or, if they have, that conscience is not a mirror to be trusted. In such cases we may suppose that conscience exists in the soul of such a man as well as others, but that it is an erroneous one, not being rightly informed of what sin is, and consequently unable to judge fairly of his actions, by comparing them with the law of God. It is a sad state to be in ; for surely there is no condition of soul more wretched than that of the senseless obdurate sinner, the faculties of whose soul seem to be in a state of numbness, and void of that true feeling of sensibility which is her most vital quality.

I was led into this kind of mood to-night by reading a sort of Memoir of the life of Jasper Kendale, *alias* the Baron St. Gio, written by himself which, if at all consistent with truth, unfolds a scene of unparalleled barbarity, and an instance of that numbness of soul of which we have been speaking, scarcely to be excelled.

Jasper says, he was born at bonny Dalkerran, in the parish of Leeswald ; but whether that is in England, Scotland, or Wales, he does not inform us ; judging in his own simplicity of heart, that every one knows where bonny Dalkerran is as well as he does. For my part, I never heard either of such a place or such a parish ; but from many of his expressions, I should draw the conclusion, that he comes from some place in the west of Scotland.

“ My father and mother were unco good religious focks,” says he, “ but verry poor. At least I think sae, for we were verry ragged and duddy in our claes, and often didna get muckle to eat.” This is manifestly Scottish, and in the same style the best parts of the narrative are written ; but for the sake of shortening it two thirds at least, I must take a style more concise.

When I was about twelve years of age, my uncle got me in to be stable-boy at Castle-Meldin, and a happy man I was at this change ; for whereas before I got only peel-an-eat potatoes and a little salt twice a day at home, here I feasted like a gentleman, and had plenty of good meat to take or to leave every day as I listed, and as suited my appetite, for it suited my constitution wonderfully. I was very thankful for this, and resolved to be a good, diligent, and obedient servant ; and so I was, for I took care of every thing intrusted to me, and, as far as I could see, every body liked me.

Before I had been a year there the old laird died, and as I had hardly ever seen him, that did not affect me much ; but I suspected that all

things would go wrong about the house when the head of it was taken away ; that there would be nothing but fasting, and mourning, and every thing that was disagreeable. I was never more agreeably mistaken, for the feasting and fun never began about the house till then. The ladies to be sure, were dressed in black ; and beautiful they looked, so that wooers flocked about them every day. But there was one that far outdid the rest in beauty. Her name was Fanny, the second or third daughter of the family, I am not sure which, but she was the most beautiful woman I ever saw in the world. There was a luxuriance of beauty about her that is quite indescribable, which drew all hearts and all eyes to her. She was teased by lovers of every age and description, but I only know what the maids told me about these things. They said her behaviour was rather lightsome with the gentlemen ; for that she was constantly teasing them, which provoked them always to fasten on her for a romp, and that her sisters were often ill-pleased with her, because she got the most part of the fun to herself. I know nothing about these things ; but this I know, that before the days of mourning were over Miss Fanny vanished—was lost—and her name was said never to have been mentioned up stairs, but with us she was the constant subject of discourse, and one of the maids always put on wise looks, and pretended to know where she was. Time passed on for some months, until one day I was ordered to take my uncle's pair, and drive a gentleman to a certain great market town. (Jasper names the town plain out, which I deem improper.) I did as I was ordered, and my uncle giving the gentleman some charges about me, closed the door, and off we drove. The man was very kind to me all the way, and good to the horses ; but yet I could not endure to look at him. He had a still, round, whitish face, and eyes as if he had been half sleeping, but when they glimmered up, they were horribly disagreeable.

We remained in the town two nights, and on the following morning I was ordered to drive through the town by his direction. He kept the window open at my back, and directed me, by many turnings, to a neat elegant house rather in the suburbs. He went in. I waited long at the door, and often heard a noise within as of weeping and complaining, and at length my gentleman came out leading Miss Fanny with both hands, and put her into the coach. She was weeping violently, and much altered, and my heart bled at seeing her. There was no one came to the door to see her into the chaise, but I saw two ladies on the stair inside the house. He then ordered me to drive by such a way, which I did, driving the whole day by his direction ; and the horses being in excellent keeping, we made great speed ; I thought we drove on from twenty to thirty miles, and I knew by the sun that we were going to the eastward, and of course not on the road home. We had for a good while been on a sort of country road ; and at length on a broad common covered with furze, I was ordered to draw up, which I did. The gentleman stepped first out, and then handed out Miss Fanny ; but still not with that sort of respect which I weened to be her due. They only walked a few steps from the carriage, when he stopped, and looked first at one whin bush,

then at another, as if looking for something of which he was uncertain. He then led her up to one, and holding her fast by the wrist with one hand, with the other he pulled a dead body covered with blood out of the midst of the bush, and asked the lady if she knew who that was? Such a shriek, I think, was never uttered by a human creature, as that hapless being uttered at that moment, and such may my ears never hear again! But in one instant after, and even I think before she could utter a second, he shot her through the head, and she fell.

I was so dreadfully shocked, and amazed at such atrocity, that I leaped from the seat and ran for it; but my knees had no strength, and the boots hampering me, the ruffian caught me before I had run fifty paces, and dragged me back to the scene of horror. He then assured me, that if I offered again to stir from my horses, he would send me the same way with these culprits whom I saw lying there; and perceiving escape to be impossible, I kneeled, and prayed him not to shoot me, and I would stay and do any thing that he desired of me. He then re-loaded his pistol, and taking a ready cocked one in each hand, he ordered me to drag the bodies away, and tumble them into an old coalpit, which I was forced to do, taking first the one and then the other. My young mistress was not quite dead, for I saw her lift her eyes, and as she descended the void, I heard a slight moan, then a great plunge, and all was over.

I wonder to this day that he did not send me after them. I expected nothing else; and I am sure if it had not been for the driving of the chaise by himself, which on some account or other he durst not attempt, my fate had been sealed.

He did not go into the chaise, but mounted on the seat beside me, and we drove and drove on by quite another road than that we went, until the horses were completely forespent, and would not raise a trot. I was so terrified for the fellow, that I durst not ask him to stop and corn the horses, but I said several times that the horses were quite done up. His answer was always "Whip on."

When it began to grow dark, he asked my name, my country, and all about my relations; and in particular about the old coachman at Castle-Meldin. I told him the plain truth on every point, on which he bade me of good cheer, and keep myself free of all suspicions, for as long as I made no mention of what I had seen, no evil should happen to me; and he added, "I daresay you would be a little astonished at what you saw to-day. But I hope you will say, God forgive you!"

"I'll be unco laith to say ony sic thing, man," quo' I, "for I wad be very sorry if he did. I hope to see you burning in hell yet for what ye hae done the day." (These are Jasper's own words.)

"What! you hope to see me there, do you? Then it bespeaks that you hope to go there yourself," said he.

"If I do not see you there, some will," said I; for by this time I saw plenty of human faces around us, and lost all fear, so I said what I thought.

"If you have any value for your life," said he, "be a wise boy, and say nothing about it. Can't you perceive that there is no atrocity in the deed—at least not one hundredth part of the sum which you seem to

calculate on ? Do you think it was reasonable that a whole family of beautiful and virtuous sisters of the highest rank, should all have been ruined by the indiscretion of one ?”

“That is no reason at all, sir, for the taken away of life,” said I.

“The law of God did not condemn her for aught she had done ; and where lay your right to lift up your hand against her life ? You might have sent her abroad, if she had in any way disgraced the family, which I never will believe she did.”

“True,” said he, “I could have secured her person, but who could have secured her pen ? All would have come out, and shame and ruin would have been the consequence. Though I lament with all my heart that such a deed was necessary, yet there was no alternative. Now, tell me this, for you have told me the plain truth hitherto,—did or did you not recognise the body of the dead gentleman ?”

“Yes, I did,” said I, frankly. “I knew it for the body of a young nobleman whom I have often seen much caressed at Castle-Meldin.”

He shook his head and gave an inward growl, and then said, “since you say so, I must take care of *you* ! You are wrong ; that is certain ; and you had better not say such a thing again. But nevertheless, since you *have* said it, and *may* say it again, I must take care of *you*.”

He spoke no more. We were now driving through a large town ; but whether or not it was the one we left in the morning, I could not tell and he would not inform me. We drew up on the quay, where a fine barge with eight rowers, all leaning on their oars, stood ready to receive us. My fine gentleman then desired me to alight, and go across the water with him, for a short space. I refused positively, saying, that I would not leave my horses for any man’s pleasure. He said he had a lad there to take care of the horses, and I knew it behoved me to accompany him across. “I’ll not leave my horses ; that’s flat. And you had better not insist on it. I’m not in the humour to be teased much farther,” said I.

That word sealed my fate. I was that moment pulled from my seat, gagged by a fellow’s great hand, and hurled into the boat by I know not how many scoundrels. There I was bound, and kept gagged by the sailors, to their great amusement. We reached a great ship in the offing, into which I was carried and cast into a dungeon, bound hands and feet. We sailed next morning, and for three days I was kept bound and gagged, but fed regularly. My spirit was quite broken, and even my resolution of being avenged for the death of the lovely Fanny began to die away. On the fourth day, to my inexpressible horror, the murderer himself came down to my place of confinement, and addressed me to the following purport.

“Kendale, you are a good boy—a truthful, honourable, and innocent boy. I know you are ; and I do not like to see you kept in durance this way. We are now far at sea on our way to a foreign country. You must be sensible that you are now entirely in my power, and at my disposal and that all your dependence must be on me. Swear then to me that you will never divulge the rueful scene which you witnessed on the broad common among the furze, and I will instantly set you at liberty, and be kind to you. And to dispose you to comply, let me assure you

that the day you disclose my secret is your last and no power on earth can save you, even though I were at the distance of a thousand miles. I have ventured a dreadful stake, and must go through with it, cost what it will."

I perceived that all he had said was true, and that I had no safety but in compliance; and yearning to be above deck to behold the sun and the blue heavens, I there, in that dismal hole, took a dreadful oath never to mention it, or divulge it in any way, either on board, or in the country to which we were going. He appeared satisfied, and glad at my compliance, and loosed me with his own hand, telling me to wait on him at table, and appear as his confidential servant, which I promised, and performed as well as I could. But I had no happiness, for the secret of the double murder preyed on my heart, and I looked on myself as an accomplice. There was one thing in which my belief was fixed; that we never would reach any coast, for the ship would to a certainty be cast away, and every gale that we encountered, I prepared for the last.

My master, for so I must now denominate him, seemed to have no fears of that nature. He drank and sung, and appeared as happy and merry as a man so gloomy of countenance could be. He was called Mr. Southman, and appeared the proprietor of the ship. We saw no land for seven weeks, but at length it appeared on our starboard side, and when I asked what country it was, I was told it was Carolina. I asked if it was near Jerusalem or Egypt, and the sailors laughed at me, and said that it was just to Jerusalem that I was going, and I think my heart never was so overjoyed in my life.

Honest Jasper has nearly as many chapters describing this voyage, as I have lines, and I must still hurry on in order to bring his narrative into the compass of an ordinary tale, for though I have offered the manuscript complete to several booksellers, it has been uniformly rejected. And yet it is exceedingly amusing, and if not truth, tells very like it. Among other things, he mentions a Mr. M'Kenzie from Ross-shire, as having been on board, and from some things he mentions relating to him, I am sure I have met with him.

Suffice it to say, that they landed at what Jasper calls a grand city, named Savannah, which the sailors made him believe was Jerusalem; and, when undeceived by his master, he wept. The captain and steward took their orders from Mr. Southman, hat in hand, and then he and his retinue sailed up the river in a small vessel, and latterly in a barge, until they came to a fine house on a level plain, so extensive that Jasper Kendale says, with great simplicity, "It looked to me to be bigger nor the whole world."

Here they settled; and here Jasper remained seven years as a sort of half idle-servant, yet he never knew whether his master was proprietor of, or steward on, the estates. There is little interesting in this part of the work, save some comical amours with the slave girls, to which Jasper was a little subject, and his master ten times worse, by his account. There is one summing up of his character which is singular. It is in these emphatic words,—“In short, I never saw a better master, nor a worse man.”

But there is one thing asserted here which I do not believe. He avers that the one half of all the people in that country are slaves! Absolute slaves, and bought and sold in the market like sheep and cattle! "Then said the high priest, Are these things so?"

At the end of seven years or thereby, there was one day that I was in the tobacco plantation with forty workers when a gentleman came tip to me from the river, and asked for Mr. Southman. My heart flew to my throat, and I could scarcely contain myself, for I knew him at once to be Mr. Thomas B——h, the second son at Castle-Meldin. There were only two brothers in the family, and this was the youngest and the best. We having only exchanged a few words, he did not in the least recognise me, and indeed it was impossible he could, so I said nothing to draw his attention, but knowing what I knew, I could not conceive what his mission to my master could import. I never more saw him alive; but the following morning, I knew by the countenance of my master that there was some infernal plot brewing within, for he had that look which I had never seen him wear but once before. There was no mistaking it. It was the cloven foot of Satan, and indicated certain destruction to some one. I had reason to suspect it would be myself, and so well convinced was I of this, that I had resolved to fly, and try to get on board some ship. But I was mistaken. The bolt of hell struck elsewhere. The young stranger disappeared, after staying and being mightily caressed two days and nights; and shortly thereafter, his body was thrown on the shore of the Savannah by the reflux of the tide, not far below the boundary of my master's estate. I went, with many others, and saw the body, and knew it well, and it was acknowledged, both by my master and the house servants, to have been a stranger gentleman that was in that country wanting to purchase land—that he had been entertained by Mr. Southman; but none could tell his name. He had been murdered and robbed, and his body thrown into the river, and no light whatever was cast on the circumstances of the crime by the investigation. The Georgians seemed greatly indifferent about the matter. I was never called or examined at all; and if I had, I know not what I would have said. I knew nothing of his death farther than suspicion dictated, but of the identity of his person I was certain.

Immediately on this I was sent to an estate far up the country, on the fine table lands, to assist a Mr. Courteny in managing it. I took a letter from my master to him, and was kindly received, and made superintendent of every thing under Mr. Courteny. He was a delightful man, and held as delightful a place; but neither did he know whether Mr. Southman was the proprietor of these estates, or steward over them, with a power of attorney. He knew they were purchased by one bearing quite another name; but he had exercised all the powers of a proprietor for a number of years, and had been sundry voyages over at Britain. It was a lucrative property, and he was held as a very great man.

Here I remained for three years. Among others of my master's satellites who attended me to that place, there was a German called Altanstein. That man had come with us from England, and was one of them who

bound and gagged me in the boat. But he was a pleasant old fellow, and I liked him, and was always kind to him. He was taken very ill; and, on his deathbed, he sent for me, and told me that he and another, whom he would not name, had orders to watch all my motions, and in no wise to suffer me to leave the country, but to shoot me. He said he would never see his master again, and he thought it best to warn me to be on my guard, and remain quietly where I was. He likewise told me that Mr. Southman had left America for some time, and he believed for ever. After giving me the charge of his concerns, and a handsome present, poor Allanstein died.

As long as I had no knowledge of this circumstance, I had no desire to leave the country; but the moment I knew I was watched like a wild beast, and liable to be murdered on mere suspicion, I grew impatient to be gone. There was one fellow whom I suspected, but had no means of learning truth. I turned him out of our employment, but he remained on the estate, and lingered constantly near me. He had likewise come with us from England, and appeared to have plenty of money at command. I contrived, however, to give him the slip, and, escaping into South Carolina, I scarcely stinted night or day till I was at Charlestown, where I got on board the Elizabeth sloop, bound for Liverpool. Then I breathed freely, accounting myself safe; and then, also, I was free from my oath, and at liberty to tell all that I had seen. The vessel, however, had not got her loading on board, and we lay in the harbour, at the confluence of the rivers, two days; but what was my astonishment to perceive, after we had heaved anchor, the wretch Arnotti on board along with me, brown with fatigue in the pursuit, and covered with dust. I was now certain that he was the remaining person who was sworn to take my life if I should offer to leave the state, and knew not what to do, as I was persuaded he would perform it at the risk of his own life. I had paid my freight to Britain; nevertheless, I went on shore on Sullivan's Island, and suffered the vessel to proceed without me, and was now certain that I was quite safe, my enemy having gone on with the Elizabeth. I waited here long before a vessel passed to a right port, but at length I got one going to the Clyde, and took my passage in her; and, after we were fairly out to sea, behold, there my old friend Arnotti popped his head once more out of the fore-castle, and eyed me with a delighted and malicious grin! I was quite confounded at again seeing this destroying angel haunting my motions, and said, "What is that murdering villain seeking here?"

The seamen stared; but he replied, sharply, "Vat you say, Monsieur Ken-dale? You say me de moorderou? Vat you derr? You help de moorderour, and keep him secret. Dat is de vay, is it?"

I then took the captain of the ship by himself, and told him what I suspected, and that I was certain the villain would find means of assassinating me. He at first laughed at me, and said, he could not think I was so much of a coward as to be afraid of any single man; but perceiving me so earnest, he consented to disarm all the passengers, beginning with myself, and on none of them were any arms found, save on Arnotti, who had two loaded pistols and a dagger, neatly concealed in his clothes. He

was deprived of these, and put under a partial confinement, and then I had peace and rest.

For all this severity, the unaccountable wretch tried to strangle Jasper by night, just as they began to approach Ireland; he was, however, baffled, wounded, and tossed overboard, a circumstance afterwards deeply regretted. But Jasper makes such a long story, I am obliged to pass it over by the mere mention of it.

Jasper found his mother still alive, and very frail; his father dead, and his brethren and sisters all scattered, and he could find no one to whom to unburden his mind. He went next to Castle-Meldin, and there also found the young squire dead, and his brother Thomas *lost abroad*! whither he had gone to claim an estate; and the extensive domains were now held by Lord William E——le, in right of his wife. The other ladies were likewise all married to men of rank. Old coachee, Jasper's mother's brother, was still living at the Castle, on the superannuated list, and to him Jasper unfolded by degrees his revolting and mysterious tale. The old man could not fathom or comprehend it. The remaining capabilities of his mind were inadequate to the grasp. He forgot one end of it ere he got half way to the other; and though at times he seemed to take deep interest in the incidents, before one could have noted any change in his countenance, they had vanished altogether from his mind.

The two Friends agreed on the propriety of acquainting Lord William with the circumstances, and after watching an opportunity for some time, they got him by himself in the shrubbery. I must give this in Jasper's own words.

"When the lords saw my uncle's white head, and the old laced hat held out afore him, as if to beg for a bawbee, he kend be the motion that he wantit to speak till him. So he turns to us, and he says, 'Well, old coachee, what has your stupid head conceived it necessary to say to me to-day? Is the beer of the hall too weak?'

"'Wod, ye see, my lord, ye see, that's nothe thing. But this whe callant here, he tells me sic a story, ye see, that, wod, ye see, I canna believe't, 'at can I nae. He's a sister's son o'mine. Ye'll may be mind o'him when ye were courtin' here? Oogh!'

"'What boy do you speak of, Andrew? Is it this boardly young man?'

"'Ay, to be sure—Him? Hout? A 'mere kittlin, ye see. He's my sister Nanny's son, that was married to Joseph Kendale, ye ken. A very honest upright man he was; but this callant has been abroad, ye see my lord. And—What was this I was gaun to say?'

"'Some story you were talking of.'

"'Ay, wod, that's very true, my lord, an' weel mindit. Ye'll mind your eldest brother weel enough? Did ye ever ken what oord o' him?'

"'No; I am sorry to say I never did.'

"'And do you mind your sister-in-law, Miss Fanny, the bonniest o' them a'? Oogh? Or did ye ever ken what came o' her?'—(Lord William shook his head)—'There's a chap can tell ye then. Lord forgie us, my lord, didna he murder them baith, an' then trail them away, first the

tane and then the tither, an' fling them intil a hole fifty faddom deep, ye see ! Oogh ? Wasna that the gate o't, callant ?"

" Lord William burst out in laughter at the old man's ridiculous accusation ; but I stopped him, assuring him, that although my uncle's mind was unstable and wandering on a subject that affected him so much, I nevertheless had, nearly twelve years before on the 7th day of October, seen that young lady murdered. Aye, led far away out to a wild common, like a lamb to the slaughter, and cruelly butchered in one instant, without having time given her to ask pardon of Heaven. And though I had not seen his brother slain, I had seen him lying slain on the same spot, and was compelled, by a charged pistol held to my head, to carry both the bodies, and throw them into a pit.

" I never saw such a picture as the countenance of Lord William displayed. Consternation, horror, and mental pain, were portrayed on it alternately, and it was at once manifest, that, at all events, he had no aid in nor foreknowledge of the foul transaction. He asked at first if I was not raving ?—if I was in my sound mind ? And then made me recite the circumstances all over again, which I did, in the same way and order that I have set them down here. I told him also of the murder of his brother-in-law in the country of the Savannah, and that I was almost certain it was by the same hand. That I knew the city from which the young lady was abstracted, and thought I could know the house if taken to it ; but I neither knew the way we went, the way by which we returned, nor what town it was at which I was forced abroad in the dark, so that the finding out the remains of the hapless pair appeared scarcely practicable. My identity was proven to Lord William's satisfaction, as well as my disappearance from the Castle at the date specified ; but no one, not even my old uncle, could remember in what way. The impression entertained was that I had got drunk at the town, and been pressed aboard, or persuaded on board, one of his Majesty's ships.

" Lord William charged me not to speak of it to any other about the Castle, lest the story should reach the ears of his lady, on whom the effects might be dreadful at that period. So, taking me with him in the carriage, we proceeded to the chief town of the county, the one above mentioned, where he had me examined by the public authorities ; but there my story did not gain implicit credit, and I found it would pass as an infamous romance, unless I could point out the house from which the lady was taken, and the spot where the remains were deposited. The house I could not point out, though I perambulated the suburbs of the town over and over again. Every thing was altered, and whole streets built where there were only straggling houses. Mr. Southman's name, as an American planter, was not known ; so that these horrid murders, committed in open day in this land of freedom, were likely to be passed over without farther investigation.

" I traversed the country, day after day, and week after week, searching for the broad common covered with furze, and the old open coal-pit into which I had cast the bodies of the comely pair. I searched till I became known to the shepherds and miners on those wastes, but all to no

purpose—I could not find even the slightest resemblance in the outlines, of the country which still remained impressed on my memory—till one day I came to an old man casting turf, whose face I thought I knew, with whom I entered into conversation, when he at once asked what I was looking for, for he had seen me. He said, traversing these commons so often, without dog or gun, that he wondered what I wanted. I told him all, day and date, and what I was looking for. The old fellow was never weary of listening to the tale of horror, but the impression it made on his feelings scattered his powers of recollection. He had never heard of the lady's name; but he guessed that of the Gentleman of his own accord, remembering of his disappearance on that very day. It was understood by his family that he had been called out to fight a duel that morning, he said; but the circumstances were so confused in his memory, that he entreated of me to meet him at the same place the following day, and by that time, from his own recollection, and that of others, he would be able to tell me something more distinctly.

“The next day I came as appointed, when he said he suspected that I was looking for the fatal spot at least thirty miles distant from where it was, for he had learned the place where Lord Richard E——le had been last seen, and by the direction in which he then rode, it was evident the spot where he met his death could not be in that quarter. And that, moreover, if I would pay him well, he thought he could take me to the place, or near it, for he had heard of a spot where a great deal of blood had been shed, which was never accounted for, and where the cries of a woman's ghost had been heard by night.

“I said I would give him five shillings a-day as long as I detained him, which offer he accepted, and away we went, chatting about the ‘terrible job,’ as he called it. Lord Richard had been seen riding out very early in the morning at full speed with a gentleman, whose description tallied pretty closely with that of the assassin, even at that distance of time. We did not reach the spot that night, after travelling a whole day; but the next morning I began to perceive the landmarks so long remembered, and so eagerly looked for. I was confounded at my stupidity, and never will comprehend it while I live. I now at once recognised the place. The common was partly enclosed and improved, but that part on which the open pits were situated remained the same. I knew the very bush from which I saw the body of the young nobleman drawn, and the spot where, the next moment, his betrothed fell dead across his breast. The traces of the streams of blood were still distinguishable by a darker green, and the yawning pit that received their remains stood open as at that day. I dispatched the old hind in one direction, and I posted off in another, to bring Lord William and all the connexions of the two families together, to examine the remains, and try to identify them. I had hard work to find him, for he had been to all the great trading houses in the west of England to find out the assassin's name. It occurred in none of their books. But there was one merchant, who, after much consideration and search, found a letter, in which was the following sentence: ‘My neighbour, Mr. Southman, has a large store of the articles, which I could buy’

at such and such prices.' A list followed, and this was all. That gentleman engaged to write to his correspondent forthwith, as did many others ; and in this state matters stood when I found him.

"A great number repaired to the spot. There were noblemen, knights, surgeons, and divines, and gaping peasants, without number ; there were pulleys, windlasses, baskets, coffins, and every thing in complete preparation, both for a search, and the preservation of such remains as might be discovered: I went down with the first to a great depth. It was a mineral pit, and had a strong smell, as of sulphur mixed with turpentine ; and I confess I was far from being at my ease. I was afraid the foul air would take flame ; and, moreover, it was a frightsome thing to be descending into the bowels of the earth in search of the bones of murdered human beings. I expected to see some shadowy ghosts ; and when the bats came buffing out of their holes, and put out our lights, I was almost beside myself. We had, however, a lamp of burning charcoal with us, and at length reached the water in safety. It was rather a sort of puddle than water, at that season, and little more than waist-deep. We soon found the bodies, fresh and whole as when flung in, but they were so loaden with mire as not to be recognisable until taken to a stream and washed, and then the identity was acknowledged by every one to whom they were formerly known. The freshness of the bodies was remarkable, and viewed by the country people as miraculous ; but I am persuaded, that if they had lain a century in that mineral puddle, they would have been the same. The bodies were pure, fair, and soft ; but when handled, the marks of the fingers remained.

"It was now manifest, that Lord Richard E——le had been murdered. He had been shot in the back by two pistol-bullets, both of which were extracted from the region of the heart. And—woe is my heart to relate it!—it appeared but too manifestly that the young lady had lived for some time in that frightful dungeon!

"Every effort was now made to discover the assassin. Officers were dispatched to Savannah, with full powers from government ; high rewards were offered for apprehending him, his person described, and these were published through all Europe ; but the culprit could no where be found. A singular scene of villainy was, however, elucidated, all transacted by that arch villain, known by the name of Southman in Georgia, but nowhere else."

The part that follows this, in Mr. Kendale's narrative, I do not understand, nor am I aware that it is at all founded on facts. He says, that some rich merchants of Germany got an extensive grant of lands from King Charles the First, on the left bank of the Savannah, on condition of furnishing him with a set number of troops ; that these merchants sent a strong colony of Germans as settlers to cultivate the district ; and that after a long struggle with the natives, and other difficulties, they succeeded in making it a fine country, and a lucrative speculation ; but the original holders of the grant having made nothing but loss of it, and their successors disregarding it, the whole fell into the hands of the trustees, and ultimately into the hands of this infamous rascal, who first sold the

whole colony to a company of British gentlemen, received the payment, and returned as their manager, and shortly after sold it to the British government, and absconded. I cannot pretend to clear up this transaction, as I know nothing about the settlement of that colony, nor where to find it; so I must pass on to some other notable events in Jasper's life.

He was now established at Castle-Meldin as house-steward and butler, and, if we take his own account of it, he must have been an excellent servant. "I watched every wish and want of my lord and lady," he says, "both of whom I loved as myself, and I would generally present them with things they wanted before they asked for them. Indeed, I knew the commands of my lady's eye as well as those of her tongue, and rather better." Jasper must have been a most valuable servant, and no one can wonder that he was a favourite. "I had likewise learned to keep books and accounts of all kinds with Mr. Courteny, and that with so great accuracy, that at the end of the year I could have made ends meet in the Castle expenses to the matter of a few pounds." What must the world think of such accuracy as this? I have known a gentleman in business go over the whole of his books for a twelvemonth, because they did not balance by threepence. That man Jasper would have taken for a fool, knowing that it is easier to discover that such a sum is wanting, than how to make it up.

"I grew more and more into favour, until at length I was treated like a friend, and no more like a menial servant; and the mysterious, but certain circumstances of the murders, which it was impossible to keep concealed, reaching my lady's ear, so much affected her health, which before was delicate, that her physicians strongly recommended a change of climate. Preparations were accordingly made for our departure into the south of Europe, and it was arranged that I should travel with them as a companion, but subordinate so far as to take the charge of every thing; pay all accounts, hire horses, furnish the table, acting as steward and secretary both. I was to sit at table with my lord, be called Mr. Kendale, and introduced to his friends."

The journey through France I must leave out, it being merely a tourist's journal, and not very intelligible. They tarried for some time at Paris, then at Lyons; at both of which places Mr. Kendale met with some capital adventures. They then crossed into Tuscany; but Mr. Kendale seems to have had little taste for the sublime or beautiful, for he only says of the Alps, "It is an horrid country, and the roads very badly laid out." And of the valley of the Arno—"The climate was so good here, and the sky so pure, that my lord resolved to remain in the country till his lady got quite better, as she was coming round every day." At Florence Lord E——le had an introduction to a Count Sonnini, who shewed them all manner of kindness, and gave many great entertainments on their account. He was a confidant of the Grand Duke's, and a man of great power both in the city and country, and Mr. Kendale is never weary of describing his bounty and munificence. But now comes the catastrophe.

"One day the Count had been shewing my lord through the grand cathedral, which is a fine old kirk; and then through the gallery of the me-

dicines, (the Medicis perhaps,) filled with pictures and statutes, (qu?) many of them a shame to be seen, but which my gentlemen liked the best. 'The Count Sonnini, perceiving that I did not know where to look, put his arm within mine, and leading me forward, said in his broken English, 'Tell me now, Mashi Kendale, vat you do tink of dis Venus?' 'She is a saucy, thriving-like quean, my lord count,' said I, 'and does not look as she wanted either her health or her meat; it is a pity she should be in want of clothes.'

"But the next scene was of a different description. On turning from the Duke's palazzo about a gun-shot, the Count says to us, 'I can shew you a scene here that the like is not perhaps to be seen in the world. There are none admitted but members, and such as members introduce; and as I have been admitted, I will claim a privilege which they dare not refuse me.' He then led us through a long gallery paved with marble, and down some flights of steps, I do not know how far, till, coming to a large door, he rung for admittance. A small iron shutter was opened in the door, and a porter demanded the names and qualities of the guests. 'The Count Sonnini and two friends foreigners,' was the reply. The iron shutter sprung again into its place, and we waited long. The Count lost patience and rung again when the shutter again opened, and a person apparently of high consequence, addressing the Count politely, reminded him that he was asking a privilege which it was out of the society's power to grant; and entreating him to rest satisfied till some future day, that he and his friends could be introduced in the usual form. My lord entreated to be gone, but the Count was a proud man, and aware of his power and influence and so he would not, but requested to see the Marquis Piombino. The Marquis came, when the Count requested him, in a tone that scarcely manifested the brooking of a refusal, to introduce him and his two friends. The Marquis hesitated—returned again to consult the authorities and finally we were admitted, though with apparent reluctance. This was a gambling house on a large scale, in which hundreds of people were engaged at all manner of games, while the money was going like slate stones.

"I cannot describe it, nor will I attempt it. It was splendidly lighted up, for it had no windows, and the beams of the sun had never entered there. There were boxes all around, and a great open space in the middle for billiards, and a promenade. My lord and the Count began betting at once, to be like others, but my attention was soon fixed on one object, and that alone; for at one of the banking tables I perceived the identical Mr. Southman, seated on high as a judge and governor. I saw his eyes following my lord through the hall with looks of manifest doubt and trepidation, but when the Count and he vanished into one of the distant boxes, and the villain's looks dropped upon me almost close beside him, I shall never forget the fiendish expression of horror legible in his countenance. With the deep determined look, indicative of self-interest, and that alone, in despite of all other emotions of the soul, there was at this time one of alarm, of which I had never witnessed a trait before. It was that of the Archfiend, when discovered in the garden of Eden.

He could attend no farther to the banking business, for I saw that he dreaded I would go that instant and give him up. * So, depositing another in his place, he descended from his seat, and putting his arm in mine, he led me into an antechamber. I had no reason to be afraid of any danger, for no arms of any kind are allowed within that temple of vice and extravagance. But I have something cowardly in my constitution, else I know not how it happened, but I *was* afraid. I was awed before that monster of iniquity, and incapable of acting up to the principles which I cherished in my heart.

"He began by testifying his surprise at seeing me in that country; and at once enquired in what capacity I had come. I answered ingeniously, that I had come as the friend and travelling companion of Lord William E——le. 'That is to say, you were informed of my retreat, and are come in order to have me apprehended?' said he.

"I declared that we had no such information, and came with no such intent; and was proceeding to relate to him the import of our journey, when he interrupted me. 'I know of all that has taken place in England,' said he, 'relating to that old and unfortunate affair, and have read the high rewards offered for my apprehension. You have been the cause of all this, and have banished me from society. Yet you know I preserved your life when it was in my power, and very natural for me to have taken it. Yea, for the space of seven years your life was in my power every day and every hour.'

"*"I beg pardon, Sir,"* said I, 'my life was never in your power further than it was in the power of every other assassin. As long as I do nothing that warrants the taking of my life. I deny that my life is in any man's power, or in that of any court on earth.'

"*"Very well,"* said he, 'we shall not attempt to settle this problematic point, at present. But I have shewed you much kindness in my time. Will you promise me this,—that for forty-eight hours you will not give me up to justice? I have many important things to settle. But it would be unfair to deprive you of your reward, which would be a fortune to you. Therefore, all that I request of you is to grant me forty-eight hours before you deliver me up to justice. After that period I care not how soon. I shall deliver up myself, and take my chance for that part of it. Will you promise me this?'

"*"I will,"* said I. 'There is my hand on it.' I was conscious I was doing wrong, but I *could* not help it. He thanked me, shook my hand and squeezed it and said he expected as much from my generous nature, adding, 'It is highly ungenerous of the E——les this procedure,—d——bly ungenerous of them and their friends. But they do not know all. I wish they did, which they never will, nor ever can now.'

"*"No,"* said I, 'they do not know that you robbed and murdered their kinsman and brother, Mr. Thomas of Castle-Meldin.'

"He stared me in the face—his lip quivered—his shrivelled cheek turned into a ghastly paleness, and his bloodshot eye darted backward as it were into the ventricles of the brain. 'Hold your peace, sir; I never robbed the person of man or woman in my life! said he, vehemently.

“ ‘ True, the dead body might have been robbed, though not by your hands, yet by your orders,’ said I. ‘ And that you murdered him, or caused him to be murdered, I know as well as that I now see you standing before me.’ ”

“ ‘ It will haply puzzle you to prove that,’ said he ; ‘ but no more of it. Here is a sealed note, which you may open and peruse at your leisure. It will convince you more of my innocence than any thing I can say.’— And so saying, he went up to his deputy at the bank, and conferred with him a few minutes, and then went as if into one of the back boxes, and I saw no more of him.

“ ‘ I was sensible I had done wrong, but yet knew not well how I could have done otherwise, being ignorant of the mode of arresting culprits in that strange country. I resolved, however, to keep my word, and at the same time take measures for the fulfilment of my duty. But the first thing I did was to open the note, which was to convince me of my old master’s innocence ; and behold it was a blank, only enclosing a cheque on a house in Leghorn for a thousand gold ducats.

“ ‘ I was quite affronted at this. It was such a quiz on my honesty as I had never experienced. But what could I do? I could do nothing with it but put it up in my pocket, and while I was standing in deep meditation how to proceed, I was accosted by an old gentleman, who enquired if I had been a former acquaintance of the Baron’s? ”

“ ‘ Of the Baron’s? what Baron?’ said I.

“ ‘ ‘ De Iskar,’ said he, ‘ Baron Guillaume de Iskar, the gentleman who addressed you so familiarly just now?’ ”

“ ‘ I replied that I was an old acquaintance, having known him many years in a distant quarter of the world.

“ ‘ ‘ That will be viewed as a singular incident here,’ said he ; ‘ and will excite intense curiosity, as you are the only gentleman that ever entered Florence who knows any thing where he has sojourned, or to what country he belongs. And I do assure you, he does not miss to lie under dark suspicions ; for, though he has the riches of an empire, none knows from whence they flow, and he is never seen save in this hall ; for as to his own house, no stranger was ever known to enter it.’ ”

“ ‘ ‘ I am engaged to be there, however,’ said I ; ‘ and, supposing that every one would know his direction, I forgot to take it from himself.’ ”

“ ‘ ‘ His house is not a hundred yards from where we stand,’ said he ; ‘ and has a private entrance to this suit of rooms ; but as for his outer gate, it is never opened.’ ”

“ ‘ This being the very information I wanted, I left the garrulous old gentleman abruptly, and went in search of my master, to whom I related the fact, that I had discovered the mysterious assassin of his three relatives, and requested him to lose no time in procuring a legal warrant from the Grand Duke, and the other authorities, for his apprehension. The interest of the Count Sonnini easily procured us all that was required, and what assistance we judged requisite for securing the delinquent ; but yet, before the forms were all gone through, it was the evening of the next day. In the mean time, the Count set spies on the pre-

mises to prevent the Baron's escape, for he seemed the most intent of all for securing him, and engaged all who hired horses and carriages in the city to send him information of every one engaged for thirty successive hours, for I was still intent on redeeming my pledge. At midnight, we were informed that two coaches were engaged from the Bridge hotel, at two in the morning, but where they were to take up the passengers was not known. I had four policemen well mounted, and four horsemen of the guard, and myself was the ninth. Signor Veccia, the head of the police, had the command, but was obliged to act by my directions. At the hour appointed the carriages started from the hotel. We dogged them to the corner of the Duke's palazzo, where a party of gentlemen, muffled up in cloaks, entered hastily, and the carriages drove off in different directions, one towards Castello, and the other towards Leghorn. We knew not what to do. Veccia got into a great rage at me, and swore most fearfully, for he wanted to take up the whole party at once on suspicion, but I would not consent to it; for I always acted wrong, although at present I believed myself to be standing on a point of high honour.

“ ‘I must follow this one,’ said Veccia; because it will soon be out of the Duke's territories; and if the party once reach the Church's dominions I dare not touch one of them. Take you four horsemen. I'll take three; and do you follow that carriage till you ascertain, at least, who is in it. I shall keep close sight of this, for here the offender is sure to be, though I do not know him.

We then galloped off, in order to keep within hearing of the carriage-wheels, but it was with the greatest difficulty we could trace them short as their start had been; for they had crossed at the lowest bridge, and then turned up a lane at a right angle; and this circuitous way of setting out almost convinced me that the Baron was in that carriage. At a place called Empoli, on the left bank of the Arno, a long stage from Florence, we missed them, and rode on. They had turned abruptly into a court, and alighted to change the horses, while we kept on the road towards Leghorn for four miles, before we learned that no carriage had passed that way. This was a terrible rebuff. We had nothing for it but to take a short refreshment, and returned to Empoli, where we learned that the carriage, with two muffled gentlemen in it, had set out to the southward with fresh horses, and was an hour and a half a-head of us. A clean pursuit now ensued, but not for twenty miles did we come again in sight of the carriage, and then it was going on again with fresh horses, at the rate of from ten to twelve miles an hour. My time was now expired, and I was at full liberty to give one of the greatest wretches, who ever breathed the breath of life, up to justice. But how to reach him, there lay the difficulty; for the guardsmen would not leave their own horses, and were beginning to get rather cross at so long and so vain a pursuit.

“I gave each of our horses a bottle of wine, which recruited their spirits remarkably; and neither did I spare the best of wine upon their riders. After a run of, I daresay, seventy and odd miles, (considering

the round-about ways we took,) we fairly run the old fox to earth, at an old town called Peombyna, or some such name; and just as he and his friend stepped out of the carriage, there were the guards, policemen, and I, entering the court. He rushed into the hotel. I gave the word and followed; but at the very first entry to the house, the number of entries confused me, and I lost him. Not so the policemen; inured to their trade, they kept watch outside, and it was not long till one of them gave the alarm in the back settlements, the Baron having escaped by a window. I was with the policemen in a minute, for I flew out of the same window; and the back of the hotel being toward the cliff that surrounds the town all toward the island of Elba, he had no other retreat but into that. I think he was not aware of what was before him, for he was at least a hundred and fifty yards before us; but when he came to the point of the promontory he looked hastily all around, and perceiving no egress, he faced around, presenting a large horse pistol in either hand. We were armed with a pistol each, and sabres. I would nevertheless gladly have waited for the coming up of our assistants, now when we had him at bay. But whether from fondness of the high reward, or mere temerity, I know not, only certain it is Cesario the policeman would not be restrained. I rather drew back, not caring to rush on a desperate man with two cocked pistols presented, and pistols of such length, too, that they would have shot any man through the body at thirty yards distance, while ours were mere crackers. But Cesario mocked me, and ran forward, so that I was fain to accompany him. Mr. Southman, *alias* Guillaume Suddermens Baron de Iskar, stood there undaunted, with a derisive grin, presenting his two huge pistols. We held out our two little ones, still advancing. Luckily I was on the right hand, as behoved the commander of the expedition, and of course opposed to his left hand pistol, which lessened my chance of being shot. For all that, I could not for my life help sideling half behind Cesario the policeman. When we came, as far as I remember, close upon him, even so close as seven or eight yards, he and Cesario fired both at the same instant. The latter fell. I rushed onward; and, not having time to change hands, he fired his pistol almost close on my face. As the Lord graciously decreed, he missed. 'Now, wretch, I have you!' cried I; 'therefore yield, and atone for all your horrid crimes!'

"My three armed assistants came running along the verge of the cliff which draws to a point; and, escape being impossible, he, without so much as shrinking, took a race, and leaped from the top of that fearful precipice. I believe he entertained a last hope of clearing the rock and plunging into the tide; but I being close upon him, even so close as to have stretched out my hand to lay hold of him, saw his descent. He had not well begun to descend, ere he uttered a loud scream; yet it was a scream more of derision than terror. We perceived that he had taken a wrong direction, and that he had not cleared the whole cliff. A jutting point touched him, and, as I thought, scarcely touched him, ere he plunged head foremost into the sea.

He made no effort to swim or move, but floated seaward with his head down below water. I cried to my assistants to save his life, for the sake

of all that was dear to the relations of the murdered persons. But they were long in finding their way behind those fearful rocks, for though there was a cut stair, they did not know of it, and before they got him to land, he was 'past speaking;' for his left loin was out of joint, and his back-bone broken. We carried him to the hotel, and took all the pains of him we could, for I had great hopes of a last confession, explaining his motives for putting so many innocent persons of high rank to death. The satisfaction was, however, denied me. As long as he knew me, he only shewed a ferocity indicative of hatred and revenge. The next morning he died, and the motives which urged him on to the murders he committed, must in part remain a mystery till the day of doom.

"It was said in England that the circumstance of his having got a carriage, horses, and servant from Castle Meldin indicated a commission from one or another of that family. I think differently; and that he got these on false pretences. That he was a wooer of Miss Fanny's, and the favoured one by the family, I afterwards satisfactorily ascertained; but on what account he exacted so dreadful a retribution, both of the lady herself and the favoured lover, it is in vain endeavouring to calculate with any degree of certainty, for the moving principles of his dark soul were inscrutable.

"That the young and gallant Lord E—le was foully betrayed to his death, was afterwards satisfactorily proved. A stranger, suiting Mr. Southman's description, called on him and spent the greater part of the day with him, and the two seemed on the most friendly terms. Toward evening a gentleman called with a note to Lord E—le, and requested an answer. This was a challenge, a forged one doubtless, signed Ashley or Aspley, it could not be distinguished which, requesting a meeting at an early hour of the morning, on some pretended point of honour. The young lord instantly accepted the challenge, and naturally asked his associate to accompany him as second; so the two continued at the wine over night, and rode out together at break of day. So that it is quite apparent he had taken the opportunity of shooting him behind his back, while waiting in vain on the common for their opponents. The death of the lovely Fanny, and that of her amiable brother, as they exceed other acts in cruelty, so they do in mystery. But it became probable that all these murders formed only a modicum of what that unaccountable wretch had perpetrated.

"His body, and that of poor Cesario the too brave policeman, we took back with us in the carriage to Florence, but what became of the gentleman who fled along with the Baron, was never known. It was probably an accomplice; but we were too long in thinking of him.

"The story, which I was called to relate before the Grand Duke, created a horrible interest in Florence, while every circumstance was corroborated by my lord and lady. The travelling trunk belonging to the deceased was opened. It contained great riches, which were claimed by the Arch-duke as the property of the state. I thought my assistants and I had the best right to them, but I said little, having secured a thousand gold ducats before. We, however, got a share of this likewise.

"In his house was found a young lady of great beauty, whom he had brought up and educated, and two female domestics ; but they only knew him as the Baron de Iskar, (or rather Ischel, as they pronounced it,) and little could be elicited from them save that there were often nightly meetings in his house. But when his strong-box was opened, the keys of which were found in his trunk, such store of riches and jewels of all descriptions never before appeared in Florence. It had been the depository of all the brigands in Italy, if not of Europe, for there were trinkets in it of every nation. Among other things, there were twenty-seven English gold watches, and a diamond necklace which had once belonged to the Queen of France, valued at £500,000. The state of Tuscany was enriched, and a more overjoyed man than Duke Ferdinand I never saw. And it having been wholly in and through my agency that he obtained all this treasure, his commendations of me were without bounds. He indeed gave me some rich presents, but rather, as I thought, with a grudge and a sparing hand ; but to make amends for his parsimony, he created me a peer of the Duchy, by the title of Baron St. Gio, with the heritage of an old fortalice of that name.

"It would not do for me to serve any more my beloved lord and lady, for it would have been laughable to have heard them calling 'Sir Baron,' or 'My Lord St. Gio, bring me so and so ;' therefore was I obliged to hire a separate house of my own wherein to see my friends, although I lived most with my benefactors. I had besides another motive for this, which was to marry the beautiful young ward of the late Baron de Iskar, whom I conceived to be now left destitute. Her name was Rose Weiland, of Flemish extract, and natural qualities far above common ; so we were married, with great feasting and rejoicing, about a month before we left Florence."

It turned out that this lovely Fleming, Rose Weiland, now Lady St. Gio, who was thus left destitute, proved herself to have had some good natural qualities. She had helped herself liberally of the robber's store, for she had one casket of jewels alone which her husband admits to have been worth an earldom. Riches now flowed on our new baron, for besides all that he amassed at Florence and all that his spouse brought him, he exacted the full of the offered reward from his benefactors, which amounted to a great sum. He brought his lady to Lancashire, but she disliked the country, and they retired to Flanders, and there purchased an estate. She was living so late as 1736, for she was visited in the summer of that year by Lady Helen Douglas, and the Honorable Mrs. Murray, at her villa on the Seine, above Brussels. Into her hands she put several curiosities of former days, and among others her deceased husband's MS. from which I have extracted these eventful incidents.

May 15, 1830.

TEN DAYS' QUARANTINE: AN ANECDOTE.

[FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NO. 53.]

At a port in the Mediterranean I was performing quarantine after a voyage from Alexandria, at which city a visit of two days only had entailed an after-imprisonment in a lazaretto of a month and a half. Our vessel lay in the quarantine harbour, and having but poor accommodation on board, we disembarked and obtained apartments in a large building devoted to the use of those wayfarers whose cognisance, like ours, was that of the yellow flag. One or two of the ship's officers, an Italian passenger and myself, constituted the whole of this small party, and of these none remained with me at night but the last mentioned gentleman. The lazaretto was an immense structure, in the shape of a square, surrounding an open court, and overlooking the sea on every side but one. It was built on a thin peninsula, which being barricaded and guarded on the land side, was in fact almost isolated, and therefore admirably adapted for the purposes of the building. On our front, the waters of the harbour came up to the very doorway, and in a long row, with little space between them, lay a string of vessels from various unhealthy ports, undergoing the same penance with our own; which as being the last comer, was for the time moored immediately beneath our windows, and close astern of another Turkish vessel which had left Alexandria about a week before ourselves.

My companion, the Italian, was a man of furious temper, which had exhibited itself in many unpleasant forms during our common voyage. However, from the first, I apprehended that there was some latent and justifying cause for his ill-fellowship, and the roughest acts or words in, to which he ever was seduced, had, at other times, a full compensation in manners both engaging and sincere, and a warmth of feeling that could not but be returned. On the passage, he had been restless and excited, and almost constantly irritable. Now, his mind had become more composed, but there remained still the former frequent abstractedness and anxiety, and a stealthy forgetful manner, as if some absorbing thought overwhelmed those ordinary ones which mere acquaintances are apt to interchange.

But though his habits were thus occasionally unsocial, he had yet one peculiarity which made us neighbours for some portion of the four and twenty hours. He could not sleep alone. I did not seek the cause of this whim, but indulged it willingly by allowing him to place his bed in the room which I had from the first selected for my own. One night—it was in summer, and the weather far less tolerable than the maximum of our English heat—I was startled in my sleep by a stumbling footstep near my bedside. I called out to discover the nature of the intrusion, and my neighbour gave answer. It was in a slow and confused voice, and did not by any means satisfy me.

"Hang these mosquitos! What Christian can endure their endless singing in the ear, and the sharp twitch they give you? and as I live, I think they are not the only curses with which my bed is afflicted! I am sorry to have disturbed you."

With this apology, and having buffeted the air in all directions for full five minutes, he returned to his bed, and I again fell asleep. Again I found myself aroused by some fresh interruption.

"Who's there?" I cried, but not a breath replied to me.

"What was that noise?" I repeated; but the former silence was still unbroken.

"By heaven, I will see, then!" I exclaimed, and bursting from my bed, was about to alarm one of the sentinels, but my purpose was prevented.

"Hush!" said the Italian, "I suppose you must know at last, or you will not be pacified any longer. Be quiet, and listen to me. Can you keep a secret?"

Confused by the suddenness of this address, from one, too, who must have feigned slumber but a moment before, I was nevertheless comforted by an accent of honesty in the man's voice very different from the tone of his previous excuses. I encouraged him to say his say, and in substance it amounted to this: that "there was some one in the building, an old and most dear friend, whom he had engaged to see in the dead of night, as at no other hour could their meeting have escaped the vigilance of the guards. This friend, he said, was in another quarter of the lazaretto, surrounded by people who would, if they could, prevent their coming together, so that the utmost caution was requisite to render his movements as inaudible as possible. Having told me thus much, and entreated me to make no noise, he proceeded on his way. I rose quietly from my bed, and observed him, as well as the darkness would allow, in the progress of his plans. Having stolen through our doorway, he crept along the gallery till he reached the post at which the hospital guard should have been watching. After a little pause, I saw his figure emanating from the shade, and skulking onwards as before, till he reached and doubled the angle of the gallery. When he had advanced to a point nearly opposite to me on the other side of the court, he suddenly paused, and after a careful survey in all directions, at last laid himself down quite prostrate, with his head towards the verge of the foot-planks overhanging the area of the court. Having done this, I heard, though so faintly that I almost doubted my own senses, a thin, fine sound like the smallest conceivable intonation of a man in whistling. This signal, for so I concluded it to be, was speedily attended to. A door went immediately beneath him, that is, on the ground floor, slowly turned on its noiseless hinges, and a figure in female drapery emerged from the apartment. Her steps must have been slow indeed, for I was almost wearied with waiting, whilst she was accomplishing the tiny distance between her starting point and that which brought her nearest to the gentleman in the strange posture above her head. I next saw his arm outstretched, and something suspended from it, which she contrived to reach, but whether this was all the purpose for

which they met, or their further proceedings were interrupted, I know not; however, immediately afterwards, and with somewhat more speed than before, each retreated from the scene of action, and in a few minutes my companion returned. He was afraid of disturbing the guards by talking to me, so I heard nothing more of this matter until the following morning.

He then explained more fully the nature of his immediate situation, which undoubtedly was sufficiently singular. He had been attached, he said, when at Alexandria, to the daughter of a fellow-countryman trading at that port. For some reason or other, his suit, though encouraged by the girl, was positively forbidden by her father; so much so, that upon taking one of his customary voyages from Alexandria, the old seaman resolved to take her with him, lest in his absence the mischief which he dreaded might be consummated. But the attachment had by this time become too strong to be so easily broken. It was durable; it was mutual; and when Carmela bade a farewell to the home of her best hopes, she knew that he would follow in the first vessel that had the same destination. Thus, the one arrived in harbour exactly ten days before the other; and all his difficulty was to effect some intercourse with her, some tokens of recognition, some renewal of past scenes, without incurring the risk of observation. For this reason, he had abstained from presenting himself in the balcony, to view the external prospect which to me had been so interesting, or at the balustrade, to witness the domestic proceedings of our fellow-prisoners. Carmela's father might have been at either time in his vessel, which lay immediately below the window, or amongst the troop of idlers in the court-yard; and in that case my companion must have been discovered.

Having confided to me so much of his history, I was of necessity compelled to become the receptacle of all this idle garrulity for the next ten hours. Amongst other things, he informed me that he was about to venture on a very bold experiment. He meant to sink down into the court-yard, and meet his lady-love face to face! My prudent insinuations were but lost labour to me, for he was bent on this fool-hardy project, the more especially as he had observed, during his expedition of the night before, that our nearest guardian or sentinel stripped himself of his coat during his nap, and deposited the robe of office on a chair by his side. In this stolen livery, my friend purposed to pass current; and sure enough, on that evening, when the universal silence acknowledged the sovereignty of Morpheus, off glides he towards the sentinel's post, and, having purloined the cast-off garment, invests himself with the same, and therein proceeds, as on the previous night, to the opposite part of the gallery. Presently I could distinguish him arranging something to a transverse beam, and having suspended himself by it, I saw him gradually let down, without the least noise or obstacle, until he reached the ground. The same challenge as on the former occasion was accepted with the same or readier acquiescence. The maiden came forth, and they were locked in each other's arms! So desperate a feat neither love, hate, ambition, nor any other of the most violent of human impulses ever before accomplished in a lazaretto.

But this was not destined to be all successful. Despite his garb as of an orthodox servant of the police; despite his former caution and his maidenly fears, some hazard was sure to be encountered; and that hazard occurred in the shape of an extravagant reverberation along the empty court-walls, consequent upon a natural movement of two pairs of lips in the sweet interchange of kisses. "Carmela!" cried a gruff voice from within the nearest apartment. "Saints preserve us! where is the girl, to venture in the air so late at night? a mad thing as she always was."

"My coat, there!—Who's got my coat?" echoed another and shriller voice from above. "Filippo! Giuseppe! Capitano Muscat! Who the devil has borrowed my second best coat?"

"I see her! by heavens, she'll catch cold," grumbled the merchant, slowly disengaging himself from his bedclothes, as he caught a glimpse of the female figure through the half-opened doorway, and dreaded a thousand fevers as the natural result of such imprudence.

"'Gad zooks! I see something like the yellow collar and stamped button!" shouted the ecstatic guardiano, peering along in the moonlight, and right joyous with half a hope of reclaiming his official glory. They advanced *pari passu* towards the common object of their scrutiny, and the father confronted his child, as the guard detected his prisoner. Here ends a dilemma.

The old gentleman perceiving one of the male creatures in the police-coat and the other destitute of any garment at all, naturally enough concluded that the latter was the stranger, and the former his friend. Advancing, therefore, full of suspicion and paternal rage, he was about to lay violent hands on all there: on his child, to secure her return to him; on the coatless man, to inflict summary punishment for the supposed wrong; and on the mock sentinel, to force his official interference.

"Stop! old fellow!" cried the servant of police, suddenly advancing between him and the others; "stop where you are, or you know the consequences."

"Consequences! What d'ye mean, scoundrel? Are you about to ruin me and my child, and think to find me a passive looker-on? Signor Guardiano, I call on you to put this scapegrace in his own cell. I'll complain if you don't."

"Off! you old fool!" repeated the real guard, standing between the parties like a barrier, and presenting a huge stick towards the captain, to make his injunction still more effectual.

"If you touch them, or me——"

"What—what—tell me what then?" spluttered the other, almost voiceless with rage.

"Oh! you know what," replied he quite carelessly, and at the same time dictating to my friend the Italian to betake himself immediately to his own quarters, a measure not at all relished by the forlorn captain, who could not yet see through the mistake that had arisen from the assumption of the borrowed plumes. In fact, he thought himself cajoled, and could evidently be restrained no longer. On he rushed, and was within a few feet of his daughter, when the guardiano again interposed, with the emphatic words,

"Remember your bill of health."

"The devil!" exclaimed the other: "is she in a new quarantine, then?"

"Of ten days only," was the calm reply.

A dead silence followed this announcement; and the truth of the whole began to dawn upon the bewildered man. By coming in contact with my friend, whose expurgation had commenced ten days after her own, the girl had incurred the penalty of this addition to her imprisonment; and her father, if he had touched any one of his then companions, would have shared the same fate. As the responsible master of a commercial vessel, he knew not how to act. To lose so long a time before he could be released from quarantine, would entail a serious loss; to leave his ship in the charge of another, or desert his daughter, was impossible. In the mean time they were separated, and his resolution was not made up until the next morning. Judge of my friend's distress, when he learnt that the stern old fellow had determined to set sail immediately, and lose the advantage of his "clean bill of health," by taking his daughter with him!

Such, however, was the case; and here, as it seemed, would terminate the romance of my present story. But my Italian friend was a mad dog, and his passion drove him to acts of sheer childishness. On the night of their embarkation, he managed to escape from the lazaretto from the sea-side, plunged into the water, and swam a considerable distance towards their vessel. Whether he had arranged any secret scheme for affecting an entrance upon his reaching it, or whether he hoped to move the father's compassion by such determined proofs of affection, I know not; but before he could put either to the proof, a shot from one of the land-guards grazed his shoulder and disabled him. He sank, and rose again; made a little progress with one hand, than sank as before; and so on till a boat, that had put off from the lazaretto, brought him back to his old prison in a delirious fever. He knew not that the ship which contained his love sailed at daybreak; he could not tell for what motives he had infringed the severe harbour-laws, and encountered this heavy penalty; but he lay for days in a wild and wakeful trance, raving about his Carmela.

To conclude this anecdote, it so chanced that the vessel had to combat with a stout and lasting maestrale, or north-west wind, so common in those seas, as the name would indicate; and after buffeting about for two or three days, it was driven back again to port, its crew dislodged, and the captain and his family, on account of the equality of quarantine, quartered in our part of the lazaretto. Something in the pitiable condition of my patient, for I was his only nurse—more, perhaps, in the determined love of his daughter—at last softened the captain's antipathy to the man. He would occasionally visit him and show some sympathy with his sufferings. Then he withdrew his refusal of permission to Carmela to accompany him on these occasions. I cannot account for the history of these changes; but all I remember is that the sick man rapidly improved from that very moment; and when he left me, it was to take a voyage with the captain and his child, for the perfect restoration of his health.—EVAH.

FINIS.

Extraneous.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

DISCOVERIES AT HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.—On the 27th of February, the King of Bavaria and suite visited Herculaneum and Pompeii, to view the new discoveries. As the frescoes are now suffered to remain upon the walls, and several pieces of furniture are left in the places where they served the former owners, one appears to be in the midst of the ancients. A bath, which has been lately excavated, was particularly remarkable: the decorations of the walls, which are very fine, are in perfect preservation, and the bronze seats remain in the places where they were used by the inhabitants of Pompeii 1800 years ago. In honour of his Majesty, the workmen were directed to continue their researches in a house, the excavation of which was already begun. The result was very fortunate. It seems that they came to a glass-shop; for they found in one spot above five hundred glass vessels of the most various descriptions. Near the spot were several bronze vessels and many glass beads, probably part of a necklace. The King of Naples made a present to the King of Bavaria of all that was found on this occasion. The newly-discovered paintings are far superior to those previously found, and prove that painting among the ancients was not below the other arts. The fresco paintings on the walls of a very pretty house, representing Ganymede carried off by the eagle, and Bacchantes, are not unworthy of a Julio Romano or Giovanni di Udine. Others with architecture, entirely refute the notion which some persons entertain, that the ancients were ignorant of perspective; for the perspective drawing of the buildings is perfect. In a house at Herculaneum, which has been but just opened, a very large stock of all kinds of fruit was discovered, which are, indeed, carbonised, but in other respects well preserved and very interesting. His Majesty received a complete collection of the several kinds.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

PRICE OF RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.—The author of a pamphlet "On the Consumption of Wealth by the Clergy," makes the expenditure for the clergy of the Church of England and Ireland 8,896,000*l.*, for 6,400,000 hearers; for 14,600,000 of all other denominations, 1,024,000*l.*; total for 21,000,000 of hearers, 9,920,000*l.* Total for the expenditure on the clergy of all the rest of Christendom, amounting to nearly 220,000,000 of hearers, 13,762,000*l.* Data are given for these estimates, but if only within half-way of the truth, they supply a strange illustration of the poverty of the Church of England and Ireland.—*Westminster Review.*

FIRLS.—M. Aldini, of Milan, has invented a dress which enables the wearer to traverse with impunity the flames of a large fire, for the purpose of rescuing those who may be exposed to their fury, or of saving property from destruction. This dress is composed of a tissue of asbestos, which it is well known is not combustible, covered with metallic gauze, through which it is also well known flame will not penetrate.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

FISHES.—The Count de Lacepede, twenty years ago, in his celebrated History of Fishes, described not less than 1500 fishes, comprising all those of which authors had spoken, as well as those which he had seen. The royal cabinet alone possesses at the present day 2500, of which more than the half have been added within the last ten years. But these 2500 species probably form but a small proportion of what the sea and rivers will furnish. The rivers of France produce about 50, and the Ganges alone has already afforded 270 to Dr. Hamilton Buchanan. There is no doubt that the other rivers of warm countries possess proportional numbers.—*Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.*

January 1830.

INFLUENCE OF MIND.—A young man from the country, a labourer, imagined that he had swallowed a young snake in a glass of water. "It is five years (said he) since the accident occurred, since which time the animal has not ceased to grow. It has now attained an enormous size, and produces great inconvenience: constantly in motion, it traverses the belly, mounts into the chest, and sometimes rises up to the left eye, when I have a distinct perception of its size and colour. Sometimes its movements are so violent and painful that I am obliged to constrain them by seizing and squeezing it through the parietes of the abdomen." The patient described a variety of other circumstances connected with this internal enemy, and appealed to the bystanders whether they did not hear it hissing; yet in all other respects he was perfectly rational. The Physician, aware that no reasoning would avail, affected to agree with him. The patient himself expressed his conviction that nothing but an operation could save him. It was practised. In order to render the illusion more complete, a large plait was made in the integuments of the abdomen, the base of which was traversed with a bistoury, and a live adder introduced into the wound in the form of a seton. One of the wounds being covered with the hand, the patient was requested to assist the operator by seizing the head of the "serpent," and unite his efforts in extricating it. No idea can be formed of the joy of the patient without having witnessed it. Next day he declared that he was prodigiously shrunk, in consequence of the extraction of the horrid creature; all the torments which he had suffered for five years were removed; the cure was complete in a few days, and, what is more remarkable, it has continued permanent. One circumstance alone for a moment rendered it doubtful; the patient was afraid that the serpent might have left some eggs, but his confidence was completely restored on being assured that it was a male. —*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE MAYBUG.—In this small body, scarcely an inch long, there may be counted 306 hard pieces, serving as an envelope, 494 muscles for moving them, 24 pairs of nerves for animating them, all divided into innumerable filaments; 48 pairs of tracheæ not less divided, for carrying air and life into this inextricable tissue. The delicacy and regularity of the whole afford a delightful spectacle. —*Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.*

CANAL.—A junction of the Volga and the Moskva is about to be effected by means of a canal, which will unite the rivers Sestra and Isira; the first of which communicates by the Doubna with the Volga, and the second of which runs into the Moskva. The original idea of this junction was conceived by Peter I. The first stone of the first lock of the canal was laid in October 1827. The expense of the undertaking is estimated at 5,340,000 rubles. A plan is also under consideration for forming a junction between the Volga and the western Dvina. —*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE COTTON PLANT.—The cotton ground, or regur soil, forms one of the most curious features in the physical geography of the southern Mahratta country. It varies in depth from two or three to twenty or thirty feet, and even more, and is of prodigious extent, covering all the great plains in the Decan and Kandeish, some of those in Hydrabad, and perhaps also in other parts of India. It is as remarkable for its fertility as for its very great extent; and a very curious circumstance is, that it is never allowed to be fallow, and never receives the slightest manure. Even the stems of the cotton plant are not allowed to remain on it, being employed for making baskets, or used as fire-wood; and farther, in all those parts of the country where the cotton-ground is met with, there is so little wood, that the cow-dung is carefully collected (as already mentioned) and dried for fuel. Cotton, jooree, wheat and other grains, are raised from it in succession; and it has continued to afford most abundant crops, without receiving any return for centuries, nay, perhaps, for two or three thousand years,—thus proving the inaccuracy of the opinion held by agriculturists, that if something be not constantly added to land equal to what is taken from it, it must gradually deteriorate. Attention must be paid to the order of cropping, as will be more particularly mentioned hereafter; but, with this precaution, the Ryut is always sure of an abundant return, provided the weather be favourable*. —*Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.*

* It will be an interesting subject of inquiry for future observers, to ascertain whether any organic remains occur in this extensive deposit, to throw light on its origin, which will not improbably be found to be diluvial.

HYDROPHOBIA.—Mr. Sieber, of Prague, of whom the Emperor of Austria has purchased his great collection of the Zoology of New Holland, intends to employ the sum received for it in the publication of his long announced work on the Cure of Hydrophobia, upon which he has spent nine years in researches and experiments, and of which we have already had occasion to speak.

According to Mr. Sieber the hydrophobia is not a disease, but a *metastasis*, that is to say, the termination of a disease.

In the first period of the disorder the symptoms are inflammation of the wound, great depression of spirits, relaxation of the muscular strength, and rigors. In the second period the inflammation of the nerves, the arteries and the veins advances progressively to the body and the throat; and if the poison reaches the throat, the pain, redness and inflammation of the wound disappear, its circumference diminishes, no more water issues from it, and all has vanished. This is a proof that the poison has been removed from the wound to the throat, the trunk and the basis of the nervous system.

The change of the first symptoms, melancholy and debility of the bodily and mental powers, giving way to more violent passions, to fury and convulsions, and the greatest muscular exertions, are invincible proofs of a *perfect metastasis*.

It is upon this consideration of hydrophobia as a *metastasis*, that Mr. Sieber founds his method of cure. The question is, he says, to make the contagion quit its place.

Mr. Sieber affirms, that by following his method, six patients out of ten will be saved, if they are attended to in the first six hours after hydrophobia has declared itself.

His Majesty the Emperor of Austria has promised the author an annual pension of 1200 francs, if a discovery so useful to humanity should be fully verified; the King of Denmark, another of 500 francs; and the French Chamber of Peers, the sum of 100,000 francs.

Mr. Sieber's work is printing at Paris, and will be published by subscription.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

NATURAL PHENOMENON.—In the Memoirs of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg it is stated, that in the district of Gori, in Russia, at the foot of the Ossetin mountains, there is a hill, on the stony surface of which the humidity that exudes from the rock, in summer and in fine weather, is converted into ice of a thickness proportionate to the heat of the sun! This ice disappears in the night, or during cloudy weather, so completely, that the rock is scarcely damp. The water obtained from this ice when melted, appears upon analysis to contain only a very small quantity of lime, and not any other foreign matter.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.—In the preface to a late number of the Italian monthly journal, the *Antologia*, published at Florence, there are some particulars stated which give but a poor idea of the extent of the reading public in Italy. It is there stated that this journal began in 1821 with 100 subscribers, and that with No. 100 (in its ninth year), it now numbers 500 subscribers. It is not saying too much, that this is one of the very best Periodical journals published in Italy. Two of the scientific journals of that country having also ceased within the last two years (Baron Zach's *Correspondence Astronomique*, &c., and Brugnatelli's *Giornale di Fisica*), Mr. Vieusseux, the proprietor of the *Antologia*, conceived the moment favourable for starting a new one. In June, 1828, therefore, he issued proposals for commencing a new scientific journal, to be entitled *Annali Italiani de Scienze*, for which he solicited the aid both of contributors and subscribers. At the end of ten months it appeared that two of the former had offered, both out of Italy, and one of the latter had sent in their names! It will not surprise any one, therefore, to hear that the scheme has been abandoned.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

POTATOE SUGAR OBTAINED, CRYSTALLIZED.—M. J. B. Mollerat, of Poully-sur-Saone the proprietor of a manufacture of chemical products, has lately shown to strangers and merchants who have visited his establishment, potato sugar in crystals, decidedly formed, and perfectly resembling very white sugar-candy.

THE CANADIAN SNOW DOGS.—The stranger who sees the Canadian voyageur paying £.50 for three small animals, is disposed to laugh at the simplicity of the purchaser. Larger animals of the same kind would unquestionably appear more deserving of the price; but even the largest, most men would be disposed to think, were, at that sum, far too dearly purchased. But suppose this Canadian overtaken by such

a storm, in the middle of an extensive plain ; ignorant of the direction of his home ; the path leading to it covered, in many parts, with ten or twelve feet deep of snow ; and the atmosphere so filled with drift as to render it impossible for him to see the foremost of his three little dogs—this man, apparently so helpless, so certain of being lost, who prides himself in watching and directing, on other occasions, even the slightest movements of his canine companions, throws himself on his sledge, calls to the animals to advance, leaves it to them entirely to determine whether they shall go to the north or south, east or west. His anxiety about his safety, if at all excited, lasts only while they are dragging him, in all directions, to recover that path which the wisdom of man compelled them to abandon : for, by the barking of the leader, he quickly learns that the tract has been regained ; and then sweeping, like the wind, over the slender crust of snow, through which larger dogs sink, and flounder, and perish with fatigue, he is carried to his own fort, or to the nearer tents of some friendly Indians.

AN INDIAN SULTANA IN PARIS.—It is known to very few even in France that an Indian Sultana, a descendant of Tamerlane, named Aline of Eddir, has been living in Paris, poor and forgotten, for above forty years. This heiress to a great kingdom was stolen almost out of her cradle, and deserted by the robbers on the coast of France. She was presented to the princesses of the old court, and conceived a particular attachment for the Princess de Lamballe ; but when, at the age of only nine or ten years, her beauty had attracted too much notice, and nothing but a *lettre de cachet* could secure her from the persecutions of an exalted personage, she exchanged a convent for a prison. The revolution set Aline at liberty. At the time of the Egyptian campaign, the man who was destined to rule France, and almost all Europe, and who had probably thus early turned his attention to India, is said to have thought of the heiress of Tamerlane, and to have formed the plan of restoring the illustrious stranger to her native land. Josephine interested herself on this occasion for the sultana ; but this had no influence upon her condition. Unhappy, surrounded only by a few pious nuns, and urged by her confessor, she renounced the religion of Mahomet, and became a Christian. At length, in December, 1818, an Indian Sheik named Goolam, arrived in Paris, with instructions to claim the Princess Aline from the Court of France. The Envoy sought out the Sultana : he informed her, that her relations were desirous of her return ; that she should be reinstated in the rank which was her right, and again behold the bright sun and the beautiful face of her own Asia, upon the sole condition that she would forsake Christ for Mahomet. No persuasions, however, could prevail upon the convert to comply with this requisition ; Goolam went back to India without accomplishing the object of his mission, which produced no improvement in her straitened circumstances. Two years afterwards, she learned that an Indian Prince had landed in England with a splendid retinue, including three females, but that he had been obliged by the English government to embark again immediately for India. Aline had no doubt that this event had some connexion with her history, but she heard no more of the matter.

These particulars are chiefly extracted from the preface to the books of the Princess, written by the Marquess du Fortia.* This nobleman generously took upon himself the charge of supporting Aline, who has now attained the age of sixty years in a foreign land.—*Court Journal*.

MOZART.—When we bring into one view all the qualifications of Mozart as a composer and practical musician, the result is astounding. The same man, under the age of 36 is at the head of dramatic, sinfonia, and piano-forte music—is eminent in the church style—and equally at his ease in every variety, from the concerto to the country dance or baby song : he puts fourth about 800 compositions, including masses, motetts, operas, and fragments of various kinds ; at the same time supporting himself by teaching and giving public performances, at which he executes concertos on the piano-forte, the violin, or the organ, or plays *extempore*. But when we learn that the infant Mozart, at four years of age, began to compose, and by an instinct perception of beauty to make correct basses to melodies ; and also that he became a great performer on two instruments, without the usual labour of practice,

* The truth or falsehood of this statement which has appeared in several July periodicals, might easily be ascertained in this country.—Ed.

we cease to be surprised at the mechanical dexterity of his fingers in after-life, when composition and other pursuits had engrossed the time usually employed in preserving the power of execution.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

NOVEL HERALDRY.—A gentleman having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name, being informed it was Russel, "Pray," says the gentleman "is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?" "As to our arms, your honour," said the porter, "I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is a deal of difference between our coats."—*Mirror*.

MEFALLURGY.—The Indian method of reducing leaden Ore to the metallic state is at once simple and economical. The ore is pounded very small. It is then mixed with wet cow-dung, and rolled into balls; and these, after having been dried in the sun, are, with the addition of a small quantity of charcoal, set on fire. The heat produced by this process, with the assistance of the bellows, is sufficient to separate the metal, which is then collected for commerce.

JOURNALS IN THE NETHERLANDS.—Mr. Quetelet, in his Statistical Researches respecting the Kingdom of the Netherlands, gives the following statement:—

"We might, indeed, take the number of journals which appear in a country, in some respects, as the measure of the ardour with which knowledge is circulated. Such a measure, if not strictly accurate, at least offers an interesting classification of the several governments.

States.	One Journal for Inhabitants
Spain	869,000
Russia and Poland	671,000
Sardinian States	540,000
Papal Dominions	431,670
Austrian Empire	376,471
Portugal }	210,000
Tuscanv }	
Switzerland.....	66,000
France	52,117
Sweden and Norway	47,000
British Islands	46,800
German Confederation	41,000
Prussian Monarchy	43,090
Netherlands	40,953."

We see by this statement, that in the Netherlands the journals are more numerous, in proportion to the population, than in any other state in Europe. The difference would be still more striking if the extent of territory had been assumed as the basis of comparison. On the above statement we must observe, that however correct we may suppose it to be, the author has wholly omitted one of the most important circumstances, namely, the number of copies of each journal that are sold. Thus though the number of journals in the Netherlands may be greater in proportion to the population than in France and England, it is probable that none of them has a circulation at all to be compared with that of the leading English and French daily journals, and of some of our Sunday papers. Thus in Hamburg the number of journals published is about twenty, or one to every six thousand inhabitants. Among these, the *Correspondent* formerly printed 36,000 four times a week; and upon some extraordinary occasions (for instance, on the first intelligence of the victories of Aboukir and Trafalgar) above 50,000 copies have been sold.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

LANGUAGES IN THE NETHERLANDS.—Ever since the union of the seventeen provinces into one kingdom, a subject of constant discussion, and in many respects of irritation has been the language to be employed in the courts of justice, and in all public and official transactions. To the great mortification of the inhabitants of the southern provinces, where French preponderates, particularly in the cities and towns, the Dutch has been declared the national language, so that the French is not allowed to be used in the tribunals of the southern provinces, even where the parties concerned understand no other language. In the assembly of the States-General the members speak in one or other, as they please, so that some deliver their opinions in Dutch, some in French, and others repeat their speeches in both languages. This state of things has not only been a cause of discontent, but has likewise been attended with

many inconveniences. Among the numerous petitions to the States-General, calling for the redress of various grievances, a great number of them solicit the right of employing in the courts of justice and in legal documents, the language best understood by the parties. These petitions gave rise to some eloquent speeches on the injustice of the existing system. In consequence probably of these circumstances the Minister of the Interior announced towards the close of last session, that a royal decree would be published; granting some facilities for the use of the French language in legal documents.—*Ibid.*

THE MOCKING BIRD.—In an article on American song-birds, in the "Magazine of Natural History," is an interesting account of the mocking-bird, which seems to be the prince of all song birds, being altogether unrivalled in the extent and variety of his vocal powers; and besides the fulness and melody of his original notes, he has the faculty of imitating the notes of all other birds, from the clear mellow notes of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals, while in force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. His own notes are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three or at most five or six syllables, generally expressed with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardour for half an hour or an hour at a time. While singing he expands his wings and his tail, glistening with white, keeping time to his own music, and the buoyant gaiety of his action is no less fascinating than his song. He often deceives the sportsman, and even the birds themselves are sometimes imposed upon by this admirable mimic. In confinement he loses little of the power or energy of his song. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He cries like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about, with feathers on end, to protect her injured brood. His imitations of the brown thrush are often interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and his exquisite warblings after the blue bird are mingled with the screaming of swallows or the cackling of hens. During moonlight, both in the wild and tame state, he sings the whole night long. The hunters in their night excursions, know that the moon is rising the instant they begin to hear his delightful solo. His natural notes partake of a character similar to those of the brown thrush, but they are more sweet, more expressive, more varied, and uttered with greater rapidity.

MOUNT ARARAT.—A scientific expedition has set out from Dorpat for the exploration of the country round Mount Ararat. It is headed by Dr. Parrot, and accompanied for greater security by a military escort. Messrs. Fedorow, Hehn, Schemann and Behagel accompany the expedition in the various departments of astronomy, botany, zoology, and mineralogy; and Professor Kruse, of this University, has furnished the travellers with a manuscript chart for the historical and antiquarian illustration of the countries of Iberia, Armenia and the ancient Colchis, together with a copious commentary on the points to be cleared up. The late Empress-mother, Maria Feodorovna, shortly before her death, bequeathed 1000 Rubles for the instruments and their carriage, besides 600 in addition for the astronomer of the expedition.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

SOLIMAN "THE GREAT."—Among the many distinctions of Soliman's reign must be noticed the increased diplomatic intercourse with European nations. Three years after the capture of Rhodes, appeared the first French ambassador at the Ottoman Porte; he received a robe of honour, a present of two hundred ducats, and what was more to his purpose, a promise of a campaign in Hungary, which should engage on that side the arms of Charles and his brother, Ferdinand. Soliman kept his promise. At the head of 100,000 men and 300 pieces of artillery, he commenced this memorable campaign. On the fatal field of Mohacs the fate of Hungary was decided in an unequal fight. King Lewis, as he fled from the Turkish sabres, was drowned in a morass. The next day the sultan received in state the compliments of his officers. The heads of 2,000 of the slain, including those of seven bishops and many of the nobility, were piled up as a trophy, before his tent. Seven days after the battle, a tumultuous cry arose in the camp to massacre the prisoners and peasants—and in consequence 4,000 men were put to the sword. The keys of Buda were sent to the conqueror, who celebrated the Feast of Bairam in the castle of the Hungarian kings. Fourteen days afterwards he began to retire—bloodshed and devastation marking the course of his army. To Moroth, belonging to the Bishop of Gran, many thru-

sands of the people had retired with their property, relying on the strength of the castle; the Turkish artillery, however, soon levelled it, and the wretched fugitives were indiscriminately butchered. No less than 25,000 fell here; and the whole number of the Hungarians destroyed in the barbarous warfare of this single campaign amounted to at least 200,000 souls.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY, MAY 16.—Sir G. Staunton, Bart. in the chair. Monsieur Théologue, a foreign member of the Society, read a paper, in French, On the Mew-laws, or dancing dervishes of the East. The communication comprises many very curious details of the peculiarities belonging to this singular sect of men. They are Mohammedans, but when in the company of Christians, do not scruple to eat and drink meats and liquors forbidden by the Koran; particularly wine, of which they are loud in their praises. The Lord Bishop of Calcutta, Col. D. Broughton, and A. Leslie, Esq. were elected members; Colonel Vans Kennedy was proposed, and, being a member of the Bombay branch of the Society, was immediately balloted for, and elected a non-resident member. A splendid list of donations was read; it embraced a MS. copy of the Russian translation of Vachtang's Collection of Georgian Laws, and a Russian translation of the Chinese Code of Laws for Mongolia, presented by the Imperial Government, Department of Foreign Affairs, through his Excellency the Prince de Lieven; also Dr. Buckland's Account of the Fossil Remains brought from Ava by Mr. Crawford; and others from Professor Newmann, Baron Schilling, Dr. Mall, Lieut. Alexander, &c.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, MAY 22.—The subject discussed this evening was the nodal figures produced by the phonic vibrations of elastic laminae: it was one of a series, of which the matter, illustration, and arrangement have been contributed by Mr. Wheatstone, and the delivery confided to Mr. Faraday. The nature of a nodal point was first illustrated upon an extended wire, which being touched at one-third of its length, had the shorter part put into a vibrating state by the application of a violin-bow, when the longer part immediately entered into a state of vibration, as if it consisted of two portions, a point of rest occurring exactly at the middle: this point was described as a nodal point, the earliest observation of which is attributed to Messrs. Noble and Pigot, two of Dr. Wallis's pupils, in the year 1673. Mr. Faraday next directed the attention of his audience to Chladni's beautiful discovery relative to the production of regular forms by the arrangement of grains of sand sprinkled upon a horizontal and vibrating plate of glass, or other elastic substance. Thus, for instance, a round plate of window-glass being held firmly between the extremes of the thumb and second finger, applied exactly at the centre, and a violin-bow drawn over one part of the edge, a clear musical sound will be produced; if at the same time the plate be held horizontally, and a little dry sand, or metallic filings, sprinkled over the surface, the sand or filings will arrange itself into a regular form, probably a star, with 6, 8, 10, or 12 radii. The lines thus formed are called nodal lines; the sand or filings being thrown from the vibrating parts to these places; and according as the plate divides into different vibrating portions, so do the sound and the figures change. The mode of producing various forms was next entered into and fully illustrated; all the possible forms that could be obtained from square, round, and other plates, being shown upon large diagrams, constructed from Chladni's latest work. Mr. Faraday then proceeded to notice the figures obtained upon surfaces vibrating only by reciprocation. Thus, sand, sprinkled upon a plate of glass properly connected by a sounding string, gave a series of figures, according to the notes produced by the string; thin membranes also, extended over frames, being sprinkled with sand, and brought over vibrating plates, immediately reciprocated to them, the sand taking regular forms. By this means various phenomena in the transformation of these figures were perceptible, which could not be observed in plates of glass.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

COLMAN.—I was in company some time since with George Colman, "the younger," as the old fellow still styles himself. It was shortly after the death of Mrs. ———, the wife of a popular actor, and at that time an unpopular manager. Some one at table observed that, "Mr. ——— had suffered a loss in the death of his wife, which he would not soon be able to make up."—"I don't know how that may be," replied George, drily, "but to tell you the truth, I don't think he has quarrelled with his loss yet."—*Monthly Magazine*.

SULTAN MAHMOOD.—"I had read in some traveller, that the Grand Seigneur's complexion was deadly pale, and that the expression of his countenance partook of the doomed melancholy that used generally to mark that of his cousin and predecessor, the unfortunate Selim. The complexion I saw was as far from pallid as it well could be—it was excessively sun-burnt, a manly brown; but I was informed of the correctness of the traveller's statement, and that he had got rid of the sickly hue of the seraglio only lately, or since his passion for the military life and the field had developed itself. Manly exercise, and a constant exposure to sun and wind, could not plant roses on a cheek of forty; but they had given what suited a soldier and reforming sultan better. Instead of melancholy, and the air of a doomed man, I remarked an expression of firmness and self-confidence, and of haughtiness not unmixed with a degree of ferocity. His lofty and orientally arched eyebrows, his large coal-black eyes (which are habitually however rather heavy than otherwise), his thick black beard and mustachos, which completely veil the expression of the lower features, the lordly carriage of his head, are calculated to strike, and coincide perfectly with our picturesque idea of an eastern despot. There was perhaps more than one Turk in his suite who had the same traits in greater perfection, and whom a stranger might have fancied to be the sultan; but there is a decided character in Mahmood's person that no incognito disguise can conceal from those who have once seen him. This I have been told by Turks, Greeks and Armenians, who have often recognized him with fear and trembling when he has been wandering with only one attendant (meanly travestied like himself) through the obscure quarters of Constantinople—an amusement, or an occupation, that up to the last winter he was accustomed frequently to give himself. His stature is not tall; but a fine breadth of shoulders, an open chest, and well set arms, denote robustness and great bodily strength. Indeed, up to his late exclusive devotion to the arts of war, to drilling and manœuvring, his great pride used to be, to pull the 'longest bow' of any man in his dominions; the numerous little stone columns stuck up in the hollow of the Utmeidan at extraordinary distances, to mark the flight of the imperial arrow, still attest the strength of his arm. The lower part of his frame is not so good; like nearly all the great Turks I have seen, there is a defect and ungracefulness in his legs, derived from the Turkish mode of continually sitting with those members crossed under the body, —a mode that must check the circulation of the blood, and tend to distortion. Besides, the youthful life of Mahmood was passed in the inactive imprisonment of the seraglio, in the most sedentary manner, among time-worn women and slaves, shut up from all manly exercise. The Turkish gentlemen, as well as ladies, are proud of a fine smooth hand; but hitherto they are obstinate enemies to those adventitious coverings and preservers considered by us indispensable to both sexes. Gloves no Turk has yet worn; and the Sultan's hands were bare, like those of all the rest—a trifle, but a trifle a European could scarcely help remarking, when he saw him in his almost European military dress. Another insignificant variation from our personal equipment was his boots: they were not of leather, but of black velvet, every time I saw him in his military costume; the form, however, was European, and they were worn under the trousers, like our Wellingtons.

"Mahmood appears to the best advantage on horseback. Except on going to the mosque on Fridays, or in any other grand ceremonies prescribed by religion, when every thing is strictly oriental, he rides on a Frank military saddle, and in our style. In this recent study he has certainly made great progress: his seat is good; he sits firm and erect, and might really pass muster among a regiment of our fine horseguards, and that with credit. The difference to this from the Turkish style of equitation is so immense, as to offer no trifling difficulty to one accustomed to the latter, with huge saddles like cradles, and short and almost immoveable stirrups that tuck up the knees in close contact with the groin. Indeed, so considerable is this difficulty, that but few of the regular imperial guard could yet keep a steady seat with their long stirrups, which they were often heard to curse as an invention of the devil to break men's necks. Mahmood was indisputably the best horseman *à la Européenne* in his army; and this acquirement, together with another proficiency he was fast arriving at, *viz.* that of commanding and manœuvring a squadron of horse, formed then his pride and his glory."—*Constantinople in 1828.*

POETICAL OLD BACHELERS.—There is a certain class of poets, not a very numerous one, whom I would call poetical old bachelors. These are such as enjoy a certain degree of fame and popularity themselves, without sharing their celebrity with any fair piece of excellence; but walk each in his solitary path to glory, wearing their lonely honours with more dignity than grace: for instance, Corneille, Racine, Boileau, the classical names of French poetry, were all poetical old bachelors. Racine—*le tendre Racine*—as he is called *par excellence*, is said never to have been in love in his life; nor has he left us a single verse in which any of his personal feelings can be traced. He was, however, the kind and faithful husband of a cold bigoted woman, who was persuaded, and at length persuaded him that he would be *gillé* in the other world, for writing heathen tragedies in this; and made it her boast that she had never read a single line of her husband's works! Peace be with her!

'And O! let her, by whom the Muse was scorn'd,
Alive nor dead, be of the Muse adorn'd!'

Our own Gray was, in every sense, real and poetical, a cold, fastidious old bachelor, who buried himself in the recesses of his college—at once shy and proud, sensitive and selfish. I cannot, on looking through his memoirs, letters, and poems, discover the slightest trace of passion, or one proof or even indication that he was ever under the influence of woman. He loved his mother, and was dutiful to two tiresome old aunts, who thought poetry one of the seven deadly sins—*et voila tout*. He spent his life in amassing an inconceivable quantity of knowledge, which lay as buried and useless as a miser's treasure, but with this difference, that, when the miser dies, his wealth flows forth into its natural channels and enriches others—Gray's learning was entombed with him; his genius survives in his Elegy and his odes—what became of his heart, I know not. He is generally supposed to have possessed one, though none can guess what he did with it;—he might well moralize on his bachelorship, and call himself 'a solitary fly,'—

'Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display!'

Collins was never a lover, and never married. His odes, with all their exquisite fancy and splendid imagery, have not much interest in their subjects, and no pathos derived from feeling or passion. He is reported to have been once in love; and as the lady was a day older than himself, he used to say jestingly, that 'he came into the world *a day after the fair*.' He was not deeply smitten; and though he led, in his early years, a dissipated life, his heart never seems to have been really touched. He wrote an Ode on the Passions, in which, after dwelling on Hope, Fear, Anger, Despair, and Pity, and describing them with many picturesque circumstances, he dismisses love with a couple of lines, as dancing to the sound of the sprightly viol, and forming with joy the light fantastic round. Such was Collin's idea of love!

To these we may add Goldsmith—of his loves we know nothing; they were probably the reverse of poetical, and may have had some influence on his purse and respectability, but none on his literary character and productions. He also died unmarried.

Shenstone, if he was not a poetical old bachelor, was little better than a poetical dangler. He was not formed to captivate: his person was clumsy, his manners disagreeable, and his temper feeble and vacillating. The Delia who is introduced into his Elegies, and the Phillis of his Pastoral Ballad, was Charlotte Graves, sister to the Graves who wrote the *Spiritual Quixote*. There was nothing warm or earnest in his admiration, and all his gallantry is as vapid as his character. He never gave the lady who was supposed, and who supposed herself, to be the object of his serious pursuit, an opportunity of accepting or rejecting him; and his conduct has been blamed as ambiguous and unmanly. His querulous declamations against woman in general had neither cause nor excuse; and his complaints of infidelity and coldness are equally without foundation. He died unmarried.

When we look at a picture of Thomson, we wonder how a man with that heavy, pampered countenance, and awkward mien, could ever have written the 'Seasons,' or have been in love. I think it is Barry Cornwall who says strikingly, that Thomson's figure was a personification of the Castle of Indolence, without its romance. Yet Thomson, though he has not given any popularity or interest to the name of a woman, is said to have been twice in love, after his own *lack-a-daisical* fashion.

Hammond, the favourite of our sentimental gr^otte-gr^ondmothers, whose 'Love Elegies' lay on the toilers of the Harriet Byrons and Sophia Westerns of the last century, was an amiable youth,—'very melancholy and gentleman-like,'—who, being appointed equerry to Prince Frederick, cast his eyes on Miss Dashwood, bedchamber woman to the Princess, and she became his Delia. The lady was deaf to his pastoral strains; and though it has been said that she rejected him on account of the smallness of his fortune, I do not see the necessity of believing this assertion, or of sympathizing in the dull invectives and monotonous lamentations of the slighted lover. Miss Dashwood never married, and was, one of the maids of honour to the late Queen.

Thus, the six poets who, in the history of our literature, fill up the period which intervened between the death of Pope and the first publications of Burns and Cowper—all died old bachelors!"—*Loves of the Poets*.

THE BRAIN.—Dr. G. Spurzheim, one of the fathers of Phrenology, has made a communication to the Royal Society respecting his peculiar views of the brain. The following is the substance of it. He contends that the human brain should be viewed not as a single organ, but as an aggregate of many different nervous apparatuses, each destined to the performance of a special function. What the peculiar function is which each of the cerebral organs performs, cannot indeed be at all inferred from its anatomical structure, but must be gathered from other evidence. In comparing the brains of different animals this process must be reversed, and whenever we find organs performing the same functions in different animals, we must conclude that they are in reality the same organs, however they may differ in their size, structure, appearance, or situation. The brains of animals belonging to the same class resemble each other in their general type, although the special apparatuses appropriated to each function may vary in their size and number. The author next attempts to establish the proposition that the parts of the healthy human brain are essentially the same, although somewhat modified in their size and quality in different individuals. In support of this doctrine he endeavours to shew that the several convolutions on the surface of the cerebrum may be identified in different brains, and that their identity may be recognised in the two literal halves of the same brain. On examining the brains of some idiots he found that certain convolutions, which he believes to be capable of being thus identified, are defective, and others entirely wanting. He makes a similar observation on the brain of an Ourang-Outang, which exhibited a closer analogy to the human structure than that of any other of the mammalia, and in which he could not discern some of the convolutions which exist in the brain of man.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

CHILD WITH TWO HEADS.—At the sitting of the *Academie des Sciences*, of the 25th of May, M. Geoffroy-Saint Hilaire presented the drawing of a monstrosity living at Turin in the early part of March. The object was a girl with two heads. The lower parts only were in common; the upper part was separate, and presented the ordinary conformation. The priest, regarding this being as two distinct individuals, baptised them separately, the one by the name of Ritta, the other by that of Christina. They were born at Sasaria, in Sardinia, in the beginning of the year; their size is that of an infant borne the full time by the parent. The French journal, 'Le Globe,' in reporting the proceedings of this sitting, enumerates the following instances of similar monsters which have lived to a considerable age. Under the reign of James III., King of Scotland, says Buchanan, there lived a man double from the naval upwards: single below that region. The King had him brought up with care. He made great progress in music. The two heads learnt several languages; they disputed with each other, and the two upper parts sometimes even fought; but in general they lived as good friends. When the lower part of the body was pricked or tickled, both the upper individuals were sensible to the operation at the same time. But, on the contrary, when the upper part of one individual was touched, the other remained insensible. This being died at the age of twenty-eight years. One of the bodies survived the other several days. In 1723, M. Martinez saw, at Madrid, a man with two heads, who was shown for money. Siegbert, also, relates having seen an infant double in the superior part, single below. The one only ate. The two often quarrelled and fought. The one survived the other four days.—*Athenæum*.

RESULTS OF THE FRENCH VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.—An elaborate report has recently been made to the institute at Paris, by Messrs. Arago, Rossel, and Mathieu, the committee appointed to consider the scientific labours of the officers on board the *Chevette* during its voyage round the world. It is therein stated that during a period of 368 days at sea and 194 days at anchor the command of the expedition (M. Fabre,) besides verifying chronometrically the positions of various islands discovered the north part of a passage in the Maldivé islands which vessels from Europe to the Coromandel coast might securely and conveniently use; and he laid down the course of the Irrawady from Rangoon to Donabew, whilst two of his officers surveyed the branch of the river between Rangoon and the sea, and that which goes as far as Pegu. Various other surveys were made on the coast of Ceylon, and on the passage to Batavia. The *Chevette* was provided with a complete collection of instruments for making magnetical observations on land which were taken with great care at several places in India. The results of the different needles corresponded in a surprising manner. The meteorological observations on board the *Chevette* form, it is said, one of the most interesting acquisitions which natural philosophy has made for some time past. The following statement will show the extent and minuteness of this portion of the labour: the temperature of the atmosphere and that of the sea was registered every hour, by night as well as by day, during the whole voyage; the barometer was regularly noted for thirteen months, generally twelve or fifteen times a day; sometimes every half hour, and even every ten minutes. This multitude of observations will show the mean height of the barometer at the surface of the sea, and its daily sum at a distance from land, that is, in circumstances where the temperature scarcely varies during the twenty-four hours. The observations will afford the means of ascertaining whether the remark of Flinders, at New Holland, respecting the dissimilar influences exerted by land and sea winds respectively, on atmospheric pressure, is equally applicable to the Indian ocean. Some series of comparative observations, made at sea, by the help of thermometers with black and white bulbs, will be the more interesting, since Captains Parry and Franklin applied themselves to analogous observations near the pole, from whence it is imagined to be deducible, that the solar rays produce less effect in proportion to the proximity to the equator. The temperature of the sea at great depths has also been determined, by means of well-constructed thermometographs. Observations were also made on the tides; the temperature and elevation of certain hot springs in Ceylon have likewise been determined. Lastly, some physiological remarks were made by M. Reynaud and M. de Blosserville on the temperature of the human body, and on various species of animals. "By selecting from the crew of the *Chevette*," says the report, "a considerable number of seamen, of different countries and constitutions, they were able to note the modifications which the different climates exerted upon the temperature of the blood, and to add some interesting facts to those which Mr. John Davy has already published on this subject."—*Asiatic Journal*.

LOCKE.—Locke was never married; was never distracted by family matters; he had always adequate supplies for carrying on the war of life; was of too feeble a frame for robust exercise, or perilous pursuits, or excess of any kind; he was of an active temperament notwithstanding, and all his energies, unoccupied by other matters, were thus spent upon intellectual culture. Born too of a family which had risked and suffered for liberty, he was bred among liberal sentiments, and fed on them from his childhood; resistance to authority was with him no startling novelty. Independent thinking never had to conflict with obstinate prejudices in his own bosom, and he fearlessly exercised it on subjects the most important among the concerns of life—in defence of freedom of thought, of religion, and of civil and political rights. The great and surpassing merit of the man, as an object of admiration and of emulation in our times, is, that he taught the world to distrust authority—to think for themselves—to search and shift for themselves, and rely upon their own common sense and personal experience.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

ANECDOTE OF THE SULTAN AND THE PACHA OF EGYPT.—The growing power of the Pacha of Egypt had long been the cause of uneasiness to the Sublime Porte. It was feared, at Stamboul, that Mahmet Ali would some day throw off the yoke of the successor to the caliph. In vain the perfidious policy of the seraglio despatched Capidgi Bashis, armed with the bow-string and the dagger, to the capital of the pyramids; in vain its treacherous agents endeavoured, by poison

or by stratagem, to rid the Porte of a dangerous rival. Mahmet Ali was too well warned by his spies at Constantinople of the toils which spread around him, to suffer himself to fall into the snare.

At length the Sultan Mahmoud resolved upon adopting a scheme, which should be so cleverly devised, and involved in such impenetrable secrecy, that it was impossible it could fail of success. He had in the harem a beautiful Georgian slave whose innocence and beauty fitted her, in the Sultan's eyes, for the atrocious act of perfidy, of which she was to be the unsuspecting agent. The belief in talismans is still prevalent throughout the East; and perhaps even the enlightened Mahmoud himself is not superior to the rest of his nation in matters of traditional superstition. He sent one day for the fair Georgian, and affecting a great love for her person, and desire to advance her interests, told her that it was his imperial will to send her to Egypt, as a present to Mahmet Ali, whose power and riches were as unbounded as the regions over which he held the sway of a sovereign prince, second to no one in the universe but to himself, the great Padisha. He observed to her how much happiness would fall to her lot, if she could contrive to captivate the affections of the master for whom he designed her; that she would become, as it were, the Queen of Egypt, and would reign over boundless empires. But in order to insure to her so desirable a consummation of his imperial wishes for her welfare and happiness, he would present her with a talisman, which he then placed upon her finger. "Watch," said he, "a favourable moment, when the Pacha is lying on your bosom, to drop this ring into a glass of water, which, when he shall have drunk, will give you the full possession of his affections, and render him your captive for ever."

The unsuspecting Georgian eagerly accepted the lot which was offered to her, and, dazzled by its promised splendour, determined upon following the instructions of the Sultan to the very letter. In the due course of time she arrived at Cairo, with a splendid suite, and many slaves bearing rich presents. Mahmet Ali's spies had, however, contrived to put him on his guard. Such a splendid demonstration of esteem from his imperial master alarmed him for his safety. He would not suffer the fair Georgian to see the light of his countenance; but, after some detention in Cairo, made a present of her to his intimate friend, Billel Aga, the governor of Alexandria, of whom, by the bye, the Pacha had long been jealous. The poor Georgian, having lost a pacha, thought she must do her best to captivate an Aga, and she administered to him the fatal draught in the manner Sultan Mahmoud had designed for Mahmet Ali. The Aga fell dead upon the floor; the Georgian shrieked and clapped her hands; in rushed the eunuchs of the harem, and bore out the dead body of their master. When the Georgian was accused of poisoning the Aga, she calmly denied the fact. "What did you do to him?" was the question, "I gave him a glass of water, into which I had dropped a talisman. See, there is the glass, and there is the ring." The ring, it was true, remained; but the stone which it had encircled was melted in the water.—*Asiatic Journal*.

PROFIT ON THE NEW EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.—Estimating the number of copies sold, of the new edition of the 'Waverley Novels,' at twelve thousand, and the profit on each copy at 2s., calculations, in either case, by no means extravagant, the profit on the whole edition (40 volumes) will amount to little short of 100,000*l*. Such a sum, it is supposed, will relieve the worthy author from all his embarrassments. The pockets of a few booksellers, who may happen to have a stock of the old editions on their shelves, may perhaps suffer somewhat by the new publication; but the world at large will be the gainers; and the fraternity of publishers, we fear will obtain but little sympathy; none, certainly, from those who partake the sentiment which dictated to Mr. Campbell, or somebody else, the naming of Bonaparte for a toast as a friend to literature, for having caused a bookseller to be put to death.—*Athenæum*.

FALSE NOTIONS OF THE "SENSIBLES" WITH RESPECT TO THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY.—A consideration, which has had its weight with the Sensibles, is, that, in their opinion, it is more important to instruct the judgment than to improve the imagination,—a fallacy, which originates in an entire misconception of the nature and uses of the imaginative faculty. It may be laid down as an incontrovertible position, that in no one department has true greatness ever been attained where this faculty has not been pre-eminent. Sir Humphrey Davy could just as little have invented

his safety-lamp,—or Professor Leslie made his discoveries in heat and moisture,—or Mr Watt his improvements on the steam-engine, without imagination, as Sir Walter Scott could, without that faculty, have written his *Ivanhoe*,—or Southey, his *Thalaba*. Before researches in any branch of natural science are begun, imagination must have been at work. Newton did not sit down to the calculations which ultimately demonstrated the truth of his system, until imagination had previously suggested the possibility of the results which he afterwards arrived at; nor, in truth, was any object ever reached, either by reflection or experiment, without the exercise of this faculty, both in suggesting the ultimate end, and the steps by which it was to be attained. Then turn to a survey of literature. It is not in poetry only that the power of imagination is seen: There is scarcely a prose writer of any eminence, the charm of whose works does not owe more to imagination than to the reasoning powers. Johnson, esteemed one of the most profound among our writers, is even more remarkable for the excellence of his illustrations than for the depth of his reasoning; and in the conversations related by Boswell, it is by the force and aptness of his illustrations, and neither by his great learning, nor by the perfection of his judgment, that he silences his opponents. “Women,” says he, “write indifferent poetry;” and then he adds, “A woman who writes poetry, is like a dog walking on its hinder legs; it does it ill, but we are surprised that it can do it at all.” The mere expression of the opinion, that women write indifferent poetry, is nothing very striking or original, and will hardly be admitted, in our days, to the sober merit of being true; but, backed by such an illustration, who is there, after Johnson had spoken, and looked triumphantly round him, that dared to have attempted a reply? All illustration is the offspring of the imaginative faculty, and judgment does no more than approve the suggestion which imagination has made. Nor need I confine my survey to the field of letters. In oratory, what is it that mainly captivates? What would Chatham, or Burke, or Sheridan, or Canning, have been without imagination? And if at this day I were asked, what it is that makes Dr Chalmers the Prince of Pulpit Orators, I would answer, imagination! imagination!! Such is the faculty that is so despised, and which modern wisdom labours to extinguish. Had the Sensibles lived two hundred years ago, we might never have known “*Caliban*,” or seen “*the Mask of Comus*,” and in the place of “*the Romance of the Forest*,” and “*Waverley*,” we must have been content with “*Self-Control*,” and “*Discipline*,” and “*May You Like It*,” and the tales and talkings of the Sensibles. — *Edinburgh Literary Journal*.

PROFESSOR HANSTEEN'S MAGNETIC DISCOVERIES.—Letters have been received from Professor Hansteen and his companions to the 18th Feb. On the 12th September they left Tobolsk, and travelled on sledges, the cold being at ---40deg. of Reaumur, so that the frozen quicksilver could be cut with a knife. On the 31st they arrived at Tomsk; on the 21st of January 1829 at Krasnojarsk; and on the 7th February at Irkutsk, which is about 4000 versts from Tobolsk. They afterwards visited Kiachta, and crossed the frontier of China. But the most agreeable result is, that one of the desired objects of the journey is accomplished, as the observations have proved perfectly satisfactory, and the position of the magnetic pole is ascertained. Centuries may elapse before Siberia will be again so thoroughly observed. When the letters were despatched it was resolved that the journey should be extended to Nertschinsk from which place Professor Hansteen would return to Krasnojarsk. His companion Lieutenant Due, was to go alone to Jakutzk, 2,700 versts N. E. of Irkutsk, and perhaps proceed down the river Lena to the Frozen Ocean, and they intend to meet again at Jeniseisk in September or October. — *Brewster's Journal*.

SONGS OF SCOTLAND.—The lyric poetry of Scotland is in every way worthy of attention. In itself it is manly, native, and homely—the language of truth and feeling; it deals in no fancied passions, it introduces no school-taught mythology, it despises affectation of every kind; even the conventions of rank and estate are overlooked; the earnest and downright Muse of Scotland recognises in her votaries only the sincerity and the warmth of their emotion. They are men—they are lovers and they speak the language of nature and truth. The lyrics of our Doric neighbours are not less pre-eminent in their music. The airs of their songs are unfailing appeals to the passions whether of joy or sorrow. The test of music is the excitement it produces in the human frame; it melts, or it inflames, according to its de-

gree of goodness. No one can deny the power of true Scottish song. The French nation is the one which in all Europe is most given to song; it is a proverb that every thing in France ends in a song. But it is a song which simply moves to gaiety; it excites no passion, and produces no deep emotion. In this respect the words and the music are admirably adapted. The music simply floats along an undulating air, a certain portion of agreeable prose in rhyme; it is thus readily adapted to any occasion, and is scarcely ever out of place. Hardly raised above the tone of conversation, it requires no preparation either mechanical or intellectual: no grand piano is called for—the thing is *apropos* to the news of the day, or the gossip of the evening; it might be sung over a counter, or at a casual meeting in the streets. Thus the French are given to songs and singing, because they have hit upon an instrument of every-day use. The source of Scottish inspiration lies deeper and goes further; its words are words of power; enthusiasm begets it, and it begets enthusiasm. We appeal to all who have heard Scotch songs sung with spirit: they leave the heart thrilling like a chord that has been newly struck.—*Spectator*.

IMPORTANCE OF THE FINE ARTS.—“ Dr. Tucker, the famous Dean of Gloucester, asserted before the Society for encouraging Commerce and Manufactures, that a pinmaker was a more valuable and useful member of society than Raphael.” Sir Joshua Reynolds was nettled, and replied with some asperity. “ This is an observation of a very narrow mind,—a mind that is confined to the mere object of commerce,—that sees with a microscopic eye but a part of the great machine of the economy of life, and thinks that small part which he sees to be the whole. Commerce is the means, not the end of happiness or pleasure: the end is a rational enjoyment by means of arts and sciences. It is therefore the highest degree of folly to set the means in a higher rank of esteem than the end. It is as much as to say, that the brickmaker is superior to the architect.”—*Examiner*.

AFRICAN PATRIOTISM AND BENTHAM'S THEORY OF MORALS.—“ The name of a person having been mentioned in the presence of Naimbanna (a young African chieftain), who was understood by him to have publicly asserted something very degrading to the general character of Africans, he broke out into violent and vindictive language. He was immediately reminded of the Christian duty of forgiving his enemies; upon which he answered nearly in the following words.—‘ If a man should rob me of my money, I can forgive him; if a man should shoot at me, or try to stab me, I can forgive him; if a man should sell me and all my family to a slave-ship, so that we should pass all the rest of our days in slavery in the West Indies, I can forgive him; but’ (added he, rising from his seat with much emotion) ‘ if a man takes away the character of the people of my country, I never can forgive him.’ Being asked why he would not extend his forgiveness to those who took away the character of the people of his country, he answered: ‘ if a man should try to kill me, or should sell me and my family for slaves, he would do an injury to as many as he might kill or sell; but if any one takes away the character of Black people, that man injures Black people all over the world; and when he has once taken away their character, there is nothing which he may not do to Black people ever after. That man, for instance, will beat black men, and say, *Oh, it is only a Black man, why should not I beat him?* That man will make slaves of Black people; for, when he has taken away their character, he will say, *Oh, they are only Black people, why should not I make them slaves?* That man will take away all the people of Africa if he can catch them; and if you ask him, *But why do you take away all these people* he will say, *Oh, they are only Black people—they are not like White people—why should I not take them?* That is the reason why I cannot forgive the man who takes away the character of the people of my country.’”

I conceive more real light and vital heat is thrown into the argument by this struggle of natural feeling to relieve itself from the weight of a false and injurious imputation, than would be added to it by twenty volumes of tables and calculations of the pros and cons of right and wrong, of utility and inutility, in Mr. Bentham's hand-writing. In allusion to this celebrated person's theory of morals, I will here go a step farther, and deny that the dry calculation of consequences is the sole and unqualified test of right and wrong; for we are to take into the account (as well) the re-action of these consequences upon the mind of the individual and the community. In morals, the cultivation of a moral sense is not the last thing to be attended to—nay, it is the first.

Almost the only unsophisticated or spirited remark that we meet with in Paley's Moral Philosophy, is one which is also to be found in Tucker's Light of Nature—namely, that in dispensing charity to common beggars we are not to consider so much the good it may do the object of it, as the harm it will do the person who refuses it. A sense of compassion is involuntarily excited by the immediate appearance of distress, and a violence and injury is done to the kindly feelings by withholding the obvious relief, the trifling pittance in our power. This is a remark, I think, worthy of the ingenious and amiable author from whom Paley borrowed it. So with respect to the atrocities committed in the Slave-Trade, it could not be set up as a doubtful plea in their favour, that the actual and intolerable sufferings inflicted on the individuals were compensated by certain advantages in a commercial and political point of view—in a moral sense they cannot be compensated. They hurt the public mind: they harden and sear the natural feelings. The evil is monstrous and palpable; the pretended good is remote and contingent. In morals, as in philosophy, *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*. What does not touch the heart, or come home to the feelings, goes comparatively for little or nothing. A benefit that exists merely in possibility, and is judged of only by the forced dictates of the understanding, is not a set-off against an evil (say of equal magnitude in itself) that strikes upon the senses, that haunts the imagination, and lacerates the human heart. A spectacle of deliberate cruelty, that shocks every one that sees and hears of it, is not to be justified by any calculations of cold-blooded self-interest—is not to be permitted in any case. It is prejudged and self-condemned. Necessity has been therefore justly called “the tyrant's plea.” It is no better with the mere doctrine of utility, which is the sophist's plea. Thus, for example, an infinite number of lumps of sugar put into Mr. Bentham's artificial ethical scales would never weigh against the pounds of human flesh, or drops of human blood, that are sacrificed to produce them. The taste of the former on the palate is evanescent; but the others sit heavy on the soul. The one are an object to the imagination: the others only to the understanding. But man is an animal compounded both of imagination and understanding; and, in treating of what is good for man's nature, it is necessary to consider both. A calculation of the mere ultimate advantages, without regard to natural feelings and affections, may improve the external face and physical comforts of society, but will leave it heartless and worthless in itself. In a word, the sympathy of the individual with the consequences of his own act is to be attended to (no less than the consequences themselves) in every sound system of morality; and this must be determined by certain natural laws of the human mind, and not by rules of logic or arithmetic.—*Hazlitt's Table Talk*.

NEW MODE OF VACCINATING.—In the hope of rendering vaccination a more certain preservative against the attacks of small pox, Mr. Jahn vaccinates his patients on the thighs as well as the arms, in such a manner as to produce from 24 to 36 pustules. The fever which succeeds to this operation is represented as very strong, but as never having been attended with serious or dangerous symptoms.—*Archiv für medicin. Erfahrung*.

THE LAMENTATION OF THE MOORS FOR THE BATTLE OF LUCENA.—“The sentinels looked out from the watch-towers of Loxa, along the valley of the Xenil, which passes through the mountains of Algaringo. They looked, to behold the king returning in triumph, at the head of his shining host, laden with the spoil of the unbeliever. They looked, to behold the standard of their warlike idol, the fierce Ali Atar, borne by the chivalry of Loxa, ever foremost in the wars of the border.

“In the evening of the 21st of April, they descried a single horseman, urging his faltering steed along the banks of the river. As he drew near, they perceived, by the flash of arms, that he was a warrior; and, on nearer approach, by the richness of his armour, and the caparison of his steed, they knew him to be a warrior of rank.

“He reached Loxa faint and aghast; his Arabian couster covered with foam and dust and blood, panting and staggering with fatigue, and gashed with wounds. Having brought his master in safety, he sunk down and died, before the gate of the city. The soldiers at the gate gathered round the cavalier, as he stood, mute and melancholy, by his expiring steed. They knew him to be the gallant Cidi Caleb, nephew of the chief alfaqui of the albaycen of Granada. When the people of Loxa beheld this noble cavalier thus alone haggard and dejected, their hearts were filled with fearful forebodings.

“ ‘Cavalier,’ said they, ‘how fares it with the king and army?’ He cast his hand mournfully towards the land of the Christians. ‘There they lie!’ exclaimed he: ‘the heavens have fallen upon them! all are lost! all dead!’”

“ ‘Upon this, there was a great cry of consternation among the people, and loud wailings of women; for the flower of the youth of Loxa were with the army. An old Moorish soldier, scarred in many a border battle, stood leaning on his lance by the gate way. ‘Where is Ali Ataz?’ demanded he eagerly. ‘If he still live, the army cannot be lost!’”

“ ‘I saw his turban cloven by the Christian sword,’ replied Cidi Caleb. ‘His body is floating in the Xenil.’”

“ ‘When the soldier heard these words, he smote his breast, and threw dust upon his head; for he was an old follower of Ali Ataz.’”

“ ‘The noble Cidi Caleb gave himself no repose; but, mounting another steed, hastened to carry the disastrous tidings to Granada. As he passed through the villages and hamlets, he spread sorrow around; for their chosen men had followed the king to the wars.’”

“ ‘When he entered the gates of Granada, and announced the loss of the king and army, a voice of horror went throughout the city. Every one thought but of his own share in the general calamity, and crowded round the bearer of ill tidings. One asked after a father, another after a brother, some after a lover, and many a mother after her son. His replies were still of wounds and death. To one he replied, ‘I saw thy father pierced with a lance, as he defended the person of the king.’ To another, ‘Thy brother fell wounded under the hoofs of the horses; but there was no time to aid him, for the Christian cavalry were upon us.’ To a third, ‘I saw the horse of thy lover covered with blood, and galloping without his rider.’ To a fourth, ‘Thy son fought by my side on the banks of Xenil: we were surrounded by the enemy, and driven into the stream. I heard him call aloud upon Allah in the midst of the waters: when I reached the other bank, he was no longer by my side!’”

“ ‘The noble Cidi Caleb passed on, leaving Granada in lamentation. He urged his steed up the steep avenue of trees and fountains, that leads to the Alhambra, nor stopped until he arrived before the gate of justice. Ayxa, the mother of Boabdil, and Morayma, his beloved and tender wife, had daily watched, from the tower of the Gomeres, to behold his triumphant return. Who shall describe their affliction, when they heard the tidings of Cidi Caleb? The sultana Ayxa spake not much, but sat as one entranced in woe. Every now and then a deep sigh burst forth; but she raised her eyes to Heaven. ‘It is the will of Allah!’ said she; and with these words she endeavoured to repress the agonies of a mother’s sorrow. The tender Morayma threw herself on the earth, and gave way to the full turbulence of her feelings, bewailing her husband and her father. The highminded Ayxa rebuked the violence of her grief. ‘Moderate these transports, my daughter,’ said she; ‘remember, magnanimity should be the attribute of princes; it becomes not them to give way to clamorous sorrow, like common and vulgar minds.’ But Morayma could only deplore her loss with the anguish of a tender woman. She shut herself up in her myrador, and gazed all day with streaming eyes upon the vega. Every object before her recalled the causes of her affliction. The river Xenil, which ran shining amidst the groves and gardens, was the same on the banks of which had perished her father, Ali Ataz; before her lay the road to Loxa, by which Boabdil had departed in martial state, surrounded by the chivalry of Granada. Ever and anon she would burst into an agony of grief. ‘Alas, my father!’ she would exclaim, ‘the river runs smiling before me, that covers thy mangled remains! who will gather them to an honoured tomb, in the land of the unbeliever? And thou, oh, Boabdil! light of my eyes! joy of my heart! life of my life! Wo the day, and wo the hour, that I saw thee depart from these walls! The road by which thou hast departed is solitary; never will it be gladdened by the return! The mountain thou hast traversed lies like a cloud in the distance, and all beyond it is darkness!’”

“ ‘The royal minstrels were summoned, to assuage the sorrows of the queen; they attuned their instruments to cheerful strains: but in a little while, the anguish of their hearts prevailed, and turned their songs to lamentations.’”

" ' Beautiful Granada ! ' they exclaimed, ' how is thy glory faded ! The vivarrambia no longer echoes to the tramp of steed and sound of trumpet ; no longer is it crowded with thy youthful nobles, eager to display their prowess in the tourney and the festive tilt of reeds. Alas ! the flower of thy chivalry lies low in a foreign land ! The soft note of the lute is no longer heard in thy mournful streets, the lively castanet is silent upon thy hills, and the graceful dance of the zambra is no more seen beneath thy bowers ! Behold, the Alhambra is forlorn and desolate ! In vain do the orange and myrtle breathe their perfumes into its silken chambers ; in vain does the nightingale sing within its groves ; in vain are its marble halls refreshed by the sound of fountains and the gush of limpid rills ! Alas ! the countenance of the king no longer shines within those halls ; the light of the Alhambra is set for ever ! ' "

" Thus all Granada, says the Arabian chroniclers, gave itself up to lamentations ; there was nothing but the voice of wailing from the palace to the cottage. All joined to deplore their youthful monarch, cut down in the freshness and promise of his youth. Many feared that the prediction of the astrologer was about to be fulfilled and that the downfall of the kingdom would follow the death of Boabdil ; while all declared, that had he survived, he was the very sovereign calculated to restore the realm to its ancient prosperity and glory."—*Irving's Conquest of Granada.*

A NEW ORATORIO, BY NEUKOMM.—The most interesting circumstance attending his visit (M. Neukomm's late visit to Edinburgh), was his allowing some of his friends to see the MS. of a great oratorio which he has lately written, and of the effect of which we obtained, from his splendid piano-forte playing, aided by two or three of our voices, a very vivid idea. Its subject is the delivery of the Ten Commandments from Mount Sinai. The words, which consist entirely of passages from Scripture, are selected and arranged with great skill and judgment, and from a beautiful poem, affording the finest scope for variety of musical effect and expression. The tremendous manifestations of divine power and majesty—the thunders and lightnings—the thick clouds and darkness—and the sound of the trumpet, louder and louder, so that all the people trembled—form a magnificent piece of descriptive music, introductory to the delivery of the first commandment, which, given in a passage of canto fermo, in four parts, and accompanied by the brass instruments, is grand and awful in the extreme. This is followed by an aria for a tenor voice, expressive of the greatness of the Almighty, in which devout solemnity is mingled with the utmost grace and beauty of melody. In a similar manner the other commandments are treated ; the awful ecclesiastical tones on which the divine precepts are conveyed, being mingled with the most flowing, rich, and melodious music, in the free style, consisting of airs, duets, trios, and choruses, expressive of the human feelings and sentiments to which each of the commandments gives rise. Both of the two parts are terminated by a chorus of prodigious grandeur and magnificence : and the concluding chorus is wound up by a most masterly and noble fugue. This great work is dedicated to the King of Prussia. It has not yet been performed : but when brought out, will be found a worthy companion to *The Messiah*, *The Creation*, and *The Mount of Olives*.—*Correspondent of the Harmonicon for August.* The Editor of the *Harmonicon* subjoins the following note. " M. Sigismund Neukomm, a native of Salsborough, the city which gave birth to Mozart, was a disciple of Haydn, who treated him like a son, and at whose recommendation he was appointed Maestro di Capella at St. Petersburg in 1804, but in which situation the climate did not long allow him to remain. He enjoys independence, and is journeying through England and Scotland for the sole purpose of enlarging his stock of general knowledge. M. Neukomm was an intimate friend of Dr. Spurzheim, and is a warm advocate of the doctrines taught by the phrenologists."—*Spectator.*

CONFESSION OF AN AUTHOR.—I am somewhat sick of this trade of authorship, where the critics look askance at one's best-meaning efforts, but am still fond of those athletic exercises, where they do not keep two scores to mark the game, with Whig and Tory notches. The accomplishments of the body are obvious and clear to all : those of the mind are recondite and doubtful, and therefore grudgingly acknowledged, or held up as the sport of prejudice, spite, and folly.—*Hastings.*

MR. HODGSKIN'S LECTURES ON THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.—Mr. Hodgskin has been delivering, at the Mechanics' Institution, a course of interesting and ingenious lectures on the Progress of Society. We quote a passage on the uses of Fire. "After the possession of the coarsest food, nothing seems more necessary than fire to enable a man to preserve his existence; and you were probably as much astonished as the author from whom I quoted the fact in my last lecture, to learn that men were once ignorant of the uses of fire, and the means of obtaining it. Every nation now on the earth is, I believe, acquainted with the principal uses of fire, and obtains it readily. We procure it so easily that we are rather careful to extinguish than to preserve it; but in Ancient Rome, some of the choicest of its maidens, under the name of Vestals, were appointed to cherish and keep alive the sacred flame. When our knowledge of this custom begins, indeed the necessity for it had passed away; but as customs are frequently continued even after the circumstances which gave birth to them are forgotten, there can be no doubt that the practice of preserving fire, which was common to many ancient nations, and was consecrated as a religious rite, arose from the difficulty they previously experienced in obtaining it. Such a custom is neither proof of the very rude and ignorant state of mankind before their records begin. I do not mean to describe the extent of our knowledge on this subject, the number of arts which depend on the use of fire, or the great tasks man has achieved with its assistance. The most destructive, perhaps, of all agents, when it escapes the bounds he prescribes, as long as the complete mastery over it remains in his hands, it is not less benevolent than powerful. By it he softens the hardest metals, and imparts so gentle a warmth to the air of his dwelling, that it resembles during winter the genial breath of spring. Like the eternal fire which is supposed to exist in the bowels of the earth, he keeps it raging in his furnaces, unextinguished for years together, scorching and melting the materials of the solid globe; and he strikes out a hasty spark that serves the purpose designed, and disappears at the very moment it is produced. He divides it into such minute portions, that one of them will not affect the easily irritated sensibility of a sick lady, nor disturb her slumbers, while it secures her from total darkness; or he collects it into masses, and reflects it many miles over the ocean, so as to form for the mariner, bewildered amidst rocks and shoals, a guide equal to the heavenly light of day. These things are now done by all the people of Europe. The beam that is the seaman's beacon by night, is dispersed from the Pharos at Messina, in Sicilly, the most ancient light-house, perhaps, as well as from the Eddystone, near Plymouth, one of the most beautiful specimens of modern art.

THE SANJAC-SHERIF, OR STANDARD OF MAHOMET.—This standard, which is an object of peculiar reverence among the Mussulmen, was originally the curtain of the chamber door of Mahomet's favourite wife. It is kept as the Palladium of the empire, and no infidel can look upon it with impunity. It is carried out of Constantinople to battle in cases of emergency, in great solemnity, before the Sultan, and its return is hailed by all the people of the capital going out to meet it. The Caaba, or black stone of Mecca is also much revered by the Turks; it is placed in the Temple, and is expected to be endowed with speech at the day of judgment, for the purpose of declaring the names of those pious Mussulmen who have really performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, and poured forth their devotions at the shrine of the prophet.—*The Mirror.*

HOGARTH.—"As a painter," says Walpole, "Hogarth has slender merit." What is the merit of a painter? If it be to represent life—to give us an image of man—to exhibit the workings of his heart—to record the good and evil of his nature—to set in motion before us the very beings with whom earth is peopled—to shake us with mirth—to sadden us with woful reflection, to please us with natural grouping, vivid action, and vigorous colouring—Hogarth has done all this, and if he that has done so be not a painter, who will show us one? I claim a signification as wide for the word painter as for the word poet. But there seems a disposition to limit the former to those who have been formed under some peculiar course of study—and produced works in the fashion of such and such great masters. This I take to be mere pedantry; and that as well might all men be excluded from the rank of poets, who have not composed epics, dramas, odes, or elegies, according to the rules of the Greeks."—*Lives of the Painters.*

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF MEN OF GENIUS.—In general, the consciousness of internal power leads rather to a disregard of, than a studied attention to external appearance. The wear and tear of the mind does not improve the sleekness of the skin, or the elasticity of the muscles. The burthen of thought weighs down the body like a porter's burthen. A man cannot stand so upright or move so briskly under it as if he had nothing to carry in his head or on his shoulders. The rose on the cheek and the canker at the heart do not flourish at the same time; and he who has much to think of, must take many things to heart; for thought and feeling are one. He who can truly say *Nihil humani a me alienum puto*, has a world of cares on his hands, which nobody knows any thing of but himself. This is not one of the least miseries of a studious life. The common herd do not by any means give him full credit for his gratuitous sympathy with their concerns; but are struck with his lack-lustre eye and wasted appearance. They cannot translate the expression of his countenance out of the vulgar; they mistake the knitting of his brows for the frown of displeasure, the paleness of study for the languor of sickness, the furrows of thought for the regular approaches of old age. They read his looks, not his books; have no clue to penetrate the last recesses of the mind, and attribute the height of abstraction to more than an ordinary share of stupidity. "Mr. — never seems to take the slightest interest in any thing," is a remark I have often heard made in a whisper. People do not like your philosopher at all, for he does not look, say, or think as they do; and they respect him still less. The majority go by personal appearances, not by proofs of intellectual power; and they are quite right in this, for they are better judges of the one than of the other. There is a large party who undervalue Mr. Kean's acting, (and very properly, as far as they are concerned,) for they can see that he is a little ill-made man, but they are incapable of entering into the depth and height of the passion in his Othello.---H.

POETRY AND UTILITARIANISM.—S. Tell me, do they (the Utilitarians) not abuse poetry, painting, music? Is it, think you, for the pain or the pleasure these things give? Or because they are without eyes, ears, imaginations? Is that an excellence in them, or the fault of these arts? Why do they treat Shakespear so cavalierly? Is there any one they would set up against him—any Sir Richard Blackmore they patronise; or do they prefer Racine, as Adam Smith did before them? Or what are we to understand?

R. I can answer for it, they do not wish to pull down Shakespear in order to set up Racine on the ruins of his reputation. They think little indeed of Racine.

S. Or of Moliere either, I suppose?

R. Not much.

S. And yet these two contributed something to "the greatest happiness of the greatest number;" that is, to the amusement and delight of a whole nation for the last century and a half. But that goes for nothing in the system of Utility, which is satisfied with nothing short of the good of the whole. Such benefactors of the species, as Shakespear, Racine, and Moliere, who sympathised with human character and feeling in their finest and liveliest moods, can expect little favour from "those few and recent writers," who scorn the Muse, and whose philosophy is a dull antithesis to human nature.—*Table Talk.*

TAVERNIER.—Gemelli Careri gives a singular instance of the simplicity of Tavernier, a very distinguished traveller. "Some Frenchmen," he says, "living in Zulfa, told me a trick which had been played upon Tavernier about crabs. He was dining with M. L'Etoile, and greatly praising the savouriness of these crabs, when his host, pleasant and facetious as he was, said to him, 'This is the best season for them, because now they feed on white mulberries.' And observing the simple Tavernier eager to know how they could eat mulberries, and how they could obtain them, in order to record the circumstance, he added, 'These crabs, at sun-set, issue from their holes, near the trees; then clumping up, they devour mulberries throughout the night, and at daybreak return into the water. Wherefore, the gardeners, go during the night to shake the trees and collect the crabs, which they carry for sale into the market.' This information, said, in jest, was swallowed by Tavernier, and written down as truth, to the great prejudice of other persons as foolish as he."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

LOVE AT ONE GLIMPSE.—Some years ago, there used to be pointed out, upon the streets of Glasgow, a man whose intellects had been unsettled upon a very strange account. When a youth, he had happened to pass a lady on a crowded thoroughfare—a lady whose extreme beauty, though dimmed by the intervention of a veil, and seen but for a moment, made an indelible impression upon his mind. This lovely vision shot rapidly past him quare in an instant lost amidst the common place crown through which it moved. He was so confounded by the tumult of his feelings, that he could not pursue, or even attempt to see it again. Yet he never afterwards forgot it.

With a mind full of distracting thoughts, and a heart filled alternately with gushes of pleasure and of pain, the man slowly left the spot where he had remained for some minutes as it were thunderstruck. He soon after, without being aware of what he wished, or what he was doing, found himself again at the place. He came to the very spot where he had stood when the lady passed, mused for some time about it, went to a little distance, and then came up as he had come when he met the exquisite subject of his reverie—unconsciously deluding himself with the idea that this might recall her to the spot. She came not; he felt disappointed; he tried again, still she abstained from passing. He continued to traverse the place till the evening, when the street became deserted. By and by, he was left altogether alone. He then saw that all his fond efforts were vain, and he left the silent, lonely street at midnight, with a soul as desolate as that gloomy terrace.

For weeks afterwards he was never off the streets. He wandered hither and thither throughout the town, like a forlorn ghost. In particular, he often visited the place where he had first seen the object of his abstracted thoughts, as if he considered that he had a better chance of seeing her *there* than any where else. He frequented every place of public amusement to which he could purchase admission; and he made the tour of all the churches in the town. All was in vain. He never again placed his eyes upon that angelic countenance. She was ever present to his mental optics—but she never appeared in a tangible form. Without her essential presence, all the world beside was to him as a blank—a wilderness.

Madness invariably takes possession of the mind which broods over-much or over-long upon some engrossing idea. So did it prove with this singular lover. He grew innocent, as the people of this country tenderly phrase it. His insanity, however, was little more than mere abstraction. The course of his mind was stopped at a particular point. After this he made no further progress in any intellectual attainment. He acquired no new ideas. His whole soul stood still. He was like a clock stopped at a particular hour, with some things, too, about him, which, like the motionless indices of that machine, pointed out the date of the interruption. As, for instance, he ever after wore a peculiarly long-backed and high-necked coat, as well as a neck-cloth of a particular spot—being the fashion of the year when he saw the lady. Indeed, he was a sort of living memorial of the dress, gait, and manners of a former day. It was evident that he clung with a degree of fondness to every thing which bore relation to the great incident of his life. Nor could he endure any thing that tended to cover up or screen from his recollection that glorious yet melancholy circumstance. He had the same feeling of veneration for that day—that circumstance—and for himself, as he then existed—which caused the chivalrous lover of former times to preserve upon his lips, as long as he could, the imaginary delight which they had drawn from the touch of his mistress's hand.

When I last saw this unfortunate person, he was getting old, and seemed still more deranged than formerly. Every female whom he met on the street, especially if at all good looking, he gazed at with an enquiry, anxious expression; and when she had passed, he usually stood still a few moments and mused, with his eyes cast upon the ground. It was remarkable, that he gazed most anxiously upon women whose age and figures most nearly resembled that of his unknown mistress at the time he had seen her, and that he did not appear to make allowance for the years which had passed since his eyes met that vision. This was part of his madness. Strange power of love! Incomprehensible mechanism of the human heart!—*Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

M. CHABERT.—The experiments of M. Chabert were lately exhibited before fifteen persons, including Dr. Gordon Smith, Mr. Titus Bury the surgeon, and other scientific men. Having armed himself by the antidote which he has found to be a guard

against animal poisons, M. Chabert swallowed *forty grains of phosphorus* in the presence of the astonished company. The phosphorus was distinctly put upon his tongue by a gentleman, and, beyond all doubt, fairly taken into the stomach; nearly, if not quite enough, we presume, to have killed all those who saw this feat done. His next exploit was to sup two spoonsful of oil, at 330 deg. by the thermometer—i. e. 120 deg. above the heat of boiling water. This he did without any apparent inconvenience, though the spoon remained for minutes so hot that no one could bear to touch it with his hand. Finally, M. Chabert held his head directly over and in the midst of the fumes of arsenic, which, diffusing over a large room, speedily became too potent to be inhaled with impunity by any other person who was present.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

THURIAKIS, OR OPIUM-EATERS.—“I have heard so many contradictory reports of the sensations produced by this drug, that I resolved to know the truth, and accordingly took my seat in a coffee-house with half-a-dozen *Thurakis*. Their gestures were frightful; those who were completely under the influence of the opium talked incoherently, their features were flushed, their eyes had an unnatural brilliancy, and the general expression of their countenances was horridly wild. The effect is usually produced in two hours, and lasts four or five; the dose varies from three grains to a drachm. I saw one old man take four pills, of six grains each, in the course of two hours. I was told he had been using opium for twenty-five years; but this is a very rare example of an opium-eater passing thirty years of age, if he commences the practice early. The debility, both moral and physical, attendant on its excitement, is terrible; the appetite is soon destroyed—every fibre in the body trembles—the nerves of the neck become affected—and the muscles get rigid; several of these I have seen, in this place, at various times, who had wry necks and contracted fingers; but still they cannot abandon the custom; they are miserable till the hour arrives for taking their daily dose; and when its delightful influence begins, they are all fire and animation. Some of them compose excellent verses, and others address the by-standers in the most eloquent discourses, imagining themselves to be Emperors, and to have all the harems in the world at their command. I commenced with one grain; in the course of an hour and a half it produced no perceptible effect; the coffee-house keeper was very anxious to give me an additional pill of two grains, but I was contented with half a one; and in another half hour, feeling nothing of the expected reverie, I took half a grain more, making in all two grains in the course of two hours. After two hours and a half from the first dose, I took two grains more, and shortly after this dose, my spirits became sensibly excited; the pleasure of the sensation seemed to depend on an universal expansion of mind and matter. My faculties appeared enlarged; every thing I looked on seemed increased in volume; I had no longer the same pleasure when I closed my eyes which I had when they were open: it appeared to me as if it was only external objects which were acted upon by the imagination, and magnified into images of pleasure; in short, it was “the faint exquisite music of a dream,” in a waking moment. I made my way home as fast as possible, dreading at every step that I should commit some extravagance. In walking, I was hardly sensible of my feet touching the ground; it seemed as if I slid along the street, impelled by some invisible agent, and that my blood was composed of some ethereal fluid, which rendered my body lighter than air. I got to bed the moment I reached home. The most extraordinary visions of delight filled my brain all night. In the morning I rose pale and dispirited; my head ached; my body was so debilitated that I was obliged to remain on the sofa all day, dearly paying for my first essay at opium-eating.”—*Madden's Travels in Turkey, &c.*

ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN GERMANY.—The best proof how much the English language is now liked and understood in Germany is, that there was published, for this year, at Meidelberg (Grand-Duchy of Baden), an English Almanack, under the following title: *The English Fire-side upon the Banks of the Rhine: an Almanack for the year 1829*; exhibiting a choice of English and German Tales, Poems, and Historical Anecdotes, selected by J. Hedmann, M.A. embellished with superb Engravings.” Besides this, most of the best English classics, old and new ones, have been reprinted in Germany at very low prices.

FOOD FOR SILK WORMS.—Dr. Sterler, a member of the Commission appointed for improving the production of silk, and Botanist to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich, has succeeded in discovering a kind of food for the silk-worms, which will replace the use of the mulberry-tree. This too, it is said, the silk-worms prefer and it renders them less subject to disease. The silk which the worms, in this manner, produce, is much more beautiful, and of a better quality than that formerly produced; and specimens of it have been presented to his Majesty, which have received his approbation. Great advantage will result from this discovery.

ZOOLOGICAL WEATHER GLASS.—In the southern parts of Germany there may frequently be witnessed an amusing application of zoological knowledge, for the purpose of prognosticating the weather. Two frogs of the species *rana arborea* are kept in a glass jar about eighteen inches in height and six inches in diameter, with the depth of three or four inches of water at the bottom, and a small ladder, reaching to the top of the jar. On the approach of dry weather the frogs mount the ladder, but when wet weather is expected they descend into the water. These animals are of a bright green, and in their wild state climb the trees in search of insects, and make a peculiar singing noise before rain. In the jar they get no other food than now and then a fly, one of which will serve a frog for a week, though it will eat from six to twelve in a day if it can get them. In catching the flies put alive into the jar the frogs display great adroitness.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

NEW ACTOR AT PARIS.—A new drama has been brought out at the Cirque Olympique, in Paris, in which the principal actor is an elephant. The piece is entitled the 'Elephant of the King of Siam,' and is arranged expressly to bring into action the intelligence of the sagacious animal. The plot is taken from a familiar story. The King of Siam dying, the succession devolves on his son who is betrothed to a beautiful princess. The young prince, however, has an enemy and a rival both in his love and his throne in a Bigaman prince, who, in concert with an ambitious and cruel priest, uses every means of fraud and violence to deprive him at once of his crown and his princess. All his efforts are unavailing, the sacred elephant opposes and frustrates him at every turn, and ultimately procures the triumph of the young king. Hence opportunities for the feats of the elephant of the Cirque: he presents flowers to the princess; charges himself with her correspondence; he honours the memory of the defunct king, by kneeling at his tomb: he causes his repast to be brought to him, and after his meal performs a dance. But his political cares are still more wonderful: he takes the crown from the usurper and places it on the head of the legitimate owner; he holds up the king, whom he has so made, to the regards and homage of the people; he attends him in all his vicissitudes of fortune, delivers him from captivity and danger, carries him about in triumphal procession, and pays him homage with the most expressive signs of fidelity and attachment: and lastly, when, as is the usage after such successful performances, the actor is called for to receive the applause of the audience, he comes forward and with his trunk salutes three times his numerous admirers. The part, says the critic, was executed to perfection with remarkable appropriateness and precision; the presence of mind of the actor never failed him, and he had scarcely any need of the prompter; when he was out, a slight touch of the finger was sufficient to set him right.—*Athenæum*.

BAVARIAN SCULPTURES.—The famous bas-relief procession, called the triumph of Alexander, executed by Thorvaldsen for the late magnificent Conte di Sommariva, in which it is considered to have been the intention, both of patron and artist, to typify the conquests of Napoleon, and which has for a long time reigned paramount among the works in the fine arts seen in modern times, has at length something like a rival, in its extent at least, although hardly in its excellence, in a splendid work originating in the munificent encouragement accorded to the arts by the King of Bavaria. We allude to a vast undertaking in which the Bavarian Sculptor, Wagner, has been engaged, at Rome, for some years past, and which he has now nearly completed. It consists of a grand series of bas-reliefs, the subject of which is the history of the northern nations. They commence with the movement of the hordes from the Caucasus to the South of Europe, then represent the consequent introduction of Christianity into Germany by the Apostle Boniface, and end with the subjugation of the Romans. The number of figures is said to amount to 600.

The work, when finished, is intended to ornament a building on the shore of the Danube, at Ratishon.

The artist is the person to whom the custody of the celebrated Egina Marbles, so unfortunately lost to this country by the supineness of the government with regard to matters of art, were entrusted while they remained at Rome before their removal to Munich.

PHENOMENA ON BORING FOR WATER.—On occasion of some recent operations, in boring for water, in the neighbourhood of Paris, five distinct columns of water were found to rise at the same time, indicating the like number of distinct courses of water beneath the soil. A curious effect was found to have been produced on the instrument with which the bore was made. It became strongly magnetized by its passage through calcareous and siliceous earth. After the operation a room-door-key of the ordinary size would adhere to its sides.

ANECDOTES OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.—It is a notorious fact, that when the Duke of Orleans was in exile, and wandered in poverty through different countries of Europe, he sojourned, some time in a small town in Switzerland, where, having no other means of living, he had recourse for subsistence to giving lessons in geography in a school. It is not, however, so generally known, that on his return to France, and when at the height of prosperity, he caused this event of his life to be recorded in a painting, and had himself represented surrounded by the children of the school, to whom he was explaining the different parts of the terrestrial globe. The President Hennon sat for the portrait of the master, who was also to be introduced.

A SPEAKING DOG.—The animals of Dumfries-shire are a good deal celebrated, and not, it would appear, without reason. A speaking dog actually exists at the house of Mr. —, writer in that town. His name is Wellington, his size moderate, his shape handsome, and he is usually denominated the Dutch Pug. The editor of the Dumfries Courier declares most solemnly that he heard him repeatedly pronounce the word William, almost as distinctly as ever it was enunciated by the human voice. About a fortnight ago (January 1829), he was lying on a rug before the fire, when one of his master's son, whose name is William, to whom he is more obedient than to any body else, happened to give him a shove, and then the animal ejaculated, for the first time, the word William! The whole fireside were as much amazed as Balaam was when his ass spoke; and, though they could hardly believe their own ears, one of them exclaimed, "Could you really find it in your heart to hurt the beast, after he has so distinctly pronounced your name?" This led to a series of experiments, which have been repeated for the satisfaction of various persons; but still the animal performs with difficulty. When his master seizes his fore-legs, and commands him to say William, he treats the hearer with a gurring voluntary; and, after this species of music has been protracted for a longer or a shorter period, his voice seems to fall a full octave before he comes out with the important dissyllable. — *Anecdotes of Dogs.*

BOTANY.—The deficiencies of the ancients in studying natural history are very striking, if we compare their attempts in this department with their glorious productions in poetry, eloquence, history, and morals. It is surprising what little progress they made in their investigations into nature, and it is the more remarkable that they should not have made more progress in botany, if we consider their extreme partiality and almost reverence for flowers. The secret which explains the whole is their want of system. That has been the great engine of advancement in modern times, for, as we understand the term, the ancients had no system in their study of nature. The three great names among the ancients, as professed naturalists, are Theophrastus, Dioscorides, and Pliny. But in none is there the smallest attempt at what we now understand by classification. Theophrastus describes about six hundred species, Dioscorides about seven hundred. But the contentions among commentators to ascertain the plants alluded to, are endless and irreconcilable. Pliny's work is valuable, as collecting all that had been done by Greek authors before his time; but the descriptions are so vague, taken from such uncertain marks, and, from comparison with other plants, of which we know nothing, that as a system of plants it is perfectly useless. Thus botany went on, till Lobel, in 1570, adopted something like a system of classes. This was improved by two

Bauhines, who published their works, the *Pinax* and *Hist. Plant. Univ.* in 1623 and 1650. But the first really systematic form given to botany was by Ray, the great English botanist, the second edition of whose *Synopsis*, his great work, was published in 1677, and is, strictly speaking, a systematic work, having an arrangement into classes, genera and species, though in this respect still very imperfect. Ray was unquestionably a great naturalist, and among the fathers of natural history, ranks only second to the illustrious Swede Linnæus.—*Monthly Magazine*.

ORIENTAL ARCHERY.—In the life of *Jebangueir*, written by himself, occurs the following account of a feat of archery performed at his court, which may serve as a stimulus to our modern fashionable practitioners with the long bow. "Another of the ameurs of my court," says he, "distinguished for courage and skill, was *Bauker Noodjum Thauni*, who had not in the world his equal in the use of the bow. As an instance of the surprising perfection to which he had carried his practice, it will be sufficient to relate that one evening, in my presence, they placed before him a transparent glass bottle, or vessel of some kind or other, a torch or flambeau being held at some distance behind the vessel, they then made of wax something in the shape of a fly, which they fixed to the side of the bottle, which was of the most delicate fabric: on the top of this piece of wax they set a grain of rice and a peppercorn. His first arrow struck the peppercorn, his second carried off the grain of rice, and the third struck the diminutive wax figure, without in the slightest degree touching or injuring the glass vessel, which was, as I have before observed, of the very lightest and most delicate material. This was a degree of skill in the bowman's art amazing beyond all amazement; and it might be safely alleged that such an instance of perfection in the craft has never been exhibited in any age or nation."—*Ibid*.

THE GREAT AMERICAN BITTERN.—A most interesting and remarkable circumstance we learn from the *Magazine of Natural History* attends the great American Bittern; it is that it has the power of emitting a light from its breast equal to the light of a common torch, which illuminates the water so as to enable it to discover its prey. As this circumstance is not mentioned by any naturalist, the correspondent of the *Journal* in question took every precaution to determine, as he has done, the truth of it.—*Ibid*.

THE CHATEAU OF MALMAISON.—The sale of the furniture of the *Chateau de Malmaison*—a new and striking example of human vicissitude! Who could have thought, twenty years ago, that the furniture which had served for the private use of Prince Eugene and Josephine, should one day be sold by auction! Prince Eugene's family caused the sale to take place. Old soldiers and former servants of Napoleon have made sacrifices to obtain some remains of what had belonged to their old general. Many articles have been bought by the English. The bed of Josephine has been sold to Lady D——, an English lady, for 15,000*fr*. A small portrait of Bonaparte as First Consul was brought at a high price by an Englishman. The red furniture of the Council Chamber was sold piecemeal. Lady D—— was very sorry that she could not obtain the whole of it, as she intended to lay out a room in her house in imitation of the Council Chamber of Malmaison, in order to place that furniture there. Almost the whole of the furniture of the library, which was the cabinet of Napoleon, was bought by M. de Menneval, his secretary. In this room was a little table on which Napoleon used to lay down his papers, and which still retains the marks of irregular figures which he used to trace there while occupied in familiar conversation. A table bureau was sold to General Thiard. All the furniture which was known to have been particularly used by Napoleon was bought by General Gourgaud at a very high price, as well as the portraits of the First Consul, General Dessiz, and of the *Scheiks* of Grand Cairo. He paid 500*fr*. for the mere sumno of Napoleon. A dealer in bronzes in Paris has become proprietor of the bust of the eldest son of Louis Bonaparte.—*Courrier Francais*.

FRENCH NEWSPAPERS.—It is stated in a letter from Paris, that of the proprietors of seventeen political journals, published in that city, at least one third are noblemen or persons of great distinction in the scientific or literary world. The proprietors of one paper, who are three in number, are said to be a duke, a count, and a baron. To be a known writer in a respectable periodical, is said to be the best passport to good society in Paris.

MUSQUITOES IN CANADA.—"The mosquitoes are very numerous during the hot months of summer in the uncleared country, and in that too partly shorn of the woods. They are extremely troublesome, and nothing hitherto discovered will prevent their biting the exposed parts of the body. The Indians and French Canadians, who may be called the natives of the country, suffer almost as much from them as new-comers, but their flesh does not swell so. People from Britain are frequently to be met with nearly blind from the poisonous effects of these insects. It is in vain to rub the skin with grease or camphor; they mind it nothing. Some will fling veils over their faces; and these would keep them off, were not veils troublesome things too in hot weather to wear; they confine the breathing, and add an additional warmth to the cheeks that have no need of it. Nothing will keep them at bay, but the strong *smudging smoke* of fire; nor will this do unless we completely envelope ourselves in the midst of it, which is not very comfortable. In Europe, the cattle run to the hill-tops to get rid of the flies, but in Canada they move towards the smoke. How contented will the old horses and cows hang over the smouldering embers, neighing and lowing for perfect joy! When the weather is damp and moist, they get numerous; the swamps and little inland rivers are perfectly covered with them. In these places they are considered to breed. In dog-days they are not so troublesome; towards the latter end of August they are at the worst, and larger grown than in the spring. They are extremely greedy; if with a pair of sharp scissors we clip away the half of the body of one that is sucking, it will not desist and attempt to fly away, but continue to suck for hours, the blood flowing from where it was severed in two. It is said that they have succeeded in killing animals; nor does this seem at all wonderful, when their virulent nature is known. Night and day they are equally annoying: it is in vain to go to bed at any prescribed hour, for no sleep can possibly be obtained unless we are completely fatigued out; and when we wake, the face is covered with blood; and if the hands or legs be exposed, they are rendered frightful to look at, and the feet will not go into the shoes or boots they have been accustomed to. Settlers in the heart of the woods suffer dreadfully from them: they keep a *smudge* always at the threshold of the door of the dwelling. The *black flies* are almost as bad as the mosquitoes; they are not such a large insect, nor so poisonous. When examined with the microscope, the mouth is not unlike that of a bull-dog; whereas, the other sucks with a proboscis."—*Literary Gazette*.

MICROMETER.—In one of the late numbers of *Beck's Repertorium* an account is given of a Mr. Skidan's (a Russian) invention of a micrometer capable of measuring the ten thousandth part of an inch with accuracy.—*Literary Gazette*. [We have seen two micrometers invented and used by Mr. Buchanau, of this town, by which he can measure with the greatest accuracy the one millionth part of an inch. He, however, prefers using the simple micrometer, by which he measures the one thousandth part of an inch, and which he thinks is able to answer all useful purposes. His tables of the comparative anatomy of the organ of hearing were formed from measurements taken by the above instruments.]—*Hull Packet*.

NOBLE ORIGIN OF THE RAJPOOT RACE.—If we compare the antiquity and illustrious descent of the dynasties which have ruled, and some which continue to rule; the small sovereignties of Rajast'han, with many of celebrity in Europe, superiority will often attach to the Rajpoot. From the most remote periods, we can trace nothing ignoble, nor any vestige of vassal origin. Reduced in power, circumscribed in territory, compelled to yield much of their splendour and many of the dignities of birth, they have not abandoned an iota of the pride and high bearing arising from a knowledge of their illustrious and regal descent. On this principle, the various revolutions in the Raja's family never encroached; and the mighty Jehangir himself, the emperor of the Moguls, became, like Cæsar, the commentator on the history of the tribe of Sesodia. The potentate of the twenty-two Satrapies of Hind, dwells with proud complacency on this Rajpoot king having made terms with him. He praises heaven, that what his immortal ancestor Baber, the founder of the Mogul dynasty, failed to do, the project in which Hemayoon had also failed, and in which the illustrious Akbar, his father, had but partial success, was reserved for him. It is pleasing to peruse, in the commentaries of these conquerors, Baber, and Jehangir, their sentiments with regard to these princes. We have the evidence of Sir Thomas

Roe, the ambassador of Elizabeth to Jehangir, as to the splendour of this race; it appears throughout their annals and those of their neighbours.'—*The Oriental Herald*.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ANTEDILUVIAN CAVE OF KÜHLOCK.—Professor Buckland communicates to Mr. Richard Taylor, the editor of the *Philosophical Magazine*, an account of the recent destruction of "the most interesting and curious deposit of organic remains in Germany, viz. that in the cave of Kühlock in Franconia, and also of another cave of less importance adjacent to it." In his *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*, the learned Professor had given a description and drawing of the cave of Kühlock; some of the principal features of which have now been obliterated—a barbarous German proprietor having removed and mutilated that which Time and the Deluge had spared! Professor Buckland, perceiving that his description of the cave will no longer be found applicable, is naturally anxious to record the fact and time of obliteration; and these are announced as follows, in a letter to him by Mr. Philip Egerton, dated Schaffhausen, 26th June:—

"Lord Cole and myself are just returned to Schaffhausen from a three weeks' visit to the antediluvian caverns of Franconia; and knowing the great interest you feel in their welfare, I write to inform you of the melancholy fact of the total destruction of the deposit of bones in the caves of Kühlock and Rabenstein. His Majesty the King of Bavaria having announced his intention to visit Rabenstein, the owner of that castle has thought fit to prepare these two caves for his reception; in order to do which, he has broken up the whole of the floors, pounding the larger stones and bones to the bottom for a foundation, and spreading the earth and finer particles to form a smooth surface over them. Conceive our horror on arriving at Kühlock, at finding thirty men at work, wheeling out the animal earth, to level the inclination of the entrance, by which you have so satisfactorily explained the phenomenon of the absence of pebbles and diluvial loam in this remarkable cavern. There was not a bone to be found there when we arrived; however, with a little management we contrived to obtain two beautiful fragments of lower jaws of hyæna, besides some very good bears' bones, and one ulna that had been broken during the animal's life, and the sharp edges of the fracture rounded off by the absorbents into a smooth stump. We likewise procured from one of the workmen, teeth of a fox, of a tiger, and molar tooth of the right lower jaw of rhinoceros,—all of which he said he picked up in Kühlock. In the cave of Rabenstein they found very few bones, but a great many old coins* and iron instruments. I am happy to say we also found in the cave of Zahuloch, the large block of stone which you describe as polished by the paws of the antediluvian bears; it was almost concealed by a pile of earth near the entrance of the side chamber in which it stands. The angles and surface of the block have certainly been rounded by some agent anterior to the formation of its present coat of stalagmite. I broke off this stalagmite in many places, and found the stone in the same state underneath, as in the parts that had not been encased by it. We have brought you a large specimen of it, in order that you may judge for yourself. We worked for six days in Gailenreuth, and were very lucky in finding an entire lower jaw of the *Felis spelæa*, a perfect pelvis of the *Ursus spelæus*, and a very good collection of hyæna, wolf, and fox teeth, besides bears' teeth and bones in abundance. We likewise found an immense quantity of fragments of old sepulchral urns. We found also the same in the caves of Zahnloch and Scharzfeld. At Bonn, we obtained from Professor Goldfuss the tibia of deer from the cave of Sundwick, cracked, and having the marks of hyæna's teeth, exactly corresponding with those on your tibia of an ox from Kirkdale. We procured also a gnawed rhinoceros bone from the same locality."—*The Spectator*.

DE BERANGER.—Born of humble parents, and cast upon the lowest spoke of the wheel of Fortune, in spite of her malicious efforts to throw him off, he has clung to it during its revolutions, until the goddess, mollified, as it were, by his perseverance, has bestowed upon him a boon which would gladly be grasped at by most men, namely, a most extensive and popular reputation. As a party writer, he has made himself obnoxious to one great political sect throughout the kingdom, and has made himself an equal favourite with the numerous faction which is arrayed

on the other side. We may be enthusiastic; and we confess that we find something to excite enthusiasm in the character of one, who, despising alike the favours of fortune and of power, has devoted himself and his talents to his country. Blind and selfish though his affection may be, still it is a noble selfishness, and one that excuses much that we should not otherwise so lightly pass over. The levity, the voluptuousness, the vanity, nay, the coxcomby of talent, which abound in many of his songs,—all these blemishes we excuse, when we remember how often he throws off this veil which shrouds his more estimable qualities, and displays to us, in its true light, the feeling, or rather passions, which burns beneath them—an ardent and unquenchable love of freedom.—*North American Review*.

MINIATURE STEAM ENGINE.—A high pressure engine, forming a complete working model, has been constructed by an iron and brass founder, at Bradford, the cylinder of which is only one-sixteenth part of an inch in diameter, and the whole weight of the engine is only one ounce! This very diminutive piece of mechanism is perfect in all its parts, and works with as much precision as any engine of ten-horse power.—*Atlas*.

THE MOSQUE AT MECCA.—There is an opinion prevalent at Mecca, founded on holy tradition, that the mosque will contain any number of the faithful; and that even if the whole Mohammedan community were to enter at once, they would all find room in it to pray. The guardian angels, it is said, would invisibly extend the dimensions of the building, and diminish the size of each individual. The fact is, that during the most numerous pilgrimage, the mosque, which can contain, I believe, about thirty-five thousand persons in the act of prayer, is never half filled. Even on Fridays, the greater part of the Meccarys, contrary to the injunctions of the law, pray at home, if at all, and many hadjis follow their example. I could never count more than ten thousand individuals in the mosque at one time, even after the return from Arafat, when the whole body of the hadjis were collected, for a few days, in and about the city.—*Buckhardt's Travels in Arabia*.

LAKES.—It is remarkable that lakes which have no issue are salt. It is probable that all rivers collect a certain portion of salt from the soils through which they pass; and where there is no exit, it accumulates. In this sense, the sea may be considered as a great lake, and must consequently increase in saltiness. It would be curious to know whether the cause is adequate to the production of its saltiness altogether.—*Westminster Review*.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—The city stands at the eastern extremity of Rumania, on a neck of land that advances towards Anatolia; on the south it is washed by the sea of Marmora, and on the north-east by the gulph of the Golden horn. It is built, like ancient Rome, on seven hills, rising one above the other in beautiful succession, and sloping gently towards the water; the whole forming an irregular triangle about twelve miles in circumference, the entire of which space is closely covered with palaces, mosques, baths, fountains and houses; at a short distance the proudly swelling domes of three hundred mosques, the tall and elegant minarets crowned by glittering crescents, the ancient towers on the walls, and the gaudily coloured kiosks and houses rising above the stupendous trees in the seraglio, situated on the extreme point, form a rich picturesque, and extraordinary scene. The gulph of the Golden horn, to the north-east of the city, forms a noble and capacious harbour, four miles in length by half a mile in breadth, capable of securely containing twelve hundred ships of the largest size, and is generally filled with the curiously built vessels and gaudily decorated boats of the Turks; on the opposite shore is the maritime town of Galata, containing the docks, arsenals, cannon-foundries, barracks, &c.; above which stands the populous suburb of Pera, the residence of the foreign ministers of the porte, and all foreigners of distinction, none whatever being allowed to reside in the city. Beyond, as far as the eye can reach, is an immense forest of cypress and mulberry trees, being the extensive cemeteries of all persuasions. From Galata, the European shore of the Bosphorus forms one continued line of towns; palaces in every style of architecture, pleasure gardens and romantic villages. On the opposite or Asiatic shore stands the extensive town of Scutari, also a suburb of Constantinople, although in another

quarter of the globe; and separated by a sea a mile in breadth; and at a short distance the ancient and ruinous city of Calcedone. The group of the Princes island, in the sea of Marmora, and the snow-clad summit of Mount Olympus, close the prospect.—*Atlas*.

NEW KIND OF GLASS.—It has been truly observed that the smallest means may be productive of the most important ends. The proposition may be enlarged to the extent that the abstraction of *means* altogether is sometimes productive of the greatest results. If report speaks the truth, this has been whimsically illustrated by the discovery of a new species of glass for astronomical purposes. As long as the government furnished a large annual sum to the Board of Longitude, for the prosecution of this inquiry, nothing was effected: glass-houses were built up and pulled down, furnaces and crucibles were constructed without end; but not a single new fact was added to the previous store. No sooner, however, was this grant by government discontinued—no sooner had the glitter ceased to dazzle the eyes—than the eyes of the philosopher were opened; the same chemists then set to work with their own means, on a small scale, and behold the problem was solved!—a new composition is discovered, which puts the astronomer in possession of a glass, free from those optical objections which had so long retarded the progress of successful observation. Common glass is a compound of silica, alkali, and oxide of lead; the new glass is composed of silica, boracic acid, and oxide of lead.—*Spectator*.

INSTANCE OF SELF-POSSESSION.—Lord Nelson, after his victory at Copenhagen, found that some of his ships were in rather shallow water: it was expedient to send a letter to the crown prince of Denmark to demand a cessation of hostilities in order to spare further effusion of human blood. The letter being written and neatly folded, Lord Nelson sent for a stick of sealing-wax. It so happened that he who was sent on this commission, in going to fetch the wax, had his head taken off by a cannon-ball. This was reported to Nelson; "Send another messenger for the wax." It was observed to him that there were wafers on the table: "Send for the sealing-wax," he repeated. It was done: the letter was sealed. Some one said, "May I take the liberty of asking why, under so hot a fire, and after such an accident, you have attached so much importance to a circumstance apparently so trifling?" He replied, "If I had made use of a wafer, the wafer would have been still wet when the letter was presented to the crown prince: he would have inferred that the letter was sent off in a hurry, and that we had some very pressing reasons for being in a hurry. The wax told no tales."—*Personal and Literary Memorials*.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.—A. M. Michaud, of Sainte-Colombeles-Vienne, in France, has recently, while digging foundations in some part of his land, discovered several interesting Roman relics. Among them were two bathing-rooms, beautifully fitted up with white marble, and pipes of baked earth to convey the heat. It is presumed that these remains belonged to a magnificent residence, which was pillaged and destroyed during an irruption of the barbarians of the north. Near the same spot were found several fragments of statues, of exquisite workmanship, and an entire statue of Hygiea, in the finest style of Greek sculpture, larger than life.—*Literary Gazette*.

A TASTE FOR POETRY.—I do not assert, that every good writer must have a genius for poetry; I know Tully is an undeniable exception; but I will venture to affirm that a soul that is not moved with poetry, and has no taste that way must be too dull and lumpish even to write with any prospect of being read. It is a fatal mistake, and simple superstition, to discourage youth from poetry, and endeavour to prejudice them against it; if they are of a poetical genius, there is no restraining them; Ovid was deaf to his father's admonitions. But if they are not quite smitten and bewitched with the love of verse, they should be trained to it, to make them masters of every kind of poetry, that by learning to imitate the originals, they may arrive at a right conception and a true taste of their authors; and being able to write in verse upon occasion, I can venture to maintain, is no disadvantage to prose; for without relishing the one, a man must never pretend to any taste for the other.—*Felton*.

EXTRAORDINARY ANIMAL REMAINS.—Some two or three years ago, the newspapers from the South-west announced the discovery, in the valley of the Mississippi, of the remains of some huge animal, such as eye had never seen or ear heard of, and in comparison of which, even the Mammoth must have been but a pretty small concern. The story was altogether too great for belief. But still it was true, as we had ocular demonstration yesterday—a gentleman having requested us to examine some of the bones, now exhibiting at 330, Broadway, a few doors above the Masonic Hall. The largest is one side of an under jaw-bone, which is 30 feet long, by three feet wide, and weighs 1200 lbs. There are a variety of other bones, including 10 or 15 feet of the vertebra, or backbone, which is 16 inches in diameter, and the passage of the spinal marrow, nine by six inches. The ribs are nine feet long, and the other bones in proportion. As to the size of the animal which has left such extraordinary remains of its physical structure, we are not sufficiently skilled in Osteology to determine. It must, however, have been of a magnitude of which we can scarcely form a conception; and in a zoological point of view, it is much to be regretted that the whole skeleton was not extracted from the earth in which it must have been so many thousand years embedded. But the labour of disembowelling the bones now here was herculean, as they were buried 17 feet below the surface of the earth; and the water made upon the excavators so fast, that a steam-engine must have been procured to discharge it. The discovery was owing to one of the bones protruding above the earth. Until the discovery of these bones, those of the Mammoth were the largest of any land animal of which the relics now remain. The tradition of the Indians, respecting the Mammoth, as related by Mr. Jefferson, is well known. "In ancient times," said the Delaware Chief to the Governor of Virginia, "a herd of these tremendous animals, came to the Big-bone licks, and began a universal destruction of bears, deers, elks, buffaloes, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. The Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged that he seized his lightning, descended on earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain, on a rock of which his seat and the print of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell; but missing one, at length it wounded him in the side, whereon springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day." It is probably the Indians' "big bull" who left the huge bones which we have been attempting to describe, and which the curious will find it worth while to go and examine for themselves.—*New York Paper.*

SALE OF RARE PORTRAITS.—The *Basilogia*, the celebrated book of Portraits by Pass, which about twenty years ago was sold at an auction, near Canterbury, for half-a-crown, has just been re-sold in London for 300*l.* One copy has been purchased at Birmingham for 50*l.*, which was broken up, and sold in lots for 500*l.* A few days since another copy was sold at Bromley for 55*s.*; it was called "A Book of Kings," and a royal prize it has proved to the book-sellers into whose hands it has fallen. It is remarkable that these three copies differ in the number of the prints; the last mentioned contains the rare portrait of "Mull'd Sak," which, since Grainger, has been considered unique. This is not the only extraordinary event in the arts. Six pictures of the Apostles, in the most splendid style of the Spanish school, but obscured by dirt and varnish, were purchased the other day, at an auction of imported pictures, for a pound each; the price now demanded is 15,000 guineas!—*Court Journal.*

PRESERVATION OF EGGS.—A person who dealt largely in eggs, at Paris, made some public experiments, in order to shew his manner of preserving them. A large number was placed in a vessel in which was some water saturated with lime and a little salt. They were locked up, and kept in that state for several years. The vessel in which they had been placed was opened in the month of January last, and the eggs, without one exception, were found to be in excellent preservation. An omelette was made for the company, and it was declared to be as good as if the eggs had only been kept two or three days.—*Journal des Connaissances Usuelles.*

NATIONAL DEBTS AND PUBLIC REVENUES.—The following are the proportions which the public debt and the public revenue bear to each inhabitant of the following countries respectively :—We give it in the money of the country where the calculation has been made.

DEBT. ^a		fr.	s.
England (to each inhabitant)		869	90
The Netherland and Holland		635	90
France		145	00
Austrian Empire		45	06
United States of America		34	08
Prussian Monarchy		29	03
Russian Empire (exclusive of Poland)		20	08

REVENUE.		fr.	s.
England		65	02
France		30	09
Netherlands, &c.,		26	03
Prussia		17	02
United States		12	01
Austria		10	09
Russia		6	02

A CURIOUS WATCH.—A watchmaker of Memmingen lately announced in the *Courrier Commercial de Dantzick*, that he had just finished a watch of his invention, at which he had worked for thirteen consecutive years. It is made of wood, and not the smallest quantity of metal was used in its composition. The watch, it appears, only requires to be wound up once in three months; and when it is necessary to do so, it makes a report as loud as that of a twelve pounder. The inventor, M. Pippen, will give a twenty years' warranty, and the price he asks for it is 6000 ducats. He states that the Grand Duke of Hesse offered him 5000 ducats for it, which he refused.—*Literary Gazette*.

ANTIQUITIES IN SPAIN.—At the commencement of February last, some interesting discoveries were made in a field near the ruins of the amphitheatre of Merida in Spain. In digging the foundation of a house, the workmen met with a great quantity of bones, several belonging to the hyæna, some to the elephant, also a few human bones. Not far from this there were found several medals, but so worn, that the inscriptions could not be deciphered; numerous fragments of Roman pottery likewise were disinterred; lastly, two vases of the beautiful marble which is seen in the mountains of Sienna. These vases were in state of perfect preservation, and the sculptures which embellish them are exquisitely finished.—*Court Journal*.

NATURAL HISTORY: THE LION.—Two lions, which have been for some time in the menagerie at the Jardin du Roi, have afforded an opportunity of verifying a curious fact mentioned in several old works, but which modern authors have in general overlooked; namely, that there is at the extremity of the lion's tail a small claw concealed in the midst of the tuft of hair. It is a horny substance, about two lines in length, and is in the form of a small cone bent a little upon itself: it adheres by its base to the skin alone, and not to the last vertebra, which is separated from it by a distance of about two lines. This small claw is found in both sexes. The commentators on Homer endeavoured to explain by the presence of this claw the singular circumstance mentioned in the *Iliad*, viz. that the lion alone, of all animals, moves his tail violently when he is irritated, and strikes his sides with it: they believed that the lion endeavoured to excite himself by pricking his flanks with the claw in his tail. Blumenbach ascertained the existence of this claw several years ago: but the work in which he published his observations is unknown to naturalists; and they would probably for a long time have remained unacquainted with the fact we have just mentioned, had not M. Deshayes pointed it out, and induced those who particularly devote themselves to such subjects to make some inquiries into it. This claw is very easily detached from the skin, so that in general there is no trace of it in stuffed specimens.—*The Literary Gazette*.

INFLUENCE OF ACCIDENT IN DIRECTING PURSUITS.—It was the accident of the roof of his father's cottage coming down, while he was a child, that first turned Ferguson's attention to mechanical contrivance. The late eminent engineer, John Rennie, used to trace his first notions in regard to the powers of machinery, to his having been obliged, when a boy, in consequence of the breaking down of a bridge, to go one winter every morning to school by a circuitous road, which carried him past a place where a thrashing machine was generally at work. It was the appearance of the celebrated comet of 1744 which first attracted the imagination of Lalande, then a boy of twelve years of age, to astronomy. The great Linnæus was probably made a botanist, by the circumstance of his father having a few rather uncommon plants in his garden. Harrison is said to have been originally inspired with the idea of devoting himself to the constructing of marine time-pieces, by his residence in view of the sea. It was a voyage in view of the mediterranean, which first gave to Vernet his enthusiasm for marine painting.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

PRUNING.—A Belgian horticulturist announces that he has discovered a perfect cure for the injury inflicted upon fruit-trees in pruning, to prevent the flow of sap, or, as it is called in Belgium, gum. He cuts with a sharp instrument, in shape like a spatula, immediately round the wound, and having removed all the injured part, washes it with the juice of sorrel, and fills up the cavity with a kind of paste made from the pounded leaves of the same plant: this is then covered over with any substance, to exclude the external air and the application is considered complete.—*Literary Gazette.*

A CURIOUS EXHIBITION.—Is now attracting the public at Agen, in France. Two Italians have a number of pigeons which are placed in cages, and from ten to twelve of the same colour are put together. By dint of great patience and perseverance they have been taught several feats of the most varied nature, and quite opposed to their usual habits. As soon as the cages are opened, the pigeons ascend, mix together, and fly away; but, on a signal, those of the same colour separate from the rest and come back together, each flight entering the appropriate cage. Carpets of different colours are placed upon the ground, and nets being spread, each flight, on a given signal, go to the carpet or to the net pointed out for it. A flight of pigeons is next let loose, and a sportsman having fired over them, they instantly fly to him and enter his game-bag. This bird, which never before has been seen to mix in martial exercises, upon this occasion places itself before the gun which is about to be fired at it, and does not move when it is discharged; it even takes a lighted match in its beak, and perches itself upon a cannon, which it discharges by applying the match to the touch-hole.

RISE OF INDIVIDUALS OF OBSCURE ORIGIN.—The celebrated Italian poet Metastasio was the son of a common mechanic, and used, when a little boy, to sing his extemporaneous verses about the streets. The father of Haydn, the great musical composer, was a wheelwright. The father of our own painter, Opie, was a working carpenter in Cornwall. The parents of Sebastian Castarello, the elegant Latin translator of the Bible, were poor peasants, who lived among the mountains in Dauphiny. The Abbe Hautefeuille, who distinguished himself in the seventeenth century, by his inventions in clock and watchmaking, was the son of a baker; and Parini, the modern satiric poet of Italy, was the son of a peasant. The parents of Dr. John Prideaux, who afterwards rose to be Bishop of Worcester, were in such poor circumstances, that they were with difficulty able to keep him at school till he had learned to read and write; and he obtained the rest of his education by walking on foot to Oxford, and getting employed in the first instance as assistant in the kitchen of Exeter college, in which society he remained till he gradually made his way to a fellowship. The father of Inigo Jones, the architect, was a cloth-worker. Sir Edmund Saunders, chief justice of the court of King's Bench in the reign of Charles II., was originally an errand-boy at the inns of court. Linnæus, the founder of the science of botany, although the son of the clergyman of a small village in Sweden, was for some time apprenticed to a shoemaker. The famous Ben Jonson worked for some time as a bricklayer or mason. Dr. Isaac Maddox, who, in the reign of George II., became bishop, first of St. Asaph, and then of Worcester, and who is well known by his work in defence of the Doctrine and Discipline of the Church

of England, was, in the first instance, placed by his friends with a pastry-cook. The late Dr. Isaac Milner, dean of Carlisle and Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge, was originally a weaver—as was also his brother Joseph, the well-known author of a History of the Church. Of the same profession was also, in his younger days, the late Dr. Joseph White, professor of Arabic at Oxford. The celebrated John Hunter, one of the greatest anatomists that ever lived, scarcely received any education whatever until he was twenty years old.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, No. III.

DIAMOND LENSES.—The application of precious stones to the formation of a perfect lense, is, as far as we know, the exclusive discovery of Mr. Pritchard, of the Strand; and it is gratifying to find how complete has been the success of this ingenious individual in the formation of a spherical figure from the diamond. We have also been informed that Dr. Wollaston a short time prior to his death, succeeded in forming some very excellent lenses of sapphire. We call public attention to this fact, as they are less costly than the diamond.—*Atlas*.

WESTMINSTER-HALL.—Westminster-hall is the largest roof of the ancient construction any where to be met with; and it is difficult to imagine a work of human art which possesses, in so equal a degree, the three requisites of beauty, strength, and durability. This hall was built by William II. (Rufus), in the year 1097; it was originally intended as a banquetting hall; and the monarch is said to have held a magnificent feast in it on the whitsuntide after its erection. Stowe adds, that ample as are the dimensions of the hall, it did not satisfy the ambition of the king; who observed, "This halle is not bigge enough by one half, and is but a hedchamber in comparison of that I minde to make." And Stowe adds, "a diligent searcher might yet find out the foundation of the hall, which he hadde proposed to build, stretching from the river Thames even to the common highway." All traces of this are of course now obliterated, and the existing hall is left without even an intended rival. The roof of Westminster-hall is formed of chesnut, and does not appear to be in the least decayed. This great hall was, however, enlarged, and had its present roof constructed, in the time of Richard II., who, in the profusion of that expenditure which led to What Tyler's insurrection, is reported to have feasted ten thousand guests under this roof. Westminster-hall is now set apart for the most solemn state purposes, such as the trial of persons impeached by the Commons; and banquets at the coronations of kings.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge*.

ELECTRIC CLOTH.—We find a curious paper on this subject in the second volume of the *Annales de l'Industrie*.—M. Muret, a manufacturer of woolen cloth at Chateauroux, has observed, that when the pieces are dried in the open air, they frequently become powerfully electric, especially when exposed to sun-light. That which is most electric is the black cloth: slight friction upon it is sufficient to produce long electric sparks: white and sky-blue cloth do not become at all electric: deep blue and deep green weakly so; the red produced by cochineal and madder, more so.—*Atlas*.

SPECIMEN OF A ROYAL TURKISH IMBECILE.—His acts were clearly those of declared imbecility and incompetency of intellect. He nominated, at one and the same time, to be pashas of Cairo and of Damascus—two posts of the highest rank—two ichoglans, or pages of his seraglio, scarcely out of their infancy; he deprived a spahi of his timar, to bestow it on a peasant who chanced to present him, when hunting, with a cup of water; insensible to the law of nations, he incarcerated the French ambassador in the prison of the Seven Towers, upon the most improbable pretexts. Every act was that of an unsound mind; and the divan, the Mufti, and the Ulema, the Sultana Valide, the Kishlar-aga, and the interior court of the seraglio, all united to compel this phantom of power to resign his throne. He was easily persuaded to take the diversion of five days of hunting in the vicinity of the capital. He found, on his return, that his nephew, Prince Othman, only twelve years of age, was seated on his throne. The weakness of his parts saved his life; and he was conducted to a tower in the seraglio, where he vegetated more innocently than on the throne. His reign had been only a dream of five months, and on the morrow he was forgotten.—*Upam's History of the Ottoman Empire*.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF PERSEVERANCE.—The celebrated Bernard Palissy, to whom France was indebted, in the sixteenth century, for the introduction of the manufacture of enamelled pottery, had his attention first attracted to the art, his improvements in which form to this time the glory of his name among his countrymen, by having one day seen by chance a beautiful enamelled cup, which had been brought from Italy. He was then struggling to support his family by his attempts in the art of painting, in which he was self-taught and it immediately occurred to him that, if he could discover the secret of making these cups, his toils and difficulties would be at an end. From that moment his whole thoughts were directed to this object. He spent the whole of his money, however, without meeting with any success, and he was now poorer than ever. Yet it was in vain that his wife and his friends besought him to relinquish what they deemed his chimerical and ruinous project. He borrowed more money, with which he repeated his experiments; and, when he had no more fuel wherewith to feed his furnaces, he cut down his chairs and tables for that purpose. Still his success was inconsiderable. He was now actually obliged to give a person, who had assisted him, part of his clothes by way of remuneration, having nothing else left; and, with his wife and children starving before his eyes, and by their appearance silently reproaching him as the cause of their sufferings, he was at heart miserable enough. But he neither despaired, nor suffered his friends to know what he felt; and at last, after sixteen years of persevering exertion, his efforts were crowned with complete success, and his fortune was made.—*The Pursuit of Knowledge.*

PATENT CARTRIDGE.—C. F. Orson's patent for an improved cartridge for sporting purposes, consists of a cylinder for containing the charge of shot in the fowling piece, made of card or strong paper, with longitudinal slits through which the shot is prevented from passing; the piece is discharged by a covering of thin paper pasted on the exterior, and by a circular wadding of card placed in each end of the cylinder; the intention of this patent is to prevent the shot from being too much scattered, or thrown in clusters before they reach their destination.—*Atlas.*

WORDSWORTH.—To the author of the *Lyrical Ballads*, nature is a kind of home; and he may be said to take a personal interest in the universe. There is no image so insignificant, that it has not in some mood or other found its way into his heart; no sound that does not awaken the memory of other years. The daisy looks up to him with sparkling eye as to an old acquaintance: the cuckoo haunts him with sounds of early youth not to be expressed; a linnet's nest startles him with boyish delight: an old withered thorn is weighed down with a heap of recollections; a grey cloak, seen on a wild moor, torn by the wind, or drenched in the rain, becomes an object of imagination to him: even the lichens on the rock have a life and being in his thoughts. He has described all these objects in a way, and with an intensity of feeling that no one else had done before him, and has given a new view or aspect of nature. He is in this sense the most original poet now living, and the one whose writings could the least be spared: for they have no substitute elsewhere. The vulgar do not read them, the learned, who see all things through books, do not understand them, the great despise, the fashionable may ridicule them: but the author has created for himself an interest in the heart of the retired and lonely student of nature, which can never die.—*Spirit of the Age.*

ANIMAL CHARCOAL.—It has been found that animal charcoal will, if properly applied, preserve the must of grapes. With one pint of the juice of the grapes, a hundred grains of animal charcoal, and more, if the former contain much fermentable matter, are to be mixed. When it has lost its colour, and is clear, the charcoal is separated from it, and it is preserved in bottles and casks closely stopped. It does not ferment even in open vessels, because the charcoal has absorbed the principle of fermentation; this, however, has not become inactive, from its combination with the first, for if the charcoal be felt in the must, this begins to ferment, but not throughout like ordinary must, in which the principle of fermentation is diffused, but only at the bottom of the vessel, where the animal charcoal containing it is precipitated.—*Atlas.*

GENERAL WOLFE.—An anecdote is told of General Wolfe that he was out with a party of friends in a boat, the day before the battle of Quebec. It was a beautiful summer's evening, and the conversation turned to Gray's *Elegy in a country church-yard*, which was just then published. Wolfe repeated the lines: "For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey," &c. with enthusiasm, and said, "I would rather be the author of those lines than beat the French to-morrow! He did beat the French, and was himself killed the next day. Perhaps it was better to be capable of uttering a sentiment like this, than to gain a battle, or write a poem.—*Indicator*.

DERBYSHIRE'S PATENT MEDICINE, TO ALLEVIATE SEA-SICKNESS.—The malady of nausea to which so many persons are subject at sea, produces such wretched and painful sensations for the time of its duration, that any remedy which could conveniently be applied, must be highly acceptable; we are not able to speak from our own experience of the success of the present invention, neither does it appear to us to promise so certain a remedy, or cure, as the mechanical contrivance described by Mr. Pratt, but the means being simple and within every one's reach, it is desirable that it should be extensively known, and, we hope, it will be found beneficial. To prevent the possibility of mistake, we give a description of the materials employed. In its nature it is an embrocation for sea-sickness, that is to say, to prevent in some cases sea-sickness, in others to cure persons who are affected by it, and in others, for mitigating its severity. The manner in which it is to be performed and applied, is as follows:—take of crude opium two ounces, avoirdupois, two drachms of extract of heubane, ten grains of powdered mace, and two ounces of hard mottled soap, boil them in sixty ounces of soft water, letting it boil for half an hour stirring it well all the time; when cold, add one quarter of spirits of wine at sixty degrees above proof, and three drachms of spirits of ammonia. Rub a dessert spoonful of this embrocation well in, over the lower end of the breast-bone and under the left ribs, the latest time you can conveniently do so before embarkation, and again on board as you can have an opportunity. If, notwithstanding this, you become sick, apply the embrocation as before, and continue the application while the sickness continues.—*Atlas*.

NEWSPAPERS.—"I need not dwell on the moral advantages of Newspapers. However humble the talents of those who conduct them, they are the medium through which much useful, agreeable, and improving information is given to the public, and they have attractions which belong to nothing else in the shape of print. The most interesting new book, the volumes of Scott and Cooper, are thrown aside when the journal makes its appearance. There is no exaggeration in saying that every grown up person in the empire who can read, would have a newspaper if he or she could obtain it. They are in truth the literature of the working classes, wherever they are within their reach—the retail shops of knowledge, where it is cut into morsels for the use of those who could never buy it in the bulk. There is scarcely a subject of any novelty, connected with philosophy, science, art, literature, trade, religion, or morals, of which they do not give us some account, and however deficient this may be for the purposes of the rich and the learned, it is highly useful to those who have neither money to buy, nor leisure to read, extensive treatises. Even the mental stimulus which a newspaper supplies has an excellent moral effect in withdrawing men from intemperance. It needs the excitement of *News* to tempt a person to read whose animal spirits are exhausted with ten or twelve hours of hard manual labour, for there are few things in the shape of a volume which he will take the trouble to open. Knowing, as I do, how eager workmen of the humblest classes are to have the use of a journal, I have often thought when I have seen one of them reeling home drunk in an evening, that the government, in denying him the only species of reading suited to his habits, by taxing newspapers so heavily, had been mainly instrumental in driving him to the alehouse. The population of the British Isles at present is very nearly double the population of the United States, the one being above 23,000,000 and the other about 12,000,000. Deducting the blacks, the American population will be about 10,000,000. In the British Isles, there are at present 334 newspapers, of which 19 or 20 are *daily*, viz. 16 in London, and 3 or 4 in Ireland. In the United States in 1816, there were 364 newspapers; in 1823, there were 598; and in last spring, Mr. Cooper estimated the number at 600,

("Notions of the Americans," vol. 2nd, p. 133.)—Of these, according to the statement of an American editor, there are *fifty published daily*. New-York, in the month of March last, had 12 daily papers; Philadelphia 8 or 9; Baltimore 5; Boston 3 or 4, &c. There is not a town in Great Britain, but London, that does or can support a daily paper.—In the United States every considerable town has one or more. Rochester, a town, with 6,000 inhabitants; Troy, with nearly the same number, (both in the State of New York,) have each their *Daily Paper*. while neither Manchester nor Glasgow has one. Think of the capital of Scotland wanting a paper of this description, while an American town of the size of Dalkeith has one! Think, too, of Leith, with an population of 20,000 persons, *trying in vain* some years ago to establish a *weekly paper*! Philadelphia and Liverpool have nearly the same amount of population, but the English town has probably six times as much trade as the American. Now, Liverpool has *eight weekly papers*, which put forth 8 publications in all per week. Philadelphia has *eight daily papers*, and eight or ten others, which put forth about 70 publications per week! Scotland, with 2,100,000 of inhabitants, has 38 papers, not one of which is published more than twice a week. Pennsylvania, with 1,200,000 inhabitants, had 110 papers in 1823, of which 14 or 15 were published daily! These facts speak for themselves. They fully warrant the conclusion, that in the most thickly settled parts of the United States, which alone afford proper materials for comparison the number of Newspapers in circulation amongst any given number of inhabitants is *eight, or ten times as great as in Britain*. What can make so great a difference, but the comparative cheapness of their papers, and the abundance of their advertisements."—*Scotsman*.

IMAGINATION.—It is a great mistake to suppose that a philosophical spirit is in direct contradistinction to an imaginative one. On the contrary, the highest order of thinkers, and discoverers, such as Bacon, Newton, and Leibnitz, are mainly indebted to the imaginative faculty. A case in point:—The latter, when occupied in his philosophical reasonings on his "law of continuity," his singular sagacity enabled him to predict a circumstance which was afterwards realized,—he *imagined* the necessary existence of a Polypus. The supposition of Columbus in regard to the existence of a western continent, was also *imaginative*.—*Indicator*.

KNEADING OF BREAD BY MACHINERY.—A company has been established in Paris, in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, to supply the metropolis with pure bread.—Among other improvements adopted by this society is that of kneading the dough by means of steam machinery. The substitutes for the working of the bread by manual labour, besides the greater cleanliness of the process, has the further advantage of allowing years to be dispensed with, the additional power of the machine being sufficient to give the bread its proper degree of lightness without any foreign aids. The capital of the company is divided into 4000 Shares of 1000 francs each.—*Manual of Science and Literature*.

QUARRELS OF FRIENDS.—I think, I have observed universally that the quarrels of friends in the latter part of life, are never truly reconciled. "*Malé sarta gratia nequiquam coit, et rescinditur*;" a wound in the friendship of young persons, as in the bark of young trees, may be so grown over, as to leave no scar. The case is very different in regard to old persons and old timber. The reason of this may be accountable from the decline of the social passions, and the prevalence of spleen, suspicion, and rancour, towards the latter part of life.—*Shenstone's Essays*.

WATERPROOF GLUE.—Immerse common glue in cold water, until it becomes perfectly soft, but yet containing its original form, after which it is to be dissolved in common raw linseed oil, assisted by a gentle heat until it becomes entirely taken up by the latter, when it may be applied to substances for adhesion to each other in the common way glue is ordinarily applied—it dries almost immediately, and water will exert no influence on it.—It is unnecessary to say for how many valuable purposes in the arts this valuable application may be used. For cabinet makers it is important, as mahogany veneers, when glued with this substance, will never fall off by exposure to a moist atmosphere. In ship building, it will probably answer a valuable purpose, as it has infinitely more tenacity than common glue, and becomes impervious to water.

books.—How pleasant it is to reflect, that most of the intense lovers of books have themselves become books! What better metamorphosis could Pythagorus have desired! How Ovid and Horace exulted in anticipating theirs! And how the world have justified their exultation! They had a right to triumph over brass and marble. It is the only visible change which changes no further; which generates, and yet is not destroyed. Mines themselves are exhausted; cities perish; kingdoms are swept away, and man weeps with indignation to think that his own body is not immortal. Yet this little body of thought that lies before me in the shape of a book has existed thousands of years; nor since the invention of the press, can any thing short of an universal convulsion of nature abolish it. To a shape like this turns the placid sage of Academus: to a shape like this, the grandeur of Milton, the exuberance of Spenser, the pungent elegance of Pope, and the volatility of Prior. In one small room, like the compressed spirits of Milton can be gathered together. The assembled souls of all that men held wise, may I hope to become the meanest of these existences? This is a question which every lover of books asks himself sometime in his life; and which must be pardoned because it cannot be helped. I know not, I cannot exclaim with the Poet.

Oh! that my name were numbered among theirs,

Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

For my mortal days, few and feeble as the rest of them may be, are of consequence to others. But I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself, I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing as I do, what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind when he is no more.—Indicator.

WINE.—The rage for superannuated wine is one of the most ridiculous, vulgar errors of modern epicurism. "The bee's wing," "thick crust," loss of strength, &c. which wine-fanciers consider the beauty of their tawny favourite, "fine old Port," are forbidding manifestations of the departure of some of the best qualities of the wine.—Kitchiner. Wines bottled in good order, may be fit to drink in six months, (especially if bottled in October,) but they are not in perfection before twelve. From that to two years they may continue so; but it would be improper to keep them longer.—Encyclop. Britan.

THE GENTLEMAN AND THE MERE CITIZEN.—A gentleman of fortune will be often complaining of taxes; that his estate is inconsiderable; that he can never make so much of it as the world is ready to imagine. A mere citizen, on the other hand, is always aiming to show his riches: says that he employs so many hands; he keeps his wife a chaise and one; and talks much of his Chinese ornaments at his paltry cake-house in the country. They both aim at praise, but of a very distinct kind. Now, supposing the cit worth as much in money as the other is in land, the gentleman surely chooses the better method of ostentation, who considers himself as somewhat superior to his fortune, than he who seems to look up at his fortune, and consequently sets himself beneath it.

CHINESE PHYSICIANS.—An article in an Oriental Paper has the following curious remarks on physicians:—The Chinese have long been celebrated for their sagacity, and the acuteness with which they see into the bearings of particular customs and laws. They show this sagacity in no one thing more strongly than in the manner in which physicians are paid in China. Instead of being paid by fees when persons are ill which the Chinese would regard as holding out inducements to them to make a job of the case, each family in China pays to some physician an annual sum, a portion of which pay is suspended whenever any of the family are ill, and this suspension of pay is continued till health be restored or death ensue, in which latter case, a forfeiture is paid by the doctor in the *minusratio* of the age of the patient. By this means, Chinese physicians acquire a vital interest in hastening the cure.—*The Tasmanian and Austral. Asiatic Review.*

RESERVE.—The reserve or shyness of men of sense generally confines them to a small acquaintance; and they find numbers their avowed enemies, the similarity of whose tastes, had fortune brought them once acquainted, would have rendered them their fondest friends.

ON THE TEST OF POPULAR OPINION.—I happened to fall into company with a citizen, a courtier, and an academic.

Says the citizen, "I am told continually of taste, refinement, and politeness; but methinks, the vulgar and illiterate generally approve the same productions with the connoisseurs. One rarely finds a landscape, a building, or a play, that has charms for the critic exclusive of the mechanic: but, on the other hand, one readily remarks students who labour to be dull, depraving their native relish by the very means they use to refine it. The vulgar may not, indeed, be capable of giving the reasons why a composition pleases them; that mechanical distinction they leave to the connoisseur; but they are at all times, methinks, judges of the beauty of an effect, a part of knowledge in most respects allowedly more genteel than that of the operator."

Says the courtier, "I cannot answer for every individual instance; but I think, moderately speaking, the vulgar are generally in the wrong. If they happen to be otherwise, it is principally owing to their implicit reliance on the skill of their superiors: and this has sometimes been strangely effectual in making them imagine they relish perfection. In short, if ever they judge well, it is at the time they least presume to frame opinions for themselves.

"It is true they will pretend to taste an object which they know their betters do; but then they consider some person's judgment as a certain standard or rule; they find the object exactly tally; and this demonstrated appearance of beauty affords them some small degree of satisfaction.

"It is the same with regard to the appetite, from which the metaphor of taste is borrowed. 'Such a soup or olio,' say they, 'is much in vogue; and if you do not like it, you must learn to like it.'

"But in poetry, for instance, it is urged that the vulgar discover the same beauties with the man of reading.

"Now half or more of the beauties of poetry depend on metaphor or allusion, neither of which, by a mind uncultivated, can be applied to their proper counterparts: their beauty, of consequence, is like a picture to a blind man.

"How many of these peculiarities in poetry turn upon a knowledge of philosophy and history! and let me add, these latent beauties give the most delight to such as can unfold them.

"I might launch out much farther in regard to the narrow limits of their apprehensions. What I have said may exclude their infallibility! and it is my opinion they are seldom right."

The academic spoke little, but to the purpose; asserting that all ranks and stations have their different spheres of judging: that a clown of native taste enough to relish Handle's Messiah might unquestionably be so instructed as to relish it yet more: that an author, before he prints, should not flatter himself with a confused expectation of pleasing both the vulgar and the polite; few things, in comparison, being capable of doing both in any great degree: that he should always measure out his plan for the size of understanding he would fit. If he can content himself with the mob, he is pretty sure of numbers for a time. If he write with more abundant elegance, it may escape the organs of such readers; but he will have a chance for such applause as will more sensibly affect him. Let a writer then in his first performances neglect the idea of profit, and the vulgar's applause entirely: let him address him to the judicious few, and then profit and the mob will follow. His first appearance on the stage of letters will engross the polite compliments; and his latter will partake of the irrational huzza.—*Shenstone's Essays.*

DR. WOODDESON, VENERIAN PROFESSOR OF LAWS AT OXFORD.—"As he was, for a professor of civil law, rather a bold rider, he tried to make his horse more manageable, by leaping him over a bar. This he did so cleverly, that a punster exclaimed, 'Ah Dickey, if you had but been brought up to the bar on horseback!' The punster was Dr. John Shaw, editor of the *Argonautica* of Apollonius Rhodius."—*The Spectator.*

HERCULANEUM.—A house belonging to a barber, has been recently discovered at Herculaneum. The shop of this "artist," the furniture, the benches on which the citizens sate while waiting for their turn, the stove, and even the pins employed in the ladies' head-dresses, were found in an astonishing state of preservation.—*The Court Journal.*

CATS.—We have lately had some “learned cats” among us; indeed, according to Lord Dudley’s witticism, our fashionable blue-stocking re-unions consist of little else: but we never before met with them at the fashionable dinner-table of an Archbishop, as a recognised portion of the company. Does Lady Morgan give us the following anecdote as a fact, or a piece of facetiousness? “The first day we had the honor of dining at the palace of the Archbishop of Taranto, at Naples, he said to me, you must pardon my passion for cats, (*la mia passione gattesca*) but I never exclude them from my dining-room, and you will find they make excellent company. Between the first and second course the door opened, and several enormously large and beautiful Angola cats were introduced by the names of Pantalone, Desdemona, Ottello, &c. They took their places on chairs near the table, and were as silent, as quiet, as motionless, and as well behaved, as the most bon ton table in London could require. On the Bishop requesting one of the chaplains to help the Signora Desdemona, the butler stepped up to his lordship, and observed, ‘My Lord, La Signora Desdemona will prefer waiting for the roast.’”

MEMORY.—“Great wits have short memories” is a proverb; and, as such, has undoubtedly some foundation in nature. The case seems to be, that men of genius forget things of common concern, unimportant facts and circumstances, which make no slight impression in every-day minds. But sure it will be found that all wit depends on memory: i.e. on the recollection of passages, either to illustrate or contrast with any present occasion. It is probably the fate of a common understanding to forget the very things which the man of wit remembers: but an oblivion of those things which almost every one remembers renders his case the more remarkable, and this explains the mystery.

PRESENT MILITARY FORCE OF GREAT BRITAIN.—6 Field Marshals, 110 Generals, 250 Lieutenant-Generals, 240 Major-Generals, 240 Colonels, 788 Lieutenant-Colonels, 820 Majors, 1699 Captains, 2372 Lieutenants, 1230 Cornets and Ensigns. Cavalry—2 Regiments of Life Guards (Cuirassiers), 1 Regiment of Horse Guards (Household Troops), 7 Regiments of Dragoon Guards, 3 Regiments of Heavy Dragoons (1st, 2nd, and 6th), 5 Regiments of Light Dragoons (3d, 4th, 11th, 13th and 14th), 4 Regiments of Hussars (7th, 8th, 13th, and 15th), 4 Regiments of Lancers (9th, 12th, 16th, and 17th); Royal Horse Artillery; Royal Waggon Train. Infantry—3 Regiments of Foot Guards (Household Troops), 99 Regiments of the Line, 1 Rifle Brigade, 2 West India Regiments, 1 Ceylon Regiment (Riflemen), 1 Cape Corps, 1 Royal African Corps, 3 Royal Veteran Battalions, 1 Royal Malta Fencible Regiment; Royal Artillery & Royal Engineers; Royal Staff Corps. Departments—Ordnance, Commissariat, Medical, &c. &c., Forming a force of about 140,000 effective men, and 7805 officers.—*The Spectator*.

FISHING CATS.—“There is a propensity belonging to common house-cats that is very remarkable; I mean their violent fondness for fish, which appears to be their most favourite food; and yet nature in this instance seems to have planted in them an appetite that, unassisted, they know not how to gratify; for, of all quadrupeds, cats are the least disposed towards water, and will not, when they can avoid it, deign to wet a foot, much less to plunge into that element:” and upon this Sir W. Jardine adds: “In the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, on the authority of Dr. Darwin, cats fish. He says, ‘Mr. Leonard, a very intelligent friend of mine, saw a cat catch a trout by darting upon it in a deep clear water, at the mill at Weaford, near Lichfield. The cat belonged to Mr. Stanley, who had often seen her catch fish in the same manner in summer, when the mill-pool was drawn so low that the fish could be seen. I have heard of other cats taking fish in shallow water, as they stood on the bank. This seems to be a natural method of taking their prey, usually lost by domestication, though they all retain a strong relish for fish.’ The Rev. W. Bingley mentions another instance of a cat freely taking the water, related by his friend Mr. Bill, of Christ-church. When he lived at Wallington, near Carshalton, in Surrey, he had a cat that was often known to plunge, without hesitation, into the river Wandle, and swim over to an island at a little distance from the bank. To this there could be no other inducement than the fish she might catch on her passage, or the vermin that the island afforded.”

These are curious instances; but the following, which may be depended upon as a fact, is still more remarkable. At Caverton Mill, in Roxburghshire, a beautiful spot upon the Kale Water, there was a favourite cat, domesticated in the dwelling-house, which stood at two or three hundred yards from the mill. When the mill-work ceased, the water was as usual stopped at the dam-head, and the dam below consequently ran gradually more shallow, often leaving trout, which had ascended when it was full, to struggle back with difficulty to the parent stream; and so well acquainted had Puss become with this circumstance, and so fond was Puss of fish, the moment she heard the noise of the mill-clapper cease, she used to scamper off to the dam, and, up to her belly in the water, continue to catch fish like an otter. It would not be easy to cite a more curious case of animal instinct approaching to reason and overcoming the usual habits of the species.—*The Literary Gazette*.

WEALTH.—The common people call wit, mirth, and fancy, folly; fanciful and folli-fol, they use indiscriminately. It seems to flow from hence, that they consider money as of more importance than the persons who possess it; and that no conduct is wise, beside what has a tendency to enrich us.—*Shenstone's Essays*.

THE LAST OF THE PLANTAGENETS.—In Peck's "*Desiderata Curiosa*" a letter is inserted from Dr. Brett to Dr. Warren, the president of Trinity Hall, in which he says, that, calling on Lord Winchelsea in 1720, his Lordship pointed out to him this entry in the registry of Eastwell—"Anno 1550, Rycharde Plantagenet was buried the 22d day of December:" beyond this, not a word is known of him excepting what tradition affords, which, with some slight variations, for there are two versions of his history, is as follows:—When Sir Thomas Moyle built Eastwell, he observed that his principal bricklayer, whenever he quitted his work, retired with a book, a circumstance which attracted his attention, and on inquiry he found he was reading Latin: he then told Sir Thomas his secret, which was, that he was boarded with a Latin Schoolmaster, without knowing who were his relation, until he was fifteen or sixteen; that he was occasionally visited by a gentleman who provided for his expenses; that this person one day took him to a fine house where he was presented to a gentleman handsomely dressed, wearing a "star and garter," who gave him money, and conducted him back to school; that some time afterwards the same gentleman came to him, and took him into Leicestershire and to Bosworth field, when he was carried to King Richard's tent that the King embraced him, told him he was his son; adding, "Child, to-morrow I must fight for my crown; and assure yourself, if I lose that, I will lose my life too, but I hope to preserve both: do you stand in such a place (pointing to the spot) where you may see the battle out of danger, and when I have gained the victory come to me." I will then own you to be mine, and take care of you: but if I should lose the battle, then shift as well as you can, and take care to let nobody know that I am your father, for no mercy will be shown to any one so nearly related to me;" that the King gave him a purse of gold and dismissed him; that he followed those directions, and when he saw that the battle was lost and the King slain, he hastened to London, sold his horse and his fine clothes, and the better to conceal himself from all suspicion of being the son of a King, and that he might gain a livelihood, he put himself apprentice to a bricklayer, and generally spent his spare time in reading. Sir Thomas, finding him very old, is said to have offered him the *run of his kitchen*, which he declined, on the ground of his patron having a large family; but asked his permission to build a small house in one of his fields, and this being granted, he built a cottage, and continued in it till his death.—*Westminster Review*.

GENIUS AND LEARNING.—A person of a pedantic turn will spend five years in translating, and contending for the beauties of a worse poem than he might write in five weeks himself. There seem to be authors who wish to sacrifice their whole character of genius to that of learning.—*Shenstone's Essays*.

BENTLEY AND WARBURTON.—There are certain tasks which are peculiarly inappropriate to the Leviathans of learning. Bentley made sad work with Milton, and Warburton's Shakespeare was a miserable affair. Quin's observation on the publication of the latter was pleasant and correct. "He ought to have stuck to his own Bible, and not have meddled with ours."—*Indicator*.

DR. BARTON WAS A PUNSTER. He said, "the fellows of my college wished to have an organ in the chapel, but I put a stop to it:" whether for the sake of the pun, or because he disliked music, he is uncertain.

He invited, for the love of punning, Mr. Crowe and Mr. Rock to dine with him; and having given Mr. Birdmore, another guest, a hint to be rather after the time, on his appearing, said, "Mr. Rock! Mr. Crowe! I beg leave to introduce one *bird more*." He married his niece to a gentleman of the hopeful name of *Buckle*. The enterprise succeeded beyond his expectation. Mrs. Buckle was delivered of twins. "A pair of Buckles!"—"Boys or girls?" said a congratulating friend—the answer may be supposed.—*The Court Journal*.

DANTE AND PETRARCH.—Dante and his Beatrice are best exhibited in contrast to Petrarch and Laura. Petrarch was in his youth an amiable and accomplished courtier, whose ambition was to cultivate the arts, and please the fair. Dante early plunged into the factions which distracted his native city, was of a stern, commanding temper, mingling study with action. Petrarch loved with all the vivacity of his temper; he took a pleasure in publishing, in exaggerating, in embellishing his passion in the eyes of the world. Dante, capable of strong and enthusiastic tenderness, and early concentrating all the affections of his heart on one object, sought no sympathy; and solemnly tells us of himself—in contradistinction to those poets of his time who wrote of love from fashion or fancy, not from feeling—that *he* wrote as love inspired, and as his heart dictated.

"Io mi son un che, quando
Amore spira, noto, ed in quel modo

Ch'ei detta dentro, vo significando."—*Purgatorio*, c. 24.

A coquette would have triumphed in such a captive as Petrarch; and in truth, Laura seems to have "sounded him from the top to the bottom of his compass;"—a tender and impassioned woman would repose on such a heart as Dante's, even as his Beatrice did. Petrarch had a gay and captivating exterior; his complexion was fair, with sparkling blue eyes and a ready smile. He is very amusing on the subject of his own coxcombry, and tells us how cautiously he used to turn the corner of a street, lest the wind should disorder the elaborate curls of his fine hair! Dante, too, was in his youth eminently handsome, but in a style of beauty which was characteristic of his mind: his eyes were large and intensely black, his nose aquiline, his complexion of a dark olive, his hair and beard very much curled, his step slow and measured, and the habitual expression of his countenance grave, with a tinge of melancholy abstraction. When Petrarch walked along the streets of Avignon, the women smiled, and said, "There goes the lover of Laura!" The impression which Dante left on those who beheld him was far different. In allusion to his own personal appearance, he used to relate an incident that once occurred to him. When years of persecution and exile had added to the natural sternness of his countenance, the deep lines left by grief, and the brooding spirit of vengeance, he happened to be at Verona, where, since the publication of the *Inferno*, he was well known. Passing one day by a portico, where several women were seated, one of them whispered, with a look of awe—"Do you see that man? that is he who goes down to hell whenever he pleases, and brings us back tidings of the sinners below!" "Ay, indeed!" replied her companion—"very likely; see how his face is scorched with fire and brimstone, and blackened with smoke, and how his hair and beard have been singed and curled in the flames!"

Dante, had not, however, this forbidding appearance when he won the young heart of Beatrice Portinari. They first met at the banquet given by her father, Folco de' Portinari, when Dante was only nine years old, and Beatrice a year younger. His childish attachment, as he tells us himself, commenced from that hour; it became a passion, which increased with his years, and did not perish even with its object.—*Atlas*.

THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES.—Dr. Jebb was asked if he knew any one who believed the Thirty-nine Articles? He said, he knew one man who believed one article, and another man who believed another article; but that he knew no one man who believed the whole thirty-nine.—*Personal and Literary Memorials*.

PALM TREE.—The value of the palm tree is not generally appreciated in Europe, but it is highly praised in Asia and Africa. The followers of Mahomet (as appears from Kaswini) believe it to be peculiar to those favoured countries where the religion of the Prophet is professed. "Honour the palm-tree," says this writer, in the words of Mahomet himself, "for she is your father's aunt; and this distinction, he tells us, was given to it because the tree was formed from the remainder of the clay from which Adam was created.—*Beechy's Northern Africa.*

CREBILLON'S WORST WORK.—The elder Crebillon was once, with his son, in a large company, when some one asked him, which of all his works he himself thought the best? "I really don't know which is the best;" said he, "but," pointing to his son, "this is the worst."

LEPROSY.—Leprosy of the worst kind is frequent among the Burmans; and the afflicted are compelled to live in separate villages, as outcasts, ranking with the burners of the dead. This degradation, however, gives rise to acts of extortion on these unhappy beings. Those who have money can purchase the privilege of not being so expelled. If a person should be detected, by the 'superintendent of outcasts,' to have a scar or sore on his body, he is liable to be seized as one infected with leprosy, and only escapes his fangs by the payment of a heavy contribution. 'A strong prejudice,' says Mr. Crawford, 'appears to run not only against all natural deformities, but against those labouring under incurable diseases, and even against such as have been accidentally mutilated.' Thus, the blind, the dumb, those who may have lost an ear, or a nose, or those even who may have lost a limb in the service of their king and country, are refused the right of entering the enclosure of the palace, and are deprived of court favour and all chance of preferment. Many of the Burmese prisoners, wounded in action in the course of the last contest, refused to suffer amputation; when such operations had been performed on others, they tore off the bandages and bled to death. Mr. Crawford mentions the case of one young man, who, having submitted to lose a leg, with the passive courage so frequent in the east, presented the sound leg also for amputation, conceiving that this was our mode of treating prisoners of war. Prejudices like these our author supposes to originate from their religious belief. Every physical evil is considered by the Buddhists as the punishment, not so much of offences committed in the present state of existence, as of transgressions in some previous migration,—as inevitable inflictions merited by the individual on account of himself or his ancestors, and the necessary results of the present imperfect order of the world. Those afflicted, consequently, experience, generally speaking, little compassion or sympathy.—*Crawford's Embassy to Ava.*

AN AWKWARD POSITION.—Gibbon, the historian, notwithstanding his shortness and rotundity, was very gallant. One day being alone with Madame de Cronzas, Gibbon wished to seize the favourable moment, and suddenly dropping on his knees, he declared his love in the most passionate terms. Madame de Cronzas replied in a tone to prevent the repetition of such a scene. Gibbon was thunderstruck, but still remained on his knees, though frequently desired to get up and resume his seat.—"Sir," said Madame de Cronzas, "will you have the goodness to rise?" "Alas, Madam!" replied the unhappy lover, "I cannot!" His size prevented him from rising without assistance; upon this Madame de Cronzas rang the bell, saying to the servant, "Lift up Mr. Gibbon!"

CONSUMPTION GENERATED BY THE MARCH OF INTELLIGENCE.—The genius of our age seems to incline men, much more than is natural for them to reflection, activity, speculations, and reformation of every kind; and to exercise with more vigour all the power which they possess: for the great increase of luxury, by still multiplying its wants, makes new schemes and new exertions of the faculties always more necessary. Hence arises that endless uneasiness which destroys all sensation of internal tranquillity and contentment; which never suffers men to enjoy that degree of peace and relaxation indispensably requisite for restoring them; and which, consequently, in an alarming manner accelerates consumption.—*Art of Prolonging Life.*

CHINESE POETRY.—With reference to mere versification, or the construction of lines, couplets, and stanzas, we could prove that the sounds of the spoken language sufficiently adapt it to the purposes of metrical composition—that verse is distinguished by the variation of certain tones or accents, as prescribed by rule; by the use of poetical numbers, or measure; by the observance of a regular caesural pause; by the recurrence of terminal rhymes; and by the rhythmical effect resulting from what has been called the *parallelism* of couplets. A stupid notion seems to have existed, that the whole merit of Chinese poetry lay in some curious and fanciful selection of the characters, with a reference to their component parts. As a medium for the communication of ideas, the written language certainly differs from alphabetic systems; but, after all, the characters are the *means* only, and not the *end*; the melody of the sound, the harmony of the structure, and the justness of the sentiment, or beauty of the imagery, constitute, as they do every where else, the merits of poetical composition.—*Quarterly Review*.

UNIVERSAL DECLINE OF THE DRAMA, AND ITS CAUSES.—The inquiries I have made respecting the situation of the theatres all over Europe have proved to me, that for more than 150 years past, all those who have taken charge of them have either lost their fortunes or become bankrupt, with some rare exceptions which are not applicable to operatic theatres. At this moment all the theatres in Germany, which are not supported by the sovereigns, almost all those in Italy and in England, all those in our departments, and almost every one in Paris—are in a state nearly similar to that of the Feydeau, and never was there known such state of general distress. Several causes combine to render the management of theatres more difficult at the present period than formerly. These are—1. The scarcity of good authors, arising from the circumstance that minds of a high order have turned their attention to moral and political science. 2. The equal scarcity of good actors. 3. The fastidiousness of the public which is more difficult to please, the more civilized it becomes. 4. The influence of the *congregations* upon society; which is so widely extended, that most of the public functionaries scarcely dare to show themselves at the theatre, and many females are turned away from it by the religious terrors excited in their mind.—*Ebers' seven years of the King's Theatre*.

INGENIOUS EXPEDIENT.—A mayor of a small village in France, having occasion to give a passport to a distinguished personage in his neighbourhood, who was blind of an eye, was in great embarrassment on coming to the description of his person. Fearful of offending the great man, he adopted the following ingenious expedient of avoiding the mention of his deformity. He wrote—*Black eyes, one of which is absent*.

WIT AND MADNESS.—An erroneous opinion, generally entertained in society, is, that madness and great wit are nearly allied. This versified dictum of Dryden is as true, as that great light and darkness are nearly allied, or great strength and weakness, or any other similar nonsense. The mistake has arisen out of the vague analogy between the energy of genius and the energy of madness. In both, the ideas are vigorous and copious; but in the one they are arranged and collected—in the other, disjointed and incoherent. That men of undoubted talents become insane, there can be no question; but it is monstrous to connect the want of mind with strength of intellect—and the ravings of madness with extreme clearness, precision, and vigour of thought. The causes of the insanity of gifted men may be easily traced to some excess of study or feeling, or some injurious habit of body. So far is the proposition from being true, that the reader may soon convince himself, by turning to any biographical work, that they who have been most remarkable for intellect, have retained it the longest and worked it the most.—*Quarterly Review*.

PALMER.—The celebrated actor, John Palmer, whose father was a bill-sticker, and who had occasionally followed the same humble occupation himself, being one evening strutting in the Greenroom in a pair of glittering buckles, a by-stander remarked that they really resembled diamonds. "Sir," said Palmer, with some warmth, "I would have you know I never wear any thing but diamonds!" "I ask your pardon," replied the other, "I remember the time when you wore nothing but paste." The laugh was much heightened by Bannister exclaiming, "Jack, why don't you stick him against the wall?"

ERRORS OF THE PRESS, BY A REPORTER.—I once had occasion to report, that a certain "noble lord was confined to his house with a *violent cold*"—next morning, I found his lordship represented to be "*confined with a violent scold!*" In the same way, on the occasion of a recent entertainment, I had said "that the first point of attraction and admiration was her *ladyship's looks*;" this compliment was transfer-

it appear that he "*behaved like a hare.*" "We," says the *John Bull*, "often suffer in this way---about two years since, we represented Mr. Peel as having joined a party of *fiends* in Hampshire for the purpose of shooting *peasants*; and only last week, in a Scotch paper, we saw it gravely stated that a *surgeon* was taken alive in the river and sold to the inhabitants at 6d. and 10d. per lb."—*Atlas*.

THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARISTOCRACY.—The French aristocracy, before the revolution, lost themselves by setting up antiquity against wealth, which united all the rich men, without claim to antiquity, against them. But in England the aristocracy is opened regularly to all the rich; so that any man who makes a fortune as a gambler, as a fraudulent contractor, as a speculator upon change, knows well that, though he himself may not receive a title, in a generation or two his descendants will receive it. If Ikey Solomons had not been cut prematurely short in his career, and a rich receiver of mail-coach parcels had not been blown upon in the evidence before the police committee they would probably have worked their way up to the peerage. It is this which makes the English aristocracy so much stronger than any aristocracy ever yet known in the world; possessing, as it does, so large a share of what, in modern times, is of all powerful efficacy. The Dukes of Northumberland and Baccleugh are powerful, not because they are dukes (for a poor duke will, in this country, be a standing joke to every waiter at an inn), but because the one has £50,000l. a-year, and the other 200,000l. The French may thank their stars that the revolution has rescued them from a class similar to that to which we owe such a debt of gratitude.—*Morning Chronicle*.

BURMESE ACCOUNT OF THE LATE WAR.—I learnt last night, from good authority, that the court historiographer had recorded in the national chronicle his account of the war with the English. It was to the following purport:—In the years 1186 and 87, the Kula-pyu, or white strangers of the west, fastened a quarrel upon the Lord of the Golden Palace. They landed at Rangoon, took that place and Prome, and were permitted to advance as far as Yandabo; for the king, from motives of piety and regard to life, made no effort whatever to oppose them. The strangers had spent vast sums of money in their enterprise; and by the time they reached Yandabo, their resources were exhausted, and they were in great distress. They petitioned the king, who, in his clemency and generosity, sent them large sums of money to pay their expenses back, and ordered them out of the country.—*Crawford's Embassy to Ava*.

TOO CIVIL BY HALF.—A learned Irish Judge, among other peculiarities, has a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. On his circuit, a short time since, his favourite expression was employed in a singular manner. At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence on one of the criminals, as he had intended—"Dear me!" said his Lordship, *I really beg his pardon—bring him in.*"

ANIMAL FOOD.—For myself—let me be endured in shortly stating, that having often passed from one sort of food to the other, I may be considered as having made frequent experiments in this affair, all of them corroborative of the opinion that animal food and alcohol are pernicious, and abstinence from them favorable to our physical, intellectual, and moral well being. Farinaceous vegetables contain more *gluten*, more nourishment, in proportion to their weight and volume, than roast beef itself. If the stomach is sensible of the load committed to it, that load has been too great. By attending to this symptom all may avoid excess, and the pains and perils of indigestion.—*Personal and Literary Memorials, by Henry Best, Esq.*

PERSIAN MELONS.—The district of Gerger is particularly famous for its melons. And in Persia only can this fruit be eaten in full perfection. The musk melons are quite different from those of Europe. They melt in the mouth like sugar, and are almost as sweet. They are perfectly aromatic, without possessing that overpowering smell that our's have. At Shiraz and Ispahan, where the heat, during the summer months, is extreme, they arrive at great perfection, and are so delicate and so much prized that people are stationed near where they grow, to prevent horsemen from galloping past them, since the concussion of the earth, even from so slight a cause as the galloping of a horse would cause them to burst, if perfectly ripe. Notwithstanding the power of the sun, and the richness of the soil in those places, the strongest and most heating manure, such as the sweepings of pigeon houses, is used for the beds in which they are planted. Ispahan is particularly renowned for its winter melons.—*The Athenæum*.

QUEEN ANNE.—Queen Anne, though by no means faultless in temper, or eminent in understanding, appears to have had qualities which attracted general regard, and the people watched her last illness with an affectionate concern. In the early part of the reign, her supposed disposition to interfere in politics excited a jealousy far greater, apparently, than circumstances really warranted. In the secret correspondence maintained by Cecil with James before the death of Elizabeth, Anne is mentioned with anxiety as liable, from facility of disposition, to be acted upon by sinister influences. But the evil never became very formidable. Her manners were extremely popular. Cooke, in his 'Detection,' boldly panegyricizes her 'piety, prudence, temperance, and chastity.' Even Weldon confesses that she was 'a very brave queen;' and Osborne, while he censures her uncovered shoulders, yet condescends to observe that her skin was 'amiable,' and her disposition 'debonair.' As she passed through London to the coronation, 'she so mildly saluted her subjects,' that the women were 'weeping ripe.' Her fidelity as a wife is unimpeached, except by the most vague scandal, for we ascribe little importance to the advances unhandsomely hinted at by Lord Herbert of Cherbury as wasted upon himself; and even the 'impartial' Harris is ashamed of Peyton, when among slanders yet more infamous, he avers that Prince Henry was the son, not of James, but of 'Lord Saintclair,' and that the father of Charles I. was 'one Mr. Beely, a Dane,' which fact was disclosed by Beely himself to the author 'in great secrecy.' We only mention this libel as a specimen of one of the memoir-writers who are mildly termed 'satirical.' Peyton was apparently a zealot of the highest strain. Sweet indeed must have been the counsel of the saints, if these morsels may be taken as a sample!—*The Quarterly Review*.

TWISTING ARTERIES TO STOP HÆMORRHAGE.—At the same sitting was read a memoir of M. Amussat, containing the substance of experiments, by which he had come to the conclusion that, as a mode of stopping hæmorrhage, twisting the arteries was more prompt, more sure, and less painful, than binding. He had found that twisting the artery four times would stop the hæmorrhage without a rupture of the internal membrane, but that on the fifth turn that membrane will break.—*The Athenæum*.

THE RIGHTS OF PHILOSOPHERS.—A Nobleman observing one day at dinner a person eminent for his philosophical talents, intent on chusing the delicacies of the table, said to him, "What! do philosophers love dainties?" "Why not?" returned the other; "do you think, my Lord, that the good things of this world were made only for blockheads?"

A DISBELIEVING DIVINE.—Disbelievers of miracles and mysteries are to be found where one does not expect them. A worthy Rector of a parish, who boasted that for 27 years he had not once omitted the Sunday duty of his church, said to me lately, "As for Scripture miracles, I can only remark on them, as a gentleman replied to some one who told him a very strange story, 'Sir, I believe it, because you say it; but I would not believe it if I had seen it myself.'" This Clergyman said, "I teach a good morality, and one sanction does as well as another."—*Personal and Literary Memorials, by Henry Best, Esq.*

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.—The subject of migration appears to have been a very favourite one with our author, occupying the greater part of many of his subsequent letters, and evidently often the subject of his private thoughts. He sometimes seems puzzled with regard to the possibility of many of the migrating species being able to undergo the fatigue of long or continued journeys; and often wishes almost to believe, though contrary to his better judgment, that some of them enter into a regular torpidity. We find torpidity occurring among animals, fishes, the amphibæ, and reptiles, and among insects; but we have never found any authenticated instance of this provision taking place among birds. Their frames are adapted to a more extensive locomotive power; and the change to climates more congenial to their constitutions preventing the necessity of any actual change in the system, is supplied to those animals deprived of the power for extensive migration by a temporary suspension of most of the faculties which, in other circumstances, would be entirely destroyed. Birds, it is true, are occasionally found in holes, particularly our summer birds of passage, in what has been called a torpid state, and have revived upon being placed in a warmer temperature; but this, I consider, has always been a suspended animation, where all the functions were entirely bound up as in death and which, by the continuance of a short period, would have caused death itself—not torpidity, where various functions and secretions, capable for a time of sustaining the frame, are still going on. The possibility of performing long journeys, as we must believe some species are obliged to do before arriving at their destination, at first appears nearly incredible, but when brought to a matter of plain calculation, the difficulty is much diminished. The flight of birds may be estimated at from 50 to 150 miles an hour; and if we take a medium of this, as a rate for the migrating species, we shall have little difficulty in reconciling the possibility of their flight. This however, can only be applied to such species as, in their migrations, have to cross some vast extent of ocean without a resting-place. Many that visit this country, particularly those from Africa, merely skirt the coast, crossing at the narrowest parts, and again progressively advancing, until they reach their final quarters, and during this time having their supply of suitable food daily augmented. The causes influencing the migration of birds, appear more difficult to solve than the possibility of the execution of it. They seem to be influenced by an innate law, which we do not, and cannot, comprehend, though in some measure dependent on the want of food or climate congenial to the systems of each, and which acts almost without the will of the individual. Neither this, however, nor the duties incumbent on incubation, can be the only exciting causes, as we may judge by the partial migrations of some to different parts of the same country, where food and the conveniences for breeding are alike; by the partial migration only, of a species from one country to another, differing decidedly in temperature, and where the visiting species thrives equally with the resident one; and by the males of some species migrating while the females remain.—*Literary Journal*.

A GRATIFYING REPLY.—A gentleman, who fills every situation necessary to constitute him “the head of the village,” and who had taken some pains to instruct the rustic inhabitants in the proper signs of respect due to him, being on a horse somewhat given to *shy*, and observing a lad walking before him, called out, “Boy, don’t take off your hat;” the youth turning his head, very innocently answered, “*I won’t e going, Sir.*”

DR. JOHNSON.—The late Dr. Samuel Johnson was a man of great parts, and was indisputably a great man, if great parts simply can make one: but Dr. Samuel Johnson was the meanest of bigots, a dupe and slave to the most contemptible prejudices; and, upon subjects the most important, is known to have held opinions, which are absolutely a disgrace to the human understanding.”—*Sylvia, or the Wood*, p. 343.—This very amusing work was written by Dr. Heathcote, author of a spirited political pamphlet, entitled *The Irenarch*.—*The Examiner*.

A LARGE TOWN.—One of the towns in Barbadoes is called Bridge Town, and it is of that magnitude, that Lord Seaforth, upon first visiting it, turned round to his aids-de-camp, and said—“Gentlemen, keep close! or I shall be out of the town before you are in it.”

THE GREGARIOUS SPIRIT OF ANIMALS.—There is a wonderful spirit of sociability in the brute creation, independent of sexual attachment: the congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance. Many horses, though quiet with company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves; the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbour's horse will not only stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his forefeet. He has been known to leap out at a stable window, through which dung was thrown, after company; and yet, in other respects, is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten by themselves, but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance in sheep, which constantly flock together. But this propensity seems not to be confined to animals of the same species; for we know a doe, still alive, that was brought up from a little farm with a dairy of cows; with them it goes a-field, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her; but, if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues, while the master smiles to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers over hedge or gate, or stile, till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture. Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship. For a very intelligent and observant person has assured me that, in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees, an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs, while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion—thus, by mutual good offices each seemed to console the vacant hours of other.—*Literary Gazette.*

MINES OF WIELISKA.—From superior advantages in engines, rail-ways, and canals, the English Mines are worked with the most economy, but the Mines of Wieliska, in Poland, are the most interesting. The imagination is confounded at the idea of finding, after a descent of 350 steps, vast halls, (the hall of Klosky is 360 feet high, and 180 feet wide), stabling for 80 horses, store-houses, offices for clerks, and three chapels; the whole of the fittings, altars, statues, crucifixes, tables, desks, and seats, worked in salt!

JEWISH TRANSCRIBERS OF THE SCRIPTURES.—In transcribing the Sacred Writing, it has been a constant rule with the Jews, that whatever is considered as corrupt shall never be used but shall be burnt, or otherwise destroyed. A book of the law, wanting but one letter, with one letter too much, or with an error in one single letter written with any thing but ink or written on parchment made of the hide of an unclean animal, or on parchment not purposely prepared for that use, or prepared by any but Israelites, or on skins of parchment tied together by unclean strings, shall be holden to be corrupt; that no word shall be written without a line first drawn on the parchment, no word written by heart, or without having been pronounced orally by the writer; that before he writes the name of God, he shall wash his pen; that no letter shall be joined to another; and that if the blank parchment cannot be seen all around each letter, the roll shall be corrupt. There are certain rules for the length and breadth of each sheet, and for the space to be left between each letter, each word, and each section. These Maimonides mentions as some of the principal rules to be observed in copying the sacred rolls. Even to this day it is an obligation on the persons who copy the sacred writings for the use of the synagogue to observe them. Those who have not seen the rolls used in the synagogues, can have no conception of the exquisite beauty, correctness, and equality of the writing.—*Lectures on Biblical Criticism.*

BENARES.—In round terms, the population of Benares may be safely called two hundred thousand, so that it is still entitled to the name of a first-rate city, being on a par with Edinburgh and Bristol; four times as large as Brussels or Rotterdam; and eight times greater than Geneva.—*Gleanings in Science.*

A CONSOLATION.—A gamester finding luck go very hard against him, exclaimed, "Ah, Fortune ! 'tis true you make me lose, but I defy you to make me pay."

THE CUCKOO.—The observation that 'the cuckoo does not deposit its egg indiscriminately in the nest of the first bird that comes in its way, but probably looks out a nurse in some degree congenerous, with whom to intrust its young,' is perfectly new to me, and struck me so forcibly, that I naturally fell into a train of thought that led me to consider whether the fact was so, and what reason there was for it. When I came to recollect and enquire, I could not find that any cuckoo had ever been seen in these parts except in the nest of the wagtail, the hedge-sparrow, the tit-lark the white throat, and the red breasts, all soft-billed insectivorous birds. The excellent Mr. Willughby mentions the nest of the *palumbus* (ring-dove), and of the *pingilla* (chaffinch), birds that subsist on acorns and grains, and such hard food ; but then he does not mention them of his own knowledge ; but says afterwards, that he saw himself a wagtail feeding a cuckoo. It appears hardly possible that a soft-billed bird should subsist on the same food with the hard-billed ; for the former have thin membranaceous stomachs suited to their soft food ; while the latter, the granivorous tribe have strong muscular gizzards, which, like mills, grind by the help of small gravels and pebbles what is swallowed. This proceeding of the cuckoo is such a monstrous outrage on maternal affection, one of the first great dictates of nature, and such a violence on instinct, that, had it only been related of a bird in the Brazils or Peru, it would never have merited our belief. But yet, should it further appear that this simple bird, when divested of that natural *στοργή* that seems to raise the kind in general above themselves, and inspire them with extraordinary degrees of cunning and address, may be still endued with a more enlarged faculty of discerning what species are suitable and congenerous nurse-mothers for its disregarded eggs and young, and may deposit them only under their care : this would be adding wonder to wonder, and instancing, in a fresh manner, the methods of Providence are not subjected to any mode or rule, but astonish us in new lights and in various and changeable appearances.—*Literary Journal*.

NAPOLEON.—At Avignon, I knew a very old priest who was acquainted with Bonaparte in his youth. This old man told me, Bonaparte had at that time a very awkward way of looking downwards or aside when in conversation with any one. I said to him, "M. Bonaparte, when one speaks to any body, one ought to look him in the face : to turn away one's eyes is uncivil." I asked, "How did he take it ?" —"Quietly, and even as if he was obliged to me. I was older than he : he was a young man, and not the great man he afterwards became." This *mauvaise honte*, as the old priest called it, is often in young men a symptom of strong feeling : it is unjust to impute it, as is too frequently done, to a defect of good manners or of intellectual powers.—Bonaparte's soldiers were permitted to jest with him. When this great man commanded in Italy, as he rode by a company of grenadiers, he saw among them a man of very short stature, and said to him, "You are very short for a grenadier." The soldier replied, "If generals were chosen by their height, you would not be one of them." When he became Emperor, the familiarity of his soldiers might be diminished, but their enthusiasm and affection were even still more fervent than before his elevation.—*Personal and Literary Memoirs, by Henry Best, Esq.*

AN OX.—A man sent a note to a rich neighbour he was on friendly terms with, to borrow an ox for a few hours. The worthy old man was no scholar, and happened to have a guest sitting with him at the time, that he did not wish to expose his ignorance to. Opening the note, and pretending to read it, after reflecting a moment, turning to the servant, "Very good," says he, "tell your master I'll come myself presently."

IRISH MODE OF CATCHING THE ENGLISH ACCENT.—Mr. Curran being asked, "What an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue?" answered, "I suppose he is trying to catch the English accent."

A COMPLIMENT.—Dr. Parr and Lord Erskine are said to have been the vainest men of their time. At dinner, some years since, Dr. Parr, in extacy with the conversational powers of Lord E., called out to him, "My lord, I mean to write your epitaph." "Dr. Parr," replied the noble lawyer, "it is a temptation to commit suicide."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.—About a fortnight after I had been settled at Florence, in my apartment in the Palazzo-Niccolini, at the beginning of July 1822, at the approach of the hour of retiring to rest, I was detained by the appearance of a coming-on thunder-storm—a sight I always love to witness. I walked about my great hall and along the gallery; seven large mullioned windows permitted me to enjoy the almost unintercepted flashes of lightning, while the spacious rooms echoed the thunder. The storm increased in violence: the lightning was no longer forked and darting, but an ἀμφιλαφής ἐμπρησμός, almost continuous, that wrapped in flame the statues and orange trees of the garden, and cast a flashing glare on the busts and armorial shield of the family Niccolini, and on one female figure in marble larger than life, that stood at the upper end of the gallery. I went to the other side of the apartment the dome of the cathedral was illuminated; but it was too near, and the view was too much bounded for it to be picturesque. I returned to the gallery to have a larger *plaga calis*. Opposite to the furthest window of the hall, Antoine had set up a high and wide screen, to partition off for himself a sort of butler's pantry: the window not being duly fastened, burst open; the screen fell flat on the floor and when this loud resounding was past, the wind howled fearfully through the hall: so dreadful was the lightning, that I dared not draw nigh to shut the window I spent more than an hour in the delight of this terrible excitement. On that night, on the coast, at forty miles distance, Percy Bysshe Shelley was shipwrecked. What horrors were endured by the friends who knew of his danger! What thoughts have since crowded into my own mind! I knew him not, but I admire and pity him. But Shelley, say the bigots, who receive their faith from a tyrant, a tyro, and a tigress, 'Shelley was an Atheist!' True: they who have the boldness to set up altar against altar; to tear the seamless robe of Christ; to distrust his promised help and to charge his spouse, the Church, with faithlessness and adultery;—these men can be struck with horror at the Atheism of Shelley, and drive him from among them. Was his heart less warm, was his disinterestedness less sincere, was his conscience less pure than theirs! A young, and ardent, an impetuous mind, rejects control, refuses to submit to an authority which has itself spurned authority; he refuses to acquiesce as a mere formalist in dogmas of whose truth he is unconvinced he rushes into error; but into error, which his example, and that of many others, has proved may be allied with genius, may be compatible with benevolence, may be adorned by the observance of social duty. How is such a man to be reclaimed? "Shame to the self applauding age and country to which he belonged!—the attempt is made by violating, in his regard, the clearest laws, the most sacred right of nature. The Author of Being has established, by the course of his providence, that relation which the parents hold with those who derive from them their existence; and no truth of revealed religion is more clear than the voice which speaks to the heart of the father, impressing sentiments which no other can feel, imposing duties which no other can discharge, exciting gratitude which can be paid to no other, because by no other can it be claimed. Enough the storm is hushed; let all but the genius of of Shelley be silent.—*Spectator*.

WEALTH.—Nothing tends to the better comprehending the small things which God considers he has given to men, in abandoning to them riches, titles, great establishments, and other worldly goods, than the dispensation which he has made of them, and the sort of men who are the best supplied.—A kind of spirit is necessary to the making a fortune, and particularly a large fortune. It is however neither the good nor the fine spirit, the grand nor the sublime, neither the strong, nor the delicate—I know not precisely what it is; and I expect that no one will be able to inform me.—If it be true; that one may be rich by all that of which one has no real need, a very rich man is a man that is wise. If it be true, that one may be poor by all the things that one may have a desire for, the ambitious and the avaricious languish in an extreme poverty.—*La Bruyère*.

CONSUMPTION.—Sugar of whey, dissolved in water, is much employed in Italy and France as a common beverage in pulmonary consumption; and some Italian physicians suppose that it possesses the power of correcting the scrofulous habit, and that it is very superior to the decoction of sarsaparilla (simple or compound) as an alterative or purifier of the blood.—*Atlas*.

NATURAL THEOLOGY.—In a cheap little scientific work which forms part of the *Library of Religious Knowledge*, we find the following beautiful illustration of the amazing force with which the blood is propelled through the vessels in its passage from the heart. The author states “that if any of the arteries of a horse be made to communicate with an upright tube, the blood will ascend in that tube to a height of about *ten feet* above the level of the heart and will there continue, falling and rising a few inches with each successive pulsation. The degree of force which the heart in the human frame exerts in forcing the blood into the arteries is estimated at *sixty-pounds*.” The *durability* of the heart may also be judged of by this observation ; that notwithstanding the complexity of the mechanism and the delicacy of its parts, yet this wonderful machine shall go night and day, for eighty years together, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours, having at every stroke so great a resistance to overcome, and shall continue this action for this length of time without disorder and without weariness.”—*Atlas*.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE BRUTE CREATION.—Whether one beast is capable of forming a design, and communicating its designs by any kind of language to others, we submit to the judgment of the reader, after giving the following instance, which among others is brought as a proof of it, by Father Bourgeant. “A sparrow finding a nest that a martin had just built standing very conveniently for him, possessed himself of it. The martin seeing the usurper in her house called strongly for help to expel him. A thousand martins came in full speed and attacked the sparrow ; but the latter being covered on every side, and presenting only his large beak at the entrance of the nest was invulnerable, and made the boldest of them repent their temerity. After a quarter of an hour’s combat, all the martins disappeared. The sparrow seemed to think he had got the better, and the spectators judged that the martins had abandoned their undertaking. Not in the least. In a few seconds they returned to the charge, and each of them having procured a little of that tempered earth with which they build their nests, they all at once fell upon the sparrow, and enclosed him in the nest to perish there, since they could not drive him thence.” Could the martins concert this design, without some medium equivalent to language ?—*Spectator*.

BUONAPARTE’S OPINION OF FRIENDSHIP.—One of Buonaparte’s greatest misfortunes was a disbelief in the existence of friendship. How often have I heard him say “Friendship is but an empty word :—I love nobody ; no, not even my brothers :—Joseph perhaps a little ; and yet if I love him, it is merely from habit—because he is the eldest. Then, Duroc ;—yes, I like him too :—but why ? His disposition suits mine ; he is cold, harsh, and unbending—he never weeps. To me the friendship of others is a matter of indifference :—I know that I have ~~no~~ real friends :—as long as I am what I am, I shall have no scarcity of seeming ones. Mark my words, Bourrienne—leave women to weep and whine ;—it is their business. I hate sensibility :—man should be firm ;—his heart should be firm :—he that is otherwise must meddle neither with war nor government.”—*De Bourrienne’s Memoirs*.

TULIP TREE.—In the neighbourhood of Calcutta, and all over India, the tulip tree is as common as the poplar is in Britain. But it is different in our northern climate, and though the plant is sometimes met with in first-rate shrubberies, we are only aware of a single instance in which this exotic has reached any thing like its natural dimensions, and is annually seen covered with myriads of flowers. A more glorious object it is impossible to conceive, and words would fail us if we attempted to express the deep—nay, the thrilling sensation of pleasure with which we lately gazed on a tulip tree at Cally. Its stem is as thick as an ordinary plane ; its foliage still more beautifully rounded, while every second or third leaf is gemmed with a flower that may well be called a tulip. The magnificence of such an object, studding an open lawn, with Portugal laurels fringing its margin, limpid waters below, and bright skies above, may be easily conceived, and is well worthy riding a dozen miles to see. The tulip tree at Cally is thirty years old, and has thriven not the worse that it has twice transplanted. For three years it has flowered in succession—a very rare circumstance in Scotland. Even its leaves are beautiful and remarkable, and we plucked one at random, which resembles in shape a saddle-cloth and measures eleven inches by ten.—*Dumfries Courier*.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.—It is not enough to account for the fall of the leaf, to say it falls because it is weakened or dead; for the mere death of a leaf is not sufficient to cause its fall, as when branches are struck by lightning, killed by bleak winds, or die by any similar cause, the dead leaves adhere tenaciously to the dead branch. To produce the natural fall of the leaf, the branch must continue to live while its leaves die, and are thrown off by the action of its sap-vessels. The change of temperature, from hot to cold, seems to be one of the principle circumstances connected with the death and fall of the leaf. Hence it is that European trees growing in the southern hemisphere, cast their leaves at the approach of winter there, which is about the same period of the year that they put them forth in their own climate. The native trees of the tropics are all evergreens, and like our hollies and pines, have no general fall of the leaf, though there is always a partial fall going forward, and at the same time a renewal of the loss.—*Atlas*.

SPENSER.—Immediately on leaving college, Spenser retired to the north of England, where he first became enamoured of the fair being to whom, according to the fashion of the day, he gave the fanciful appellation of Rosalind. We are told that the letters which form this word being "well ordered" (that is, *transposed*) comprehend her real name; but it has hitherto escaped the penetration of his biographers. Two of his friends were entrusted with the secret, and they, with a discretion more to be regretted than blamed, have kept it. One of these, who speaks from personal knowledge, tells us, in a note on the eclogues, that she was the daughter of a widow, that she was a gentlewoman, and one "that for her rare and singular gifts of person and mind. Spenser need not have been ashamed to love." We can believe this of a poet, whose delicate perception of female worth breathes in almost every page of his works; but after having, as he hoped made some progress in her heart, a rival stepped in, whom Spenser accuses expressly of having supplanted him by treacherous arts; and on this obscure and nameless wight, Rosalind bestowed the hand which had been coveted—the charms which had been sung by Spenser! He suffered long and deeply, wounded both in his pride and in his love: but her beauty and virtue had made a stronger impression than her cruelty: and her lover, with a generous tenderness, not only pardoned, but found excuses for her disdain.—*Loves of the Poets*.

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.—The following is published, in a work by M. Adrien Balbi, as a statement of the progressive aggrandisement of the Russian empire:

	<i>Sq. Miles.</i>	<i>Population.</i>
1462, at the accession of John III.....	295,900..	6,000,000
1505, at his death.....	594,200..	10,000,000
1584, at the death of John IV.....	2,007,400..	12,000,000
1645, at the death of Mich. Roman of	4,069,800..	12,000,000
1689, at the accession of Peter I.....	4,222,400..	15,000,000
1725, at his death, comprehending the conquests from the Persians.....	4,413,000..	20,000,000
1762, at the accession of Cath. II.....	5,112,600..	25,000,000
1796, at her death.....	5,309,300..	36,000,000
1825, at the death of Alexander.....	5,879,900..	58,000,000

He considers the following to be the existing state of the empire:

Surface in square miles.....	5,912,000
Population.....	60,000,000
Revenue, in francs.....	400,000,000
Debt, in francs.....	1,300,000,000
Army.....	1,039,000
Ships of war of all sizes.....	130

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GOLD IN THE UNITED STATES.—We are informed that a gold mine has been recently discovered in Davidson county, containing a vein of the precious metal *eighty feet in width*. This is the largest vein ever heard of in this or any other country. They generally vary in width from two to five feet.—*Raleigh Register*.

AIR-PROPELLED CARRIAGE.—P. Hesketh, Esq. of Rossall-hall, has lately received an air-chariot, brought by Captain Parkinson, of the Knot-end, from Liverpool. It is propelled on the sands by wind, having sails in every respect similar to those of a boat, and runs upon four wheels. We understand it was built at Dover, and can be steered with the greatest facility with a side or a stern wind.—*Preston Chronicle*.—[This appears to be a copy of the wind carriage which we have often described, which was used last century in Holland, and travelled occasionally twenty miles, or more, in the hour. There is a description and engraving of it in Hooper's *Rational Recreations*. Pócock's kites would, in our opinion, be better and safer than sails for such a vehicle.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

DRYDEN.—It must be confessed that the aspiring love of some of our poets have not proved auspicious even when successful. Dryden married Lady Elizabeth Howard, the daughter of the Earl of Berkshire: but not "all the blood of all the Howards" could make her either wise or amiable: he had better have married a milkmaid. She was weak in intellect, and violent in temper. Sir Walter Scott observes, very feelingly, that "The wife of one who is to gain his livelihood by poetry, or by any labour (if any there be), equally exhausting, must either have taste enough to relish her husband's performances, or good nature sufficient to pardon his infirmities." It was Dryden's misfortune that Lady Elizabeth had neither one nor the other. Of all our really great poets, Dryden is the one least indebted to woman; and to whom, in return, women are least indebted: he is almost devoid of sentiment in the true meaning of the word, "His idea of the female character was low;" his homage to beauty was not of that kind which beauty should be proud to receive. When he attempted the praise of women, it was in a strain of fulsome, far-fetched, laboured adulation, which betrayed his insincerity; but his genius was at home when we were the subject of licentious tales and coarse satire. It was through this inherent want of refinement and true respect for our sex, that he deformed Boccaccio's lovely tale of Gismunda; and, as the Italian novelist has sins enough of his own to answer for, Dryden might have left him the beauties of this tender story, unallured by the profane coarseness of his own taste. In his tragedies, his heroines on stilts, and his drawcansir heroes, whine, rant, strut and rage, and tear passion to tatters—to very rags; but love, such as it exists in gentle, pure, unselfish bosoms—love, such as it glows in the pages of Shakspeare and Spenser, Petrarch and Tasso—such love

As doth become mortality

Glancing at heaven,

he could not imagine or appreciate, far less express or describe. He could pour-tray a Cleopatra; but he could not conceive a Juliet. His ideas of our sex seem to have been formed from a profligate actress, and a silly, wayward, provoking wife; and we have avenged ourselves—for Dryden is not the poet of women; and of all our English classics, is the least honoured in a lady's library. Dryden was the original of the famous repartee to be found, I believe, in every jest-book; shortly after his marriage, Lady Elizabeth, being rather annoyed at her husband's very studious habits, wished herself a book, that she might have a little more of his attention. "Yes my dear," replied Dryden, "an almanack,"—"Why an almanack?" asked the wife innocently.—"Because then, my dear, I should change you once a year." The laugh, of course is on the side of the wit; but Lady Elizabeth was a young spoiled beauty of rank, married to a man she loved; and her wish methinks, was very feminine and natural: if it was spoken with petulance and bitterness, it deserved the repartee; if with tenderness and playfulness, the wit of the reply can scarcely excuse its ill-nature.—*Loves of the Poets*.

ALLOYED IRON PLATE.—A manufacture of prepared iron has been practised and the substance produced used to a considerable extent in Paris. The object has been to prepare iron in large plates, and other forms, so that it will not rust; and this has been effected by coating it with an alloy of tin and lead, so as to form an imitation of tin plate. The trials made with this article have been favourable. It resists the action of certain fluids that would rapidly corrode iron alone, and can be prepared of any size, and at a low price. Its use in the manufacture of sugar-pans and boilers, and in the construction of roofs and gutters, is expected to be very considerable.—*Atlas*.

VEGETABLE POISONS.—In a paper recently read to the Académie des Sciences, to shew the means of neutralising the action of vegetable alkalies on the animal economy, it was stated that the administration of two grains and a half of the iodide, the bromide, or the chloride of strychnia, produced no pernicious effect on a dog, although it is well known that strychnia is the most deleterious of the vegetable alkalies, and that half a grain will kill a large dog. It being important to ascertain whether, if the poison and the antidote were introduced into the stomach separately, an innoxious combination would take place, seven experiments were tried of administering, first, a grain of pure strychnia or veratria, and subsequently a dose of tincture of iodine; and, with the exception of one case, in which the administration of the tincture of iodine was too long delayed, the life of the animal was uniformly preserved. The same success, however, did not attend the administration of the tincture of brome.—*Lit. Gazette.*

CHINESE BULLETINS.—In Yunnan, say the last imperial rescripts a son of the devil lately lifted his battle-axe against the Chinese throne; his name was Chanvinglan. He hired Wakenselim to make a seal like that of the emperor, and this he affixed to a manifesto. The wrath of the emperor, swift as the lightning, and loud as the thunder fell upon the rebels; and they were scattered. Wakenselim was taken, and cut into ten thousand pieces; but Chanvinglan fled to Seoouchou. The faithful servants of his majesty were then rewarded with imperial munificence. To the grand commissioner, Neyunching, was given a peacock's feather with two eyes; to Poh-Poh, a blue button; and to Hiderhangti, a yellow tea-pot. The rebel Chanvinglan, in the hurry of his flight, was obliged to leave all his tea-equipage behind him, and is supposed to be wandering in despair. "Long may be wrath of heaven follow him," says the rescript, and "long may he be without his tea."—*Atlas.*

ADDISON.—Addison married the Countess of Warwick! Poor man! I believe his partician bride did every thing but beat him. His courtship had been long, timid, and anxious; and at length the lady was persuaded to marry him, on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the sultan is reported to pronounce, "Daughter, I give thee this man to be thy slave." They were only three years married, and those were years of bitterness.—*Loves of the Poets.*

A WORD!—A late Number of the Cherokee Phoenix furnishes an example of a long and very significant word. It is written thus:—wi-ni-dau-di-ge-gi-na-li-skau-lung-da-nau-ne-li-di-se-sti, and signifies—"They will, at the time, have almost ceased to shew favour from afar (or, while absent) to me and to thee." The first syllable, *wi*, denotes that the subject of the verb is absent. *Ni* denotes that some circumstance *other* is spoken of, and that the action of the verb will be completed as soon as that circumstance takes place: hence it is rendered, *at the time*. The syllable *dau* shews that the action of the verb is dative—to *thee* and *to me*, to each severally. *Di* denotes the plural of the object of the verb, that more than one favour is shewn. The word favour is not expressed in this polysyllabic word, but merely the circumstance that several are shewn—the abstract idea of the plurality of the object. The next syllable, *ge*, denotes the person and the number of the verb, *they*. *Gi-na*—these syllables express the persons and numbers of the receivers—*thou and I*. Only three syllables, *li-skau-lung*, are radical and unchangeable. *Da* varies with tenses and moods, but is not of particular importance. The syllable *nau* indicates that the action is nearly finished—*they will almost have ceased*. *Ne* is equivalent to our *to*, and has a dative signification. *Li-di* signifies almost, or rather our *to be about*—*they are about to finish, or to cease*. The concluding *se-sti* is the termination of the future. This example shews that the Cherokee language can make shift with few particles, and without any prepositions at all.—*Lit. Gazette.*

M. DE TALLEYRAND.—A lady paid a visit to M. de Talleyrand. She had two qualities that do not usually much recommend the fair sex to the admiration of men—she affected to be a profound politician, and, what was worse, she squinted very much. After some common talk, the lady said, in a coaxing way, "Eh bien, Monsieur de Talleyrand, dites moi donc un peu comment vont les affaires publiques" (Well, M. de T. tell me—let me hear a little how public affairs go on.)—"Comme vous voyez, Madame,—de travers" (As you see, Madam—all awry.)—*Personal and Literary Memorials, by Henry Best, Esq.*

PLURIBUS AND PATRICIAN SERVITUDE EQUALIZED.—"If a groom serve a gentleman in his chamber, that gentleman a lord, and that lord a prince; the groom, the gentleman, and the lord, are as much servants one as the other; the circumstantial difference of the one's getting only his bread and wages, the second a plentiful, and the third a superfluous estate, is no more intrinsic to this matter than the difference between a plain, a rich, and a gaudy livery. I do not say that he who sells his whole time and his own will for one hundred thousand, is not a wiser merchant than he who does it for one hundred pounds; but I will swear they are both merchants, and that he is happier than both who can live contentedly without selling that estate to which he was born."—*Cowley: Essay on Liberty.*

YOUNG.—Young the author of the *Night Thoughts*, married Lady Elizabeth Lee, the daughter of the Earl of Litchfield, and grand-daughter of the too famous, or more properly, infamous Duchess of Cleveland:—the marriage was not a happy one. I think, however, the lady was not entirely to blame.—*Loves of the Poets.*

TRUE VALOUR.—"If thou desire to be truly valiant, feare to doe any injury: he that feares not to doe evill, is always afraid to suffer evill: he that never feares is desperate: and he that feares alwayes is a coward: he is the true valiant man, that dares nothing but what he may, and feares nothing but what he ought."—*Quarles' Enchiridion, 2d Cent. 59.*

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "ROUND ROBIN."—"The round robin, without which the British sailors would be deprived of their right of petition, was first invented in Athens, on the occasion of the conspiracy of Aristogiton and Hermodius, against the tyranny of the Pisistratidæ. The Romans, in imitation of the Greeks, not to indicate their preference to any, either among their guests or friends, wrote their names in a circle in such a manner that it was impossible to say which was the first, second, or last, in their estimation. Thus, they evinced an equality of regard to all, without mortifying any one by an invidious distinction of honour or favour. They generally wrote the names of their slaves in the compass of a round robin, that it might not appear to which they meant to give liberty, or who were their favourites. On the celebration of the Saturnalia, it was customary for the servants and slaves to ridicule the vices and imperfections of their masters through the medium of the round robin; and we read that Cicero was once so offended and irritated at the cutting sarcasm and piquant satire with which his slaves in this manner lashed his faults, that he was hurried into an ungovernable rage of cholerick passion."—*Courier.*

AN AMERICAN MAN-OF-WAR.—The *Philadelphia Bulletin* says, that the ship *Pennsylvania*, now in progress at the navy-yard in that city, "has three decks, independent of the spar deck, and is pierced for 160 guns, but will carry 200. With her compliment of men, which will not be less than 13 or 1,400, her gigantic dimensions, rounding stern, and an able commander, she may literally sweep the seas, and woo to the enemy who attempts to cope with her single-handed. The best bower anchor of the *Pennsylvania* weighs 10,171 pounds!"—*Atlas.*

THE PRUSSIAN THIEF AND FREDERICK THE SECOND.—There is a pleasant well-known story of a Prussian thief, and Frederick the Second. We forget what was the precise valuable found upon the Prussian soldier, and missed from an image of the Virgin Mary; but we believe it was a ring. He was tried for sacrilege, and the case appeared clear against him, when he puzzled his Catholic Judges by informing them, that the fact was, the Virgin Mary had given him that ring. Here was a terrible dilemma. To dispute the possibility or even probability of a gift from the Virgin Mary, was to deny their religion: while on the other hand, to let the fellow escape on the pretence, was to canonize impudence itself. The worthy judges, in their perplexity, applied to the king, who under the guise of behaving delicately to their faith, was not sorry to have such an opportunity of joking it. His majesty therefore pronounced, with becoming gravity, that the allegation of the soldier could not but have its due weight with all Catholic believers; but that in future, it was forbidden any Prussian subject, military or civil to accept a present from the Virgin Mary.—*Indicator.*

PAUL, THE SPANISH SHARPER.—Quevedo, no ordinary person, is very amusing. His Visions of Hell in particular though of a very different kind from Dante's, are more edifying. But our business at present is with his "History of Paul the Spanish Sharper, the Pattern of Rogues and Mirror of Vagabonds." We do not know that he deserves these appellations so much as some others; but they are to be looked upon as titular ornaments, common to the Spanish *Kleptocracy*. He is extremely pleasant, especially in his younger days. His mother, who is no better than the progenitor of such a personage ought to be, happens to have the misfortune one day of being carted. Paul, who was then a school-boy, was elected king on some boyish holiday; and riding out upon a half-starved horse, it picked up a small cabbage as they went through the market. The market-women began pelting the king with rotten oranges and turnip-tops; upon which, having feathers in his cap, and getting a notion in his head that they mistook him for his mother, who agreeably to a Spanish custom was tricked out in the same manner when she was carted, he halloo'd out, "Good women, though I wear feathers in my cap, I am none of Alonzo Saturno de Rebillo. She is my mother." But we forget, that our little picaro was a thief. One specimen of his talents this way, and we have done with the Spaniards. He went with young Don Diego to the university; and here getting applause for some tricks he played people, and dandling, as it were, his growing propensity to theft, he invited his companions one evening to see him steal a box of comfits from a confectioner's. He accordingly draws his rapier, which was stiff and well pointed; runs violently into the shop; and exclaiming "You're a dead man," makes a fierce lunge at the confectioner between the body and arm. Down drops the man, half dead with fear: the others rush out. But what of the box of comfits? "Where are the box comfits, Paul?" said the rogues: "we do not see what you have done after all, except frighten the fellow." "Look here, my boys," answered Paul. They looked, and at the end of his rapier beheld, with shouts of laughter, the vanquished box. He had marked it out on the shelf; and under pretence of lunging at the confectioner, pinked it away like a muffin.—*Indicator*.

A COMPLIMENTARY SPEECH.—A country Member, Sir E. K., rose suddenly one evening in the House of Commons, and thus addressed the Chair:—"Mr. Speaker, I wish to call the attention of the House to a subject which personally concerns myself, and almost every Member in it." There was a profound silence for it was immediately concluded the Hon. Baronet had an important question of privilege to submit. "I wish to give notice, Mr. Speaker, that on Tuesday next I shall move for a repeal of the Act, passed last Session, relating to rogues and vagabonds?" A roar of laughter followed this announcement. The Act alluded to was one relating to the Game laws.—*Monthly Magazine*.

ANTIDOTE TO OXALIC ACID.—It cannot be too generally known that common whitening mixed with water and drank plentifully is found to be a complete antidote to oxalic acid.—*Courier*.

THE DRAMA.—It has been a grave question, since the first introduction of theatrical representations, whether they are on the whole beneficial to society, or hurtful? Experience seem to have decided in their favour. Plato, who had never lived in a state where they were not, but, on the contrary, always resided in a city where they were frequent, at the beginning of the tenth book of his Republic, and at the end of the seventh book on Laws, gives his suffrage against them, and excludes them, as well as all poetry, from his ideal republic. Some have conjectured, and it is not impossible, that the dislike of the elegant philosopher for poets, was caused by envy and the spirit of rivalry; or since it was his delight to invent paradoxes, that he condemned the theatre, because the love of it was so prevalent amongst his countrymen, as to be considered almost essential to their existence; and that if he had inhabited a country in which it was held in abhorrence, the same motive would probably have induced him to recommend the drama as necessary to public welfare and private felicity. On the supposition that he wrote in good faith, it must at least be admitted, that he wrote in ignorance; never having had an opportunity of observing by actual experience the state which he recommends: we may therefore believe, that if he had known the inconveniences arising from the want of theatres, as well as those which are occasioned by the abuse of them, he would perhaps have invented a common wealth less inhospitable to players.—*Edin. Review*.

SEALS.—The Chinese make use of fancy ones containing inscriptions according to the different tastes of individuals. The following is a specimen of the mottos engraved on them. Delight in the doctrines of the sages—Contentment is constant delight—To do good gives the greatest delight—My delight is in learning, and I learn that I may have delight—Fine pencils and good ink, constitute one of the delights of this life—Delight is found in the midst of mountains and streams—The lover of flowers rises early in Spring—He who loves the moon sits up late—With a basin of water you may hold the moon in your hands—The good sleeper is not up at noon—The clear sounding song continued all night—Sitting with a beautiful maid in the light of the moon—Famous wine in a garden of flowers—A long sail and a pleasant breeze—A lofty tower in the midst of snow—Curious books whenever I please—Sound sleep at night and in the day nothing to do—At leisure, in a leisure place, and always at leisure—After all, the pursuits of fame and gain are not equal to having nothing to do—There is nothing equal to drinking—A pitcher of wine—He who for one day has nothing to do, is for one day a demigod—Let me have a whole life of leisure—O the joys of wine!—A field, a cottage, and wine!—Drunk, and topsy-turvy, sleeping among flowers—Singing and drinking!—Flowers are my life—A lover of flowers—The cup in my mouth—Drunk, and sleeping with a book for my pillow—The moon in heaven's heart (the zenith)—Of ten-thousand things, none are so good as the cup in hand—Every day on the banks of a river, and going home quite drunk—The most necessary thing is a full golden cup turned upside down—A little drunk—Contented whatever comes, and all the day happy—Divine self-satisfaction, &c. &c. For a people reputed so sober and industrious as the Chinese, it is strange to find so many mottos in favor of drunkenness and idleness. But the fact is they are rather a sensual than an intellectual people. They labor for the body, and those who possess a competence, or affluence, take no pleasure in general learning or scientific pursuits, and hence their childish ignorance of the Geography of the world; the history of mankind; foreign languages, &c.—*The Canton Register.*

FOGS AND MISTS.—Fogs and Mists, being nothing but vapours which the cold air will not suffer to evaporate, must have body enough to present a gorgeous aspect next the sun. To the eye of an eagle, or whatever other eyes there may be to look down upon them, they must appear like masses of cloudy gold. In fact, they are but clouds unrisen. The city of London, at the time we are writing this article, is literally a city in the clouds. Its inhabitants walk through the same airy heaps which at other times float far over their heads in the sky, or minister with glorious faces to the setting sun.—*Indicator.*

THE LION OF SESOSTRIS.—M. Champollion, in describing his examination of the great temple at Derri, in Nubia, which he has just visited says—"I found here a list of the sons and daughters of Sesostris, arranged according to their ages, which will be useful in completing the lists I announced at Ipsamboul. Among the bas reliefs we have copied there are some of peculiar interest, and by their means I have been enabled to satisfy myself on a curious point. I allude to the lion, which in the pictures found at Ipsamboul and Derri, is always represented following the Egyptian conqueror. The question to be decided was, whether this animal was symbolically introduced to express the valour and power of Sesostris, or whether the king had actually, after the manner of the Capitan Pacha Hassan and the Pacha of Egypt, a lion commissioned in his service, who was his faithful companion in all his military expeditions. The temple at Derri decides the question. I have read the following words inscribed over the representation of a lion throwing himself upon the barbarians vanquished by Sesostris.—'The lion, the servant of his majesty, tearing his enemies to pieces.' This appears to me to amount to a proof that the lion actually existed, and followed Rhameses in battle."—*Atlas.*

COINCIDENCE OF STORMS AND EARTHQUAKES WITH A DEPRESSION OF THE BAROMETER.—February 21, 1828, at three P. M., The barometer, at Geneva, indicated 26 inches 11-16ths of a line. The 19th, 20th, 21st, and 23d of the same month furious tempests raged throughout the south of Europe; and on the 23d, the shock of an earthquake was felt in the north of France and in the Netherlands, a new example of the coincidence of these three phenomena.—*Atlas.*

TORPEDO.—We are now enabled to furnish our readers with some particulars of Sir Humphry Davy's last paper communicated to the Royal Society, the title only of which was published in our brief memoir. It consists of a series of experiments on the torpedo which were made at Rimini in 1815, and at Ljubiana a short time prior to his death. He was thus enabled to prove that their existed a stronger analogy between common and animal electricity, than between voltaic and animal electricity, although the contrary is generally believed. Sir Humphry adds, "that distinctions might be established in pursuing the various modifications or properties of electricity in these different forms; but it is scarcely possible to avoid being struck by another relation of this subject. The torpedinal organ depends for its powers upon the will of the animal. Mr. Hunter has shewn how copiously it is furnished with nerves. In examining the columnar structure of the organ of the torpedo, I have never been able to discover arrangements of different conductors similar to those in galvanic combinations, and it seems not improbable that the shock depends upon some property developed by the action of the nerves."—*Atlas*.

KING JAMES.—Conversation was one of the pleasures which James most loved; his table talk was celebrated; and the exercise of wit during the king's meal, by question, disputation, and repartee, was so active and vigorous, that it was often compared to a hunting party. In some of his facetious sallies, as when he said to the shabby candidate for knighthood, who knelt down with a too evident sense of his own upworthiness, 'Look up, man! I have more reason to be ashamed than thou,' even Charles the Second could not have outdone his grandfather. But, though he delighted in the company of men who could appreciate, and, in their turn, display wit and learning, James felt an equal, if not a more genuine satisfaction in society which offered few intellectual pleasures. 'It is far from uncommon with persons capable of strong literary and scientific exertion, to love those companions whose converse gives rest, not exercise, to the intellect; 'j'y me repose,' said the cleverest of living diplomatists, in reference to the fair lady who took Denon for Crusoe;—but James's fondness for gay and juvenile associates may be further traced to the habits and attachments of his early youth, and, in some degree, perhaps, to a certain spark of boyish wildness which hung about him to the end of his life, and often broke forth strangely from amidst his graver qualities. This part of the king's disposition, though it may not wholly account for, may assist in explaining his hasty predilections for Carr and Villiers;—the zeal and eagerness with which he advanced the fortunes of a favourite once established in his regard, were characteristics of James in most undertakings which he had at heart.—*Quarterly Review*.

PLAYS.—It is difficult to conceive a preacher, whose eloquence would generally produce a moral effect upon his audience equally strong with that caused by a moderately good presentation of an indifferent tragedy; and we are convinced, that the force of comic ridicule, when directed skilfully against a public abuse, would be irresistible. The power of the theatre, whether it operates by laughter or by tears, might therefore, if duly exerted, be productive of infinite good. Striking portions of history might be shown on the stage with a forcible and impressive effect; for even the dull history of England becomes interesting in the ten dramas of Shakspeare; and it is perhaps not altogether impossible, that the still duller legends of France might acquire attraction in the hands of a great master of scenic composition. These ten plays are the best specimens we have of manner, in which history may be treated dramatically; and the mode in which eight of them follow each other, reminds us of the trilogies of the Greeks. Young persons, and the lower orders, listen with great satisfaction to speeches, and even to disputatious arguments, whenever they are able to comprehend in any degree the object of them; and they assist at dramatic exhibitions with still greater pleasure and profit. Nor is it profitable for youth to be hearers only; it is good for them to take a part. Acting plays, under proper superintendence, is very useful; it is the best mode of learning to pronounce well, of acquiring a distinct utterance, a good delivery, and graceful action; the memory is strengthened and enriched with plenty of choice words and elegant expressions, and the mind is taught by experience to judge correctly of dramatic excellence.—*Edin. Review*.

INTRODUCTION OF COFFEE INTO EUROPE.—The period of the introduction of coffee into Europe is not quite certain, but it appears to have been first employed in Venice about 1615, at Paris in 1644, and at London in 1652. It is estimated by the Abbe Raynal, that twelve millions of pounds were imported annually into Europe, before the plantations in the colonies were established. The Dutch introduced it into Batavia about the year 1696. The French into Martinico in 1727, after it had been in the Isle of Bourbon in 1717; and the English into Jamaica in 1728. The cultivation of it was then introduced into Ceylon, and other European possessions in India. It was propagated at Surinam in 1718. This plant has been found native at St. Domingo, in Abyssinia, at Mosambique on the coast of Zanguebar, and in the forests of Orapa.—*Atlas*.

THE GREAT TEMPLE OF ESNEH.—This building has been considered on the strength of mere conjectures founded on a particular mode of interlacing the zodiac of the ceiling, to be the most ancient monument of Egypt. The result of my study of it has been fully to convince me that it is the most modern; for the bas-reliefs which adorn it, and specially the hieroglyphics, are in such a rude and stiff style, that we perceive at a glance the extreme point of the decay of the arts; and the inscriptions fully confirm this view. The masses of this pronaos were erected under the Emperor Cæsar Tiberius Claudius Germanicus (the Emperor Claudius), whose dedication is on the door of the pronaos, in large hieroglyphics. The cornice of the façade, and the first row of columns, were sculptured under the Emperors Vaspasian and Titus. The back part of the pronaos bears the legends of the Emperors Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius, and Commodus: some columns of the interior of the pronaos were adorned with sculpture under Trajan, Adrian, and Antoninus; but, with the exception of some bas-reliefs of the time of Damian, all those on the right and left walls of the pronaos bear the legends of Septimus Severus and of Geta, whom his brother Caracalla had the barbarity to assassinate, at the same time proscribing his name throughout the Roman empire. It seems that the proscription, commanded by the tyrant, was carried into effect even in the Thebaid; for the cartouches (or scrolls) bearing the proper names of the Emperor Geta are all carefully effaced with a hammer, but not so effectually as to hinder me from clearly reading the name of that unfortunate prince.—"The Emperor Cæsar-Geta, the Director." Thus, then, the real antiquity of the pronaos of Esneh is incontestably fixed; its erection is not of a more remote period than the reign of the Emperor Claudius, and the sculptures come as low down as Caracalla; and among the latter is the famous zodiac which has been so much talked of.—*M. Champollion's Letters from Egypt*.

ANCIENT AND MODERN WORKS.—Modern works of imagination offend the classical scholar by seeking to pamper a vitiated appetite for the intense. The feelings they express are too commonly those of the maniac; and the sentiments are often the extravagant ravings of a bedlamite. These early classical productions, on the contrary, never overstep that modesty which nature enjoins. The language, however overwhelming the situation, however deep the passion, is sober, reasonable, and subdued; and, therefore, exquisitely touching and pathetic.—*Edin. Review*.

PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.—Of the Pyramids of Egypt, the largest, that of Cheops, is a square of 746 feet, and its height 461, being 24 feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome, and 117 feet higher than St. Paul's. The quantity of stones which it contains is calculated at six millions of tons, which is three times that employed in the breakwater at Plymouth, and has been calculated by a French engineer to be sufficient to build a wall round the whole of France, ten feet high and one foot broad. Its area at the base is, as near as may be, that of Lincoln's Inn-field.—*Atlas*.

WILLS OF SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, AND NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—The last wills and testaments of the three greatest men of modern ages are tied up in one sheet of foolscap, and may be seen together at Doctors'-commons. In the will of the bard of Avon is an interlineation in his own hand-writing. "I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture." It is proved by William Byrde, 22d July, 1616. The will of the minstrel of Paradise is a nuncupative one, taken by his daughter, the great poet being blind. The will of Napoleon, to whom future ages, in spite of legitimacy, will confirm the epithet of "*le grand*," is signed in a bold style of hand-writing; the codicil, on the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits the then weak state of his body.—*Atlas*.

SLEEP.—In the course of the day, few people think of sleeping, except after dinner; and then it is often rather a hovering and nodding on the borders of sleep, than a sleep itself. This is a privilege allowable, we think, to none but the old, or the sickly, or the very tired and care-worn; and it should be well understood, before it is exercised in company. To escape into slumber from an argument; or to take it as an affair of course, only between you and your biliary duct; or to assent with involuntary nods to all that you have just been disputing; is not so well: much less, to sit nodding and tottering beside a lady; or to be in danger of dropping your head into the fruitplate or your host's face; or of waking up, and saying "Just so" to the bark of a dog, or "Yes, Madam" to the black at your elbow.

Speaking of the painful positions into which a sleepy loungeur will get himself, it is amusing to think of the more fantastic attitudes that so often take place in bed. If we could add any thing to the numberless things that have been said about sleep by the poets, it would be upon this point. Sleep never shews himself a greater leveller. A man in his waking moments may look as proud and self-possessed as he pleases. He may walk proudly, he may sit proudly, he may eat his dinner proudly; he may shave himself with an air of infinite superiority; in a word, he may shew himself grand and absurd upon the most trifling occasions. But sleep plays the petrifying magician. He arrests the proudest lord as well as the humblest clown in the most ridiculous postures: so that if you could draw a grandee from his bed without waking him, no limb-twisting fool in a pantomime should create wilder laughter. The toy with the string between its legs is hardly a posture-master more extravagant. Imagine a despot lifted up to the gaze of his valets, with his eyes shut, his mouth open, his left hand under his right ear, his other twisted and hanging helplessly before him like an idiot's, one knee lifted up, and the other leg stretched out, or both knees huddled up together; what a scarecrow to lodge majestic power in!—*Indicator.*

ORIGIN OF THE DOUBLE X.—In distinguishing between small beer and strong, all ale or beer, sold at or above ten shillings per barrel, was reckoned to be *strong*, and was, therefore, subjected to a higher duty. The cask which contained this strong beer was then first marked with an X, signifying *ten*; and hence the present quack-like denominations of XX (double X), and XXX (treble X), which appear, unnecessarily, on the casks and in the accounts of the strong ale brewers. A curious change of circumstances has rendered this letter still an appropriate mark in the books of excise. Ten shillings has no longer any relation to the *selling price* but it is now the *duty per barrel*.—*Library of Useful Knowledge.*

THE STAGE.—The present age is too much inclined to make human life, in every department, resemble a great lottery, in which there are a very few enormous prizes, and all the rest of the tickets are blanks. The stage has not escaped the evil we complain of; on the contrary, it is a striking instance of the mischief of this unequal partition. The public are of opinion, that it is impossible to reward a small number of actors too highly and to pay the remainder at too low a rate; to neglect the latter enough, or to be sufficiently attentive to the former. On our stage, therefore, the inferior parts, and indeed all but one or two, and especially in tragedies, where the inequality is more intolerable, and more inexcusable are sustained in a very inadequate manner. In foreign theatres, on the contrary, and especially in France, the whole performance is more equal, and consequently more agreeable. There is perhaps less difference than is commonly supposed between the best performers and those in the next class. Whatever the difference be, it is an inconvenience and an imperfection that ought to be palliated; but we aggravate it. The first-rate actor always does his best, because the audience expect it, and reward him with their applause; but no one cares for, or observes, the performer of second-rate talents: Whether he be perfect in his part, and exert himself to the utmost, or be slovenly and negligent throughout, he is unpraised and unblamed. The general effect, therefore, of our tragedies, is very unsatisfactory: for that is far greater where all the characters are tolerably well supported, than where there is one good actor, and all the other parts are inhumanly murdered. This latter is too often the case on our stage, for with us art does little, nothing being taught systematically. The French players, on the contrary, are thoroughly drilled, and well instructed, in every requisite.—*Edin. Review.*

SENSIBILITY OF GENIUS.—When Burns resided in Edinburgh, his company was eagerly sought after by the *bon-vivants*; who, under the ominous title of the Gin Club, yet continue to hold their meetings in their old retreat at the Canongate; they claimed him as the choicest spirit in their revells, and held out all the temptations that pleasant society and a deep carousal could afford, to induce him to remain amongst them. But Burns's temperament was as full of vicissitude as his life. He was sensitive to the first approach of the disagreeable, and shrunk even from convivial intercourse, unless his companions were congenial to his taste. When they found him "i' the vein," therefore, they knew his value, and cherished him. On one occasion he dined with a confidential friend, who, finding him in a most sparkling and jovial mood, induced him to accompany him in the evening to the meeting of their companions at the Canongate. Burns's vivacity promised a rich fund of humour and glee, and his friend, our informant, auguring from the delightful temper in which he had caught the poet, promised the members an enjoyment of the highest order. Burns entered the room, and took his seat beside his friend. The chair was celled, and festivity began. An hour passed away and poor Burns was silent; several attempts to excite his hilarity were made in vain, and during the remainder of the evening he could not be roused even to a smile. At last the disappointed assembly broke up, and the poet forming a little coterie of four or five of his own immediate and attached friends, repaired to that little *sanctum*, known by the name of Burns's Coffin—which, we are sorry to say, is on the point of being sacrificed to some modern street improvements! Here the repressed enthusiasm shone out—his heart was on his lips in a moment—and, forgetting the gloom of the preceding scene, he charmed his own little circle with songs and recitation, until the "peep o' dawn." When his friend inquired the cause of his silence in the club, his answer was characteristic of the susceptibility of his mind—"I dinna like the face o' the carl who sat in the chair!"—*Atlas*.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.—"The brain and spinal marrow form the origin and main trunk of the nervous system. The nerves of four of the senses (sight, hearing, smell, and taste) originate immediately from the brain, the position of those senses, being, in all animals by whom they are possessed, in the head. The seat of the fifth sense is the general surface of the body; and the nerves constituting it are filaments derived from the nerves of sensation distributed throughout the frame. The nerves which supply the internal organs which perform the vital functions, form, as I have said, a separate system; it is called the sympathetic, or Ganglionic system. The nerves which serve for motion, and those which constitute the general sensation of the body, proceed from the spinal marrow in thirty pairs, and are distributed, the former to all the muscles of the body, which are the immediate organs of motion, and the latter to all the sentient parts of the frame. The Ganglionic nerves have their origin all along the front part of the spine on each side, and arise from small bodies like glands, called ganglions, which are connected by filaments with the nerves of motion and sensation proceeding from the spinal marrow. This very general description must serve here for that of the nervous system, as to its structure. So intimately connected is the due supply of nervous influence with the healthy actions of every organ and part, that whenever the former is by any means suspended or diminished, the actions of the organ, whose supply of nervous power is affected, either cease altogether, or are vitiated and deteriorated, in proportion to the extent of the nervous affection. For example: When the nerves that supply the diaphragm (the principal organ in respiration) are divided, respiration ceases, and death ensues. When the nerves supplying the stomach are divided, digestion ceases, and the food preciously eaten is found some hours after in an undigested state. The heart performs its peculiar action by means of its nervous supply. When a sudden shock is given to the whole nervous system by fright, that system is thrown into a state of collapse, or diminished action, preparatory to the recovery of its natural powers again. The most striking effect of this state is the apparent cessation of the action of the heart and pulse during the swoon; the other phenomena attending this state cannot be understood until we shall have considered the peculiar functions of the heart itself, and the organs connected with it, which form the sanguiferous or circulating system."—*Medicine no Mystery*.

MEG MERRILIES.—Meg Merrilies is in Galloway considered as having had her origin in the traditions concerning the celebrated Flora Marshal, one of the royal consorts of Willie Marshal, more commonly called the Caird of Bagpillion, king of the gypsies of the Western Lowlands. That potentate was himself deserving of notice, from the following peculiarities. He was born in the parish of Kirkmichael, about the year 1671; and as he died at Kirkeudbright, 23d November, 1792, he must then have been in the one hundred and twentieth year of his age. It cannot be said that this unusually long lease of existence was noted by any peculiar excellence of conduct or habits of life. Willie had been pressed or enlisted in the army seven times, and had deserted as often; besides three times running away from the naval service. He had been seventeen times lawfully married; and besides such a reasonably large share of matrimonial comforts, was, after his hundredth year, the avowed father of four children, by less legitimate affections. He subsisted in his extreme old age by a pension from the present Earl Selkirk's grandfather. Will Marshal is buried in Kirkeudbright church, where his monument is still shown, decorated with a scutcheon suitably blazoned with two tups' horns and two cutty spoons. Now I cannot grant that the idea of Meg Merrilies, was in the first concoction of the character, derived from Flora Marshal. Yet I am quite content that Meg should be considered as a representative of her sect and class in general—Flora, as well as others.—*Notes to Guy Mannering.*

ADVANTAGES OF BRUSSELS.—The air in the upper part of the city is salubrious, and the climate, perhaps better on the whole than England; but the winters are sharper and the summers hotter: fogs are less frequent, and the spring generally sets in a fortnight earlier than in any part of Great Britain. Our countrymen will be disappointed who settle in Brussels as a place of amusement, for no capital can be more dull; and the natives are not ready of access, which is probably as much the fault of their visitors as themselves. As a station for economy, it can be highly recommended, provided no trust is put in servants, and every thing is paid for with ready money. The writer of this article resided in Brussels for a dozen years, and he knows this from experience. If an establishment, large or small, is well regulated, a saving of fifty per cent. may be made, certainly, in housekeeping, compared with London. House-rent is dearer in proportion with other articles of living, and the taxes are daily augmenting. The horse-tax is more than double that of England; and the King of Netherlands can boast that he is the only sovereign in Europe who has a tax on female labour. William Pitt attempted a similar measure, but was mobbed by the housemaids, and abandoned it.—*Sketch of Brussels in 1829.*

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—One Sunday morning, some time before Burns commenced author, when he and his brother Gilbert were going to the parish church of Tarbolton, they got into company with an old man, a Moravian, travelling to Ayr. It was at that time when the dispute between the old and new light Burghers was making a great noise in the country; and Burns and the old man entering into conversation on the subject, differed in their opinions about it, the old man defending the principles of the old light, and Burns the principles of the new light. The disputants at length grew very warm in the debate, and Burns, finding that with all his eloquence he could make nothing of his antagonist, became a little acrimonious, and tauntingly exclaimed, "Oh! I suppose I have met with the Apostle Paul this morning." "No," replied the old Moravian coolly, "you have not met with the Apostle Paul, but I think I have met one of those wild beasts which he says he fought with when at Ephesus."—*Courier.*

MUSICAL PRODIGES.—The musical patrons of Munich have been amused by the performances on the violin of two children, brothers, Ernest and Edward, the one seven, the other five years old, the sons of Herr Eichhorn, musician to the Duke of Saxe Cobourg. The elder played alone the first theme from the eleventh concert of Kreutzer, and the adagio and rondo from the seventh concert of Rode; and with his brother a *pot pourri*, 'Bricklayers and Cobblers,' and variations of Jakoby. The two children played, 'not with childish uncertainty, or timid bowing, but with a masterly effect, and fine and correct expression, quite astonishing.'—*The Athenæum.*

INHABITANTS OF MEDINA.—The individuals of different nations settled here have in their second and third generations all become Arabs as to features and character; but are, nevertheless, distinguishable from the Mekkans; they are not nearly so brown as the latter, thus forming an intermediate link between the Hedjaz people and the northern Syrians. Their features are somewhat broader, their beards thicker, and their body stouter, than those of the Mekkans; but the Arab face, the expression, and cast of features, are in both places the same. The Medians in their dress resemble more the Turkish than their southern neighbours: very few of them wear the *beden*, or the national Arab cloak without sleeves; but even the poorer people dress in long gowns, with a cloth *djobbe* or upper cloak, or, instead of it an *abba*, of the same brown and white stripe as is common in Syria and all over the desert. Red Tunis bonnets and Turkish shoes are more used here than at Mekka, where the lower classes wear white bonnets and sandals. People in easy circumstances dress well, wearing good cloth cloaks, fine gowns, and, in winter, good pelisses, brought from Constantinople by way of Cairo; which I found a very common article of dress in January and February, a season when it is much colder here than Europeans would expect it to be in Arabian deserts. Generally speaking we may say that the Medians dress better than the Mekkans, though with much less cleanliness: but no national costume is observed here; and, particularly in the cold of winter, the lower classes cover themselves with whatever articles of dress they can obtain at low prices in the public auctions; so that it is not uncommon to see a man fitted out in the dress of three or four different countries—like an Arab as high as his waist, and like a Turkish soldier over his breast and shoulders. The richer people make a great display of dress, and vie with each other in finery. I saw more new suits of clothes here, even when the yearly fests were terminated, than I had seen before in any other part of the East. As at Mekka, the sherifs wear no green, but simple white muslin turbans, excepting those from the northern parts of Turkey, who have recently settled here and who continue to wear the badge of their noble extraction.—*Burckhardt's Travels*.

THE GREAT MAN'S TABLE.—Let us contemplate him a little at another special scene of glory, and that is his table. Here he seems to be the lord of all nature; the earth affords him the best metal for his dishes, her best vegetables and animals for his food; the air and sea supply him with their choicest birds and fishes; and a great many men, who look like masters, attend upon him; and yet, when all this is done, even all this is but *table d'hôte*; it is crowded with people for whom he cares not, with many parasites, and some spies, with the most burthensome sort of guests—the endearers to be witty. But every body pays him great respect; every body commends his meat, that is, his money; every body admires the exquisite dressing and ordering of it, that is, his clerk of the kitchen, or his cook; every body loves his hospitality, that is, his vanity. But I desire to know why the honest inn-keeper, who provides a public table for his profit, should be but of a mean profession; and he who does it for his honour, a munificent prince. You will say, because one sells, and the other gives—nay both sell, though for different things; the one for plain money, the other for I know not what jewels, whose value is in custom and in fancy.—*Cowley's Essays*.

NEW INSTRUMENT FOR DISCOVERING SYMPTOMS OF DISEASE BY SOUND.—An improvement on the Stethoscope has been invented by Dr. Piorry, of Paris. He calls his instrument a Pleosimetre; it consists of a plate of ivory, wood, or metal, or other solid, thin, and sonorous substance, to be applied to the part of the body which it is desired to examine. The instrument, so applied, is to be struck slightly with the finger, and the sound it gives out will correspond with the state of the organ, and enable the physician to judge of its condition. The Pleosimetre, it is said, has proved, on experiment, to be an infallible guide in cases of dropsy of the chest and belly, in diseases of the liver, spleen, bowels, lungs, or of the heart, as well as in abdominal tumours. The inventor, who has also published a book explanatory of his discovery, has received a prize of 2000 francs from the Royal Academy. M. Duméril, in making his report on the subject to the Academy, affirmed that M. Piorry had certainly discovered a new method of distinguishing the symptoms of disorders, and that there was every reason to believe that his work would prove of great utility.—*Athenæum*.

FRENCH PRESS.—*Le Compilateur*, has an article on the state of the press in France, by which it appears that there are now in Paris 152 journals, literary, scientific, and religious, and seventeen political—in all 169. Of these papers, 151 are constitutional, or, as they are called, liberal—the eighteen others being more monarchical in their spirit. The 151 constitutional journals have, it is stated, 197,000 subscribers, 1,500,000 readers, and produce an income of 1,155,200 francs; the eighteen others have 21,000 subscribers, 1,92,000 readers, with an income of 437,000 francs. It goes on to give the names of the editors of the ten principal papers, as follows:—*Le Moniteur*, the official paper, from 2,500 to 4000 subscribers, principally public functionaries—MM. Massabiau, Pouchet, Amar, Aubert de Vitré.—*Le Constitutionnel*: 18,000 to 20,000 subscribers—MM. Etienne, Jay, Dumoulin, Leon, Thiésti, Thiessé, Année, Desvoisins, Count de Laborde, Thierry, Rolle.—*Journal des Debats*: 13,000 to 14,000 subscribers—MM. Bertin-Davaux, Duviquest, Feletz, Lesourd, Guisot, Salvandy, St. Marc-Girardin, Becquet, M. de Chateaubriand.—*Quotidienne*: 5000 subscribers—MM. Laurentie, Michaud, Soulier, Mennechet, Merle, Larose, Audibert, F. Laloue, Bazin, and Charles Nodier.—*Courrier Français*: 4,500 subscribers—MM. Chatelain, Keratry, Jouy, Avenel de la Pelouse, A Jussieu, Moreau, Guyet, De Pradt, B. Constant.—*Journal du commerce*: 3,500 subscribers—MM. Best, Larrejuy, Rouen, Deslojes, J. Gensoul, Leclerc, Guillemont, Thomas.—*Gazette de France*: 7000 subscribers—MM. de Genoude, Colnet, Sevelingues, Boisbertrand, Benaben, de Rougemont, R. Perrin, Mme. Bolly, and the Counts de Peyronnet and de Corbiéne.—*Messager des Chambres*: This paper, which since the accession of the Polignac ministry seems to have taken up liberal ideas, has 2,500 subscribers—MM. A. Romten, J. Janin, Brucker, Veron, Royer, &c.: its late editors were MM. Malitourne and Capefigue.—*Tribune des Départemens*, a new paper, 100 subscribers—M. Daunou, and the writers of the *Revue Encyclopédique*.—*Nouveau Journal de Paris*: 1000 to 1,500 subscribers—MM. Leon-Pillet, Montglave, Eusébe Salvete. These are all published in the capital: those printed in the provinces it calculates at seventy-five journals, exclusive of papers for advertisement, and ministerial bulletins. Of these, sixty-six are constitutional, supported only by their subscribers of the same way of thinking. One, the *Mémorial de Toulouse*, is supported by the archbishop of that diocese: four are, it is asserted, paid from the secret funds of the Jesuits; the other four are described as monarchical, but of the little influence. With respect to the state of public opinion in France, it averages, according to the same authority, among 100 electors in one college, twenty-five revocable public functionaries, four judges, five advocates, four attorneys, six notaries, three physicians, ten merchants, and forty-three persons of no distinct profession. These latter give forty votes to constitutional candidates: and with eight merchants, two physicians, four notaries, one attorney, two advocates, three judges and revocable functionary, make up in all sixty constitutional votes out of the 100.—*Lit. Gazette*.

TO ANY ONE WHOM BAD WEATHER DEPRESSES.—If you are melancholy for the first time, you will find upon a little enquiry, that others have been melancholy many times, and yet are cheerful now. If you have been melancholy many times, recollect that you have got over all those times; and try if you cannot find out new means of getting over them better. Do not imagine that mind alone is concerned in your bad spirits. The body has a great deal to do with these matters. The mind may undoubtedly affect the body; but the body also affects the mind. There is a mutual re-action between them; and by lessening it on either side, you diminish the pain on both.

If you are melancholy, and know not why, be assured it must arise entirely, from some physical weakness; and do your best to strengthen yourself. The blood of a melancholy man is thick and slow. The blood of a lively man is clear and quick. Endeavour therefore to put your blood in motion. Exercise is the best way to do it; but you may also help yourself, in moderation, with wine, or other excitements. Only you must take care so to proportion the use of any artificial stimulus, that it may not render the blood languid by overexciting it at first; and that you may be able to keep up, by the natural stimulus only, the help you have given yourself by the artificial.—*Indicator*.

SHERIDAN.—His wife's voice and the opera of the *Duenna* were the foundation stones of Sheridan's fame. He drew the plan of that successful drama from an old Italian novel, and having finished it, was perpetually dunning the manager of Covent Garden to bring it out at his theatre, but for a considerable time without effect. Mr. Harris at length one day said to him, "Well, I am going down to Hampton Court to dine with Mr. Brummell, who, you know, is a judge of dramatic literature; you shall go with me, and take your opera in your pocket." This being carried into effect, and dinner over, Mr. Sheridan was called upon by the judges to read this opera. After a preface, enumerating the manifest disadvantages which a piece of the operatic kind must labour under in a bare recital, he began to read the performance; but had proceeded no great length, when the critics began to yawn; he, however, courageously persevered and they preserved their patience with equal resolution, now and then encouraging him with a "well! and so?" and "what next?" until he arrived at the Friar's scene, when they suddenly stopped him, with "Pshaw! pshaw! Mr. Sheridan, is it possible you can be mad enough to conceive that an audience would swallow such a damned absurdity as a company of Friars singing a song!! Zounds, Sir, the people would rise, tear up the benches, and hurl them at the chandeliers." Upon this Mr. Sheridan coolly put his opera in his pocket, with this observation, "Either you, Gentlemen, are, or I am, a damned blockhead." On the first night this unfortunate-fortunate piece was within a hair's breadth of a public, as well as a private damnation, and Leon was so alarmed at the reception which he met with in the first act, that it was absolutely necessary to push him on by main force, in the second; but when they came to the Friars' scene it was received with such bursts of applause, that all apprehensions vanished, and the opera has been ever since esteemed the best in the stock of Covent Garden house. It was reported to have redeemed the theatre from a state of bankruptcy!—*Dramatic Magazine*.

TURKISH SPORTS.—"The only remnant of Saracen chivalry existing in Turkey is the Jereed tournament. I witnessed one in honour of the birth of a child in the imperial harem, and certainly never beheld so imposing a spectacle as this immense assemblage of people exhibited: upwards of 60,000 persons of either sex, in all the varieties of Eastern costume, and in which all the colours of the rainbow were blended, were seated on the sloping sides of a natural amphitheatre: the Sultan sat above, magnificently apparelled, surrounded by his black and white slaves in glittering attire. He appeared about forty-four years of age; his figure majestic, and his aspect noble: his long black beard added to the solemnity of features, which he never relaxed for a moment; and while all around were convulsed with laughter at the buffooneries of a Merry Andrew, who amused the multitude, he kept his dark eye on the juggler, but he never smiled. Hundreds of horsemen were galloping to and fro on the plain below, hurling the *jereed* at random; now assailing the nearest to them, now in pursuit of the disarmed. Their dexterity in avoiding the weapon was luckily very great, otherwise many lives must have been lost; as it was, I saw one cavalier led off with his eye punched out, and another crushed under a horse. These accidents never interfered for a moment with the sports; one sport succeeded another. After the *jereed* came the wrestlers, naked to the waist, and smeared with oil. They prostrated themselves several times before the Sultan, performed a number of very clumsy feats, and then set-to. Their address lay in seizing upon one another by the hip; and he who had the most strength lifted his adversary off his legs, and then, flinging him to the earth, fell with all his force upon him. Music relieved the tedium between the rounds, and several occurred before any mischief was sustained. At last one poor devil was maimed for life, to make a Turkish holiday; he had his thigh-bone smashed, and was carried off the field with great applause! Bear fighting was next attempted; but Bruin was not to be coaxed or frightened into pugnacity; the dogs growled at him in vain. During all these pastimes, the slaves were running backwards and forwards from the multitude to the Sultan, carrying him innumerable petitions from the former, which he cannot refuse to receive, and seldom can find leisure to read. The departure of the pacific bear terminated these brutal sports; and every one, except the friends of the dead man and the two wounded, appeared to go away delighted beyond measure. All the amusements of this people are of the same cruel character."—*Madden's Travels*.

A HOLY HERMIT.—A hermit, named Parnho, being upon the road to meet his bishop who had sent for him, met a lady most magnificently dressed, whose incomparable beauty drew the eyes of every body on her. The saint having looked at her, and being himself struck with astonishment, immediately burst into tears. Those who were with him wondering to see him weep, demanded the cause of his grief. "I have two reasons," replied he, "for my tears; I weep to think how fatal an impression that woman makes on all who behold her; and I am touched with sorrow when I reflect that I, for my salvation, and to please God, have never taken one-tenth part of the pains which this woman has taken to please men alone."
—*Mirror*.

LUDICROUS EXAGGERATION.—Men of wit sometimes like to pamper a favourite joke into exaggeration; into a certain corpulence of facetiousness. Their relish of the thing makes them wish it as large as possible; and the social enjoyment of it is doubled by its becoming more visible to the eyes of others. It is for this reason that jests in company are sometimes built up by one hand after another,—"three-piled hyperboles,"—till the overdone Babel topples and tumbles down amidst a merry confusion of tongues. Falstaff was a great master of this art. "He loved a joke as large as himself; witness his famous account of the men in buckram. Thus he tells the Lord Chief Justice, that he had lost his voice—"with singing of anthems;" and he calls Bardolph's red nose "a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light;" and says it has saved him "a thousand marks in links and torches," walking with it "in the night betwixt tavern and tavern." See how he goes heightening the account of his recruits at every step:—"you would think I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine keeping, from eating draff and husks.—A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies.—No eve hath seen such scarecrows.—I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.—Nay, and the villain's march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had most of them out of prison.—There's but a shirt and a half in all my company;—and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves."—*Indicator*.

DOLPHINS.—The two Plinys have each a story of a Dolphin. The Elder says, upon the authority of three grave writers, Mercurius among them, that there was a boy, who by alluring a Dolphin with bread, at last became so intimate with him, that he would ride to school to and fro on his back from Baiæ to Puteoli. The boy died, and the fish pining after him, died also, and was buried in the same tomb. The Younger Pliny gives an account of another at Hippo in Africa, where a boy venturing to swim farther out than his companions, was met by a Dolphin, who after playing about him a little, slipped under him, and taking him on his back, carried him out still farther, to the great terror of the young delphinestrain. Luckily however, he soon returned to shore, and landed his rider safely. The next day the shore was crowded with people, waiting to see if the Dolphin would appear again; and the boys went as usual into the water. The fish did reappear, and came among the youngsters, who swam back as fast as they could. It then played all sorts of inviting gambols about the coast, till the people, ashamed of their timidity, gradually got nearer, and at length touched and stroked it. The boy then, losing his fear like the rest, and vindicating his first privilege, swam by his side, and at length leaped upon his back, when the Dolphin carried him about as before, and landed him as safely. Unfortunately, the deputy-governor of the province took it into his head that the good-natured fish must be a god; and seizing his opportunity, when the creature had got upon shore, poured some precious ointment upon it. The ointment happened not to be to the Dolphin's taste; it absented itself for some days; and when it returned appeared sick and feeble. However, it recovered its spirits; but the novelty by this time had drawn such a concourse of high visitors to the place, when it was the little town's business to entertain gratis, that it is supposed the poor fish was secretly killed, to save further expenses. Alexander the Great is said to have been so struck with the attachment evinced by a Dolphin to a youth, that he made the latter a priest of Neptune.—*Indicator*.

SINGULAR ATTACHMENT.—We were lately visiting in a house where a very pleasing and singular portrait attracted our observation : it was that of a young lady represented with a partridge perched upon her shoulder, and a dog with his feet on her arm. We recognised it as a representation of the lady of the house, but were at a loss to account for the odd association of her companions. She observed our surprise, and at once gave the history of the bird and the spaniel. They were both some years back domesticated in her family. The dog was an old parlour favourite who went by the name of Tom. The partridge was more recently introduced from France, and answered to the equally familiar name of Bill. It was rather a dangerous experiment to place them together, for Tom was a lively and spirited creature, very apt to torment the cats, and to bark at any object which roused his instinct. But the experiment was tried ; and Bill, being very tame, did not feel much alarm at his natural enemy. They were of course shy at first, but this shyness gradually wore off ; the bird became less timid, and the dog less bold. The most perfect friendship was at length established between them. When the hour of dinner arrived, the partridge invariably flew on his mistress's shoulder, calling with that shrill note which is so well known to sportsmen ; and the spaniel leapt about with equal ardour. One dish of bread and milk was placed on the floor, out of which the spaniel and bird fed together, and after their social meal, the dog would retire to a corner to sleep, while the partridge would nestle between his legs, and never stir till his favourite awoke. Whenever the dog accompanied his mistress out, the bird displayed the utmost inquietude till his return ; and once, when the partridge was shut up by accident during a whole day, the dog searched about the house with a mournful cry, which indicated the strength of his affection. The friendship of Tom and Bill was at length fatally terminated. The beautiful little dog was stolen ; and the bird from that time refused all food, and died on the seventh day, a victim to its grief.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

KING LEAR.—The representative of *Glo'ster* in this tragedy at Reading, was on one occasion taken ill at a short notice, and another gentleman was found who was 'rough studied' in the character. He got on famously until the scene where he had *his eyes put out*, and then he was obliged to beg permission to read the rest of the part.

"BUT SHE IS A GOOD MOTHER."—When people say such a one is injudicious, or ignorant, or feeble, or shallow, but she is a good mother, they talk nonsense. That which the woman is, the mother will be ; and her personal qualities will direct and govern her maternal instinct, as her taste will influence her appetite. If she be prejudiced and ignorant, the good mother will mismanage her children ; and if she be violent in temper, and vehement in opinion, the good mother will be petulant and unjust towards them : if she be inconsistent and capricious, she will alternate between fits of severity and bursts of indulgence, equally fatal : if she be vain, and coquettish, and selfish, she may be fond of her children through her pride, but she will always be ready to sacrifice their enjoyments, and even their interests, to the triumphs of her own vanity, or the gratification of her egotism.—*Book of the Boudoir.*

A PUN.—A Noble Lord was standing at Epsom Races, in a circle of legs, of all grades, and in earnest conversation with two persons who appeared only recently to have adopted the habit of shirt-wearing ; when a lady, sensibly affected by what she considered the debasing intercourse between such persons and the aristocratic and handsome Earl, said to a female companion, "What a shocking thing to see Lord ——— talking so familiarly with those horrid, dirty-looking people."—"Horrid-looking," said a by-stander, "dirty, or not dirty, Madam, they are his Lordship's betters."

A SIMPLE REPLY.—A boy of much earlier age than it is customary to take children at large schools, only six years old, was going into the village without leave, when one of the masters called after him, "Where are you going, Sir ?" "I am going to buy a halfp' worth of nails, Sir."—"What do you want a halfp' worth of nails for ?"—"For a halfpenny, Sir," replied the urchin.

A PAIR OF SNUFFERS.—"Do you snuff ?" said a certain great personage, offering his snuff box to the Marquis of H. "Yes, Sir," "So do I." "Then we are a pair of snuffers," rejoined the Marquis.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE GAD-FLY.—The larva of the gad-fly or horsebee, are destined to live in the stomach of a horse. How shall the parent, a two-winged fly, convey them thither? By a mode truly extraordinary. Flying round the animal, she curiously poises her body for an instant, while she 'glues a single egg to one of the hairs of his skin, and repeats this process until she has fixed in a similar way many hundred eggs. These, after a few days, on the application of the slightest moisture attended by warmth, hatch into little grubs. Whenever therefore the horse chances to lick any part of his body to which they are attached, the moisture of the tongue discloses one or more grubs, which, adhering to it by means of the saliva, are conveyed into the mouth, and thence find their way into the stomach. But here a question occurs to you. It is but a small portion of the horse's body which he can reach with his tongue—what you ask, becomes of the eggs deposited on other parts? I will tell you how the gad-fly avoids this dilemma; and I will then ask you, if she does not discover a provident forethought, a depth of instinct, which almost casts into the shade the boasted reason of man? She places her eggs only on those parts of the skin which the horse is able to reach with his tongue—nay, she confines them almost exclusively to the knee or the shoulder, which he is sure to lick. What could the most refined reason, the most precise adaptation of means to an end, do more?—From *Kiiby and Spence's Entomology*, as quoted by Dr. Crombie, in his *Natural Theology*.—*Examiner*.

TREASURE.—A gentleman residing in one of the provinces of France being under the necessity of hastily quitting his paternal estate during the Revolution, prudently concealed his money and other valuables to a very considerable amount, in a place known only to himself. He then left the country, and resided in England for many years, during which he was much straitened in his circumstances. On the fall of Buonaparte in 1815 he returned to France, and by dint of entreaties and solicitations among his few remaining friends in that country, succeeded in raising a sum of money sufficient to purchase his former estate, (which had been confiscated,) on the promise of returning it within a given period. As soon as the purchase was complete, he got a carpenter, and invited his friends to accompany him to the house, the period of repayment having expired. When they got to a certain room, he ordered the man to remove some planks from the floor that he pointed out, which being done, the treasure he had secreted many years before was found undisturbed and from it he instantly repaid his friends, equally to their astonishment and satisfaction.

A SKILFUL ARTIST.—The moth generated in woollen clothes, and also in furs and feathers, not only cover itself with a coat, but fabricates it of the most fit materials, curiously felt of wool or hair; and this operation it commences immediately after birth; thus contradicting Paley's assertion, that man is the only animal which is naked, and the only one which can clothe itself. The shape of its dress is adapted to that of its body,—a cylindrical case opens at both ends. The stuff of which it is composed is the manufacture of the larva of the tinea, which incorporates wool or hair, artfully cut from our clothes or furniture, with silk drawn from its mouth, into a warm and thick tissue; and as this would not be warm enough for its tender skin, it also lines the inside of its coat with a layer of pure silk. But the coat requires to be enlarged as the insect increases in size. Thus the little occupant accomplishes as dexterously as any tailor. If the case merely require lengthening, the task is easy. All that is needful is to add a new ring of hair or wool and silk to each end: but to enlarge its width is not so easy a task. Yet it sets to work precisely as we should, slitting the case on the two opposite sides, and then adroitly inserting between them two pieces of the requisite size. It does not however cut open the case from one end to the other—the sides would separate too far asunder, and the insect be left naked. It therefore first cuts each side about half way down, and then, after filling up the fissure, proceeds to cut the remaining half; so that, in fact, four enlargements are made and four separate pieces inserted. What more could be expected from a rational being?—*Crombie's Natural Theology*.

FRENCH TRANSLATORS.—A French author, who published a "Tour through England," calls plum pudding *poudin de plomb*, (lead pudding), and translates Shakspere's *Winter's Tale*, into *Conte de Mr. Winter*. The Minister Pitt, he says, was called *Billy*, because he introduced so many *bills* into Parliament.

QUIN.—Quin the tragedian, appears, from the surly, but epigrammatic character of his replies, to have been the Dr. Johnson of the Stage. A slip-slop milliner, at Bath, was detaining him, while buying a pair of gloves, with ardent expressions of her desire to see him make love! "Madam," said Quin, in his stately manner, "I never make love, I always buy it ready made." Like most, overbearing persons, however, he sometimes met with his match, where he least expected it. Being once on a visit at Lord Holme's seat, in the Isle of Wight, Quin lost his dog and walking out, he met a poor labouring man, of whom he inquired whether he had seen the dog, adding in a sort of doubting tone, "I hope you are honest here."—"Eess," answered the Rustic, "we be, but there be a strange Player-man down at my Lord's, mayhap he may know o' the dog."

GRAND METROPOLITAN CEMETERY.—We have seen the plans of the Pyramid, which is to be the principal feature of this noble undertaking. It is intended to be a progressive work, proportionate to the annual demand for burial. When finished it will be capable of receiving five million of individuals, being somewhat larger in dimensions than the celebrated Pyramid of Egypt—simple in form, sublime in effect, and curious in its arrangement. Its area will be surrounded by a terrace walk inclosed by a wall thirteen feet high, and the ground within this enclosure to the base of the Pyramid is to be tastefully laid out for private tomb and monuments, in the style of the famous Cemetery of *Père le Chaise*, near Paris. It will present an object of extraordinary grandeur to the metropolis. A large drawing of the design is exhibiting at the Royal Repository at Charing Cross, explanatory of the theory, which appears capable of any extension that may be required.—*London University Magazine*.

SOCIAL GENEALOGY.—It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil. (Trist. Book 4. v. 51.) But still he thinks the sight of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; which he did, to his great satisfaction. Now such of us as have shaken hands with a living poet, might be able perhaps to reckon up a series of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona. With some living poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant; to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Common wealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant is somewhat apocryphal, or rather dependent on tradition. (For Richardson the painter tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Batterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Drayton, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.—*Indicator*.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.—Doctor, afterwards Sir John Hill, author of some farces, and a paper called 'The Inspector,' went into the green room of Covent Garden Theatre, and addressing himself to Mrs. Woffington, of celebrated memory, and the first of actresses, he questioned her, whether or no, she had seen, 'The Inspector,' of that day!—to which she answered in the negative. The Doctor, replied 'because if you had, you would have seen my opinion of your performance, last night, in the character of *Calista*.'—"I am much obliged to you, sir," replied the lady, 'for your kind intentions towards me; but, unfortunately, the play of that evening was obliged to be changed to the Journey to London, in which I played the part of *Lady Townly*.'

HISTORY OF THE POST-OFFICE.—In 1653, the postage of England, Scotland, and Ireland, was farmed of the parliament by John Manley, Esq. for 10,000*l.* per annum, and received its first organization from Cromwell, as a General Post-office, three years afterwards. Charles II. confirming the regulation of the Protector, settled the revenue from it on the Duke of York, the produce in 1665 being 21,500*l.* Ten years afterwards this amount was doubled, and it still continued to increase until the reign of William and Mary, when it was considerably influenced by the hostile or tranquil state of the country. The Post-office revenue, which during the eight years of war only averaged 67,222*l.* a-year, produced in the succeeding four years of peace, on an average, 82,319*l.* annually. A similar effect was experienced during the reign of Anne, when the war postage was about 60,000*l.* and in years of peace about 90,000*l.* This disproportion has of late been reversed, and the last years of war were those in which the Post-office were the most productive. On the union of England with Scotland, in the year 1710, a General Post-office was established by act of parliament, which included, besides Great Britain and Ireland, our West India and American colonies. This extension of the Post-office increased the revenue to 1,11,461*l.* What portion of this sum was produced by the respective countries does not appear; but there is reason to believe that it was almost entirely Irish and English, for even so late as between 1730 and 1740, the post was only transmitted three days a-week between Edinburgh and London; and the metropolis, on one occasion, only sent a single letter, which was for an Edinburgh banker, named Ramsay. The most remarkable event in the history of the Post-office, previously to its present removal and scale of magnificence, is the plan, first suggested by Mr. Palmer, in the year 1784, of sending the letters by the coaches, instead of the old custom of transmitting them by post boys on horseback. From this moment the prosperity of the Post-office commenced; and the revenue, which at first was not more than five thousand pounds a-year, and which, after the revolution of two centuries, only produced, in 1783, 146,000*l.* annually, yielded, thirty years afterwards, a net revenue of nearly 1,700,000*l.* Yet the expense is now at a less rate per mile than upon the old plan. The General Post-office was originally settled in Cloak-lane, near Dowgate-hill, whence it was afterwards removed to the Black Swan, in Bishopsgate-street. On occasion of the great fire of 1666, it was removed to the Two Black Pillars in Brydges-street, Covent-garden, and finally to Sir Robert Viner's mansion in Lombard-street, the now deserted old Post-office.—*Globe.*

ABSTRACTION.—A well-known gentleman, of Magdalen College, Cambridge, had taken his watch from his pocket to mark the time he intended to boil an egg for breakfast, when a friend, entering the room, found him absorbed in some abstruse calculation, with the egg in his hand, upon which he was intently looking, and the watch supplying its place in the sauce-pan, of boiling water.

CIRCASSIAN CLOAK.—The Circassians, Georgians and other nations of the Caucasus, protect themselves from the inclemencies of the weather by a large cloak, called the Japoonchee, which is nearly impenetrable by rain, and under which it is possible to lie for a whole night of thunder-storms perfectly secured from the wet. This cloak is made of goats' hair, worked into a kind of felt, with the long shaggy hair on the outside. It has no sleeves, but is thrown over the shoulders, and has a very wild and picturesque appearance. The most common colours is black, but there are white ones, and these are considered the more valuable. They are as effectual a protection against the cold as against the wet, and the only fault to be found of them is their great weight. The best sort are made in Daghistan, a country on the shore of the Caspian, inhabited by the people called Lesguis.—*Athenæum.*

ROMAN ROADS.—So sensible were the ancient Romans of the importance of rapid conveyance, that all the cities of their vast empire were united by roads far superior to any that have been executed in later times, and a much more expensive kind than the best rail-roads in this country. The Roman roads were made so firm and solid that they have not yet entirely yielded to the dilapidations of fifteen centuries. Their total extent, according to Rondelet, was about 48,000 English miles.

BLUNDERS.—A physician being summoned to vestry, to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness, dwelt so long on the sexton's misconduct, that the latter indignantly replied, "Sir! I was in hopes you would have treated my failings with more gentleness, or that you have been the last man alive to appear against me, as *I have covered many blunders of yours!*"

VERY BAD.—A wag, who "will be the death of us," says he bought a cake the other evening. "It is *thundering weight*," observed the baker: "I hope it will not *lighten* before I get it home," was the equivocal reply.—*Mirror*.

SILVER MINE IN SPAIN.—The important discovery of a silver mine, which, according to the opinion of expert minners, will produce abundantly, was made a few months ago at the village of Ogarzun, situated between Irun and St. Sebastian. The tradition of the country is, that the same mine has been known ever since the time of the Romans. It is added, that the Carthaginians extracted from it some bars with which a vase was made for Hannibal. This, however, is not at all probable, since the Carthaginians never established themselves in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Biscay; nor had any communications with the people bordering on the western Pyrenees. However that may be, a company of capitalists, many of them intimately connected with Mexico, have subscribed a capital of eight million reals, £.9000 sterling, with which they propose to work the mine. The ancient works still exist, although inundated: the moderns have begun to draw off the water; some specimens of the mineral have been assayed, and found to answer expectation.—*Athenæum*.

FANATICISM.—Common fanaticism we cannot away with; for it is essentially vulgar, the working of animal passions, sometimes of sexual love, and oftener of earthly ambition. But when a pure mind errs, by aspiring after a disinterestedness and purity not granted to our present infant state, we almost reverence its errors; and still more we recognize in them an essential truth. They only anticipate and claim too speedily the good for which man was made. They are the misapprehensions of the inspired prophet, who hopes to see in his own day what he was appointed to promise to remoter ages.—*Channing's Character of Fenelon*.

PUN UPON PUN.—Two Oxonians dining together, one of them noticing a spot of grease on the neckcloth of his companion, said, "I see you are a *Chaucian*." "Pooh!" said the other, "that's *far fetched*."—"No, indeed," says the punster, "I made it on the spot."

SHIEL'S VOCABULARY.—His phraseology is the most laboured and infelicitous description; he seems carefully to avoid those words that would most clearly convey his meaning, and to ramble away in search of those modes of expression that are the least obvious and natural. He uses words that have long been laid aside in polite literature; and delights in creating out of foreign and heterogenous materials a strange and indescribable style in which he is certain nobody will attempt to imitate him.—*Monthly Magazine*.

A CONSIDERATE GENERAL.—General Donnadieu was caned on the Boulevards by Col. Deschamps; the Gen. did not call out his enemy, which occasioned the application of epithets easily guessed at "Why," said Madame Gay, "why blame poor Donnadieu, for not noticing what passes behind his back?"

THE MICROSCOPE.—Schott tells an amusing story in his *Magic of Nature*, of a Bavarian traveller, who, travelling in the Tyrol (early in the 17th century) with one of the newly-invented microscopes about him, was taken ill on the road and died. The authorities of the village took possession of his baggage, and were proceeding to perform the last duties to his body, when, on examining the little glass instrument in his pocket, which chanced to contain a flea, they were struck with the greatest astonishment and terror, and the poor Bavarian, condemned by acclamation as a sorcerer, who was in the habit of using a portable familiar, was declared unworthy of Christian burial. Fortunately for his character, some bold sceptics ventured to open the instrument, and discovered the true nature of the imprisoned fiend.—*Life of Galileo*.

MUSICAL PRODIGES.—The musical patrons of Munich have been amused by the performances on the violin of two children, brothers Ernest and Edward, the one seven, the other five years old, the son of Herr Eichnord, musician to the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg. The elder played alone the first theme from the seventh concert of Kreutzer, and the adagio and rondo from the seventh concert of Rode; and with his brother in *pot pourri*, 'Bricklayers and Cobbler,' and variations of Jakoby. The two children played, 'not with childish uncertainty, or timid bowing but with a masterly effect, and fine and correct expression, quite astonishing.'—*Athenæum*.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.—When the celebrated Opie came first to London, his price for painting a portrait was five shillings, which he afterwards raised to seven shillings and six pence? Being advised by Mr. Wolcott to make a further advance to half-a-guinea, he refused to try the dangerous experiment, and replied, "Na! na! the country canna bear it!"

THE MUSICAL PRISM.—The present has been emphatically called a mechanical age. The intellect, in its endeavours to advance, is at every stage of its progress surrounded and aided by appropriate machinery; and, whatever may be the ultimate results of thus facilitating the acquisition of knowledge either with regard to the faculties of the human mind or to the state of knowledge itself, it is impossible to deny that, to a certain extent, far more may be learned, and within a far shorter period, by means of the various existing inventions for abridging intellectual labour, than was possible in the days of our Titan forefathers, who had no lever but their own vigorous arms werewith to lift the mountains. Among those inventions for lessening and at the same time imparting a new interest to exertion, may be placed an article which has just appeared, entitled the Musical Prism. In this elegant and ingenious little publication, a figure, somewhat resembling a flower with variously coloured petals, is so constructed as to exhibit the combination of sound which form the basis of harmony, and displays them with so much simplicity and precision, that the young musical student (for whose use it is designed) will find it almost equally difficult to err or to forget. The adaptation of the long-noticed analogy between colours and musical sounds to the development of the relations subsisting between the latter, is interesting and ingenious. Teachers of music will, we think, find in this little performance a useful auxiliary.—*Literary Gazette*.

CANDID ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—At the Abingdon Sessions a worthy lady appeared to swear to a pair of breeches of her husband's which had been purloined. On the production of the garments in Court she was asked to whom they belonged. "Why," said she, "I think they belong to me, for I wear them sometimes."

ANIMAL DECEPTION.—We extract the following from the notes of a recent traveller in the Libyan desert: "October 12th.—Being on watch this night, I caught for the first time the *scarabæus atouchus sacer*, or chafer, with which the imaginations of the ancient Egyptians so frequently busied themselves. My attention was attracted by a noise close to my side, and athwart the darkness I discovered a large rolling ball. Conceiving it to be a crab or land-tortoise, I took it into my hand—but found it to be nothing but a lump of horsedung; and immediately afterwards I perceived a similar ball come rolling towards me. Upon holding my lantern down and minutely examining this strange machine, I found that it concealed a large black chafer, who drove it forwards by means of his long hind-legs; and as it proceeded, it gradually increased in size by the continual accumulation of sand: this, indeed, became so considerable at last, that the insect itself was scarcely perceptible. It is more than probable that the Egyptian priests took advantage of this deception to mystify their followers, and that their veneration for the chafer, or *scarabæus*, arose from that circumstance. Upon a further examination, with the aid my lantern, I discovered several animated balls of a like description, more than three inches in diameter: my Arabian companions, however, did not appear to take the slightest notice of them."—*Literary Gazette*.

LEGAL PRESUMPTION.—Baldus, a very eminent lawyer of the 14th century, and Menochius, who wrote on legal presumption in the 16th century, both lay it down as clear law, that "if it be proved that a certain man's head has been cut off violent presumption will follow from thence, that that man is dead!"

GOOD THINGS.—Foote was rattling one evening, in the green-room, when a nobleman, who seemed highly entertained, cried out, "well, Foote, you see I swallow all the good things." "Do you, my lord duke?" says the other; "then I congratulate you on your digestion, for I believe you never threw up one of them in your life."

ACOUSTICS.—A sounding-board, on scientific principles, has lately been erected in St. Peter's Church, Hereford, by which the power of the preacher's voice was so much increased, as to make any sentence distinctly audible in the remotest corners of the church, where, previously, the greater part of the discourse was lost to the congregation. The underside of the sounding-board is formed to a parabolic curve, the focus being as nearly as possible over the mouth of the preacher, by which means the voice is projected with force to the more distant parts of the church.—*Scotsman*.

AN APPROPRIATE BEGINNING.—In a party, an "Ode to Winter" being proposed as the subject for a copy of verses, a person present being at a loss for an appropriate commencement, a facetious friend suggested that no word could be more fit than "Hail!"

FALSE ECONOMY.—Many fathers there are, that so love their money and hate their children, that lest it should cost them more than they are willing to spare to hire a good schoolmaster for them, rather chuse such persons to instruct their children as are of no worth—thereby beating down the market, that they may purchase a cheap ignorance. It was therefore a witty and handsome jeer which Aristippus bestowed on a sottish father, by whom being asked what he would take to teach his child, he answered, a thousand drachms. Whereupon the other crying out, "O Hercules! how much out of the way you ask, for I can buy a slave at that rate."—"Do then," said the Philosopher, "and thou shalt, instead of one, purchase two slaves for thy money—him that thou buyest for one and thy son for another."—*Plutarch*.

A PUN.—A gentleman expressing his fears that a phamphet which had sent to several members of parliament, and among others, to Mr. Scarlett would be thrown aside without being read, his friend replied, "If it reaches Scarlett, it is sure to be read."

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS.—It is well known and painfully felt by the lovers of flowers, that they begin to fade after having been 24 hours in water; some few may retain their original beauty longer by frequently substituting fresh water; but all the furegacious (such as the poppy or one or two other excepted) may be completely restored by the use of hot water. For this purpose, place the flowers in scalding water deep enough to cover one-third of the stems, and by the time the water is cold, the flowers will have become fresh and erect; then cut the ends, and put them in cold water.

INSTANCE OF REMARKABLE COOLNESS.—On the 19th of May, 1596, Otterburn, a rebel chieftain, demanded a passage over Stradbally-bridge, which being considered as a challenge by Cosby, he resolved to oppose the passage. He accordingly, accompanied by his eldest son, Francis, who had lately married a lady of the Hartpole family, took post with his Kerns at the bridge, while Dorcas Sidney (Cosby's wife) and her daughter-in-law seated themselves at a window of the abbey to see the fight. The O'Mores soon advanced with great intrepidity, and were resisted with equal bravery, till Sir Alexander Cosby was slain, when his kerns instantly gave way; and Francis, attempting to escape, by leaping over the battlements of the bridge, was in the next moment shot dead. You might expect that the ladies at the window now became frantic with grief at the death of their husbands. But no such thing; the widow of Francis turned to her mother-in-law, and said with the greatest self-possession, "Remember, mother, that my father was shot before my husband, and, therefore, the latter became the legal possessor of the estate, and consequently I am entitled to my thirds or dowry."—*M'Gregor's Stories from Irish History*.

FRIENDSHIP FOR AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.—The following anecdote, illustrative of the kind feeling which the King still entertains towards his former associate, Brummel, will be read with interest:—The appointment to a Consulate of the once leader of London fashions, Brummel, was at the earnest intercession of Lord F. His Lordship with his usual good nature, on hearing of the vacancy, represented to his illustrious master that Brummel much regretted certain errors and indiscretions of early days, which had given offence, when he was in the enjoyment of courtly favour. The King, after some deliberation, said—“Yes! but the situation is not more than three or four hundred a year, and he, perhaps, will not accept it.” Lord F. replied that such an addition to Mr. Brummel’s income would be of great importance. “Well, then,” said his Majesty, “tell the Duke of Wellington that Brummel is an old friend of mine, and I wish him to have it.”—*Court Journal*.—[We hear that the situation has not yet been conferred upon Mr. Brummel. Perhaps the Duke of Wellington (for no appointment is made without his concurrence) does not think the circumstance of Mr. Brummel’s early intimacy with the King alone a sufficient recommendation of that gentleman. If, on inquiry, he should be found to possess the qualifications necessary for the post, the wish of the King will of course be acted upon; but it is satisfactory to find that public offices are not now conferred as mere instance of Court favour.]—*Examiner*.

FRENCH ACADEMY OF SCIENCES (SITTINGS OF THE 23d NOV.)—CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—M. Cordier read the following note:—“I have received from M. Marcell de Serres, of Montpellier, with a request that he might be admitted to correspond with the Academy, very important details on the discovery of several caverns or depots of bones, in which the remains of animals of a singular class, were mixed with products of human industry. The author of this discovery is a young physician, M. Pitore. The caves, five in number, are situate at Fauzan, near Cessero, in the south-west part of the department of l’Haeraul, and at a few kilometres north of the little town of Bize. The bones are very numerous, and belong principally to the *ursus spelæus* and the *ursus arctictus*, of which there are rare samples, such as jaw-bones, and one thigh-bone complete. They have also found the bones of reptiles and birds, the production of human industry mixed with these bones, consist in fragments of thick pots and jars, which have been baked in a very imperfect manner. All these remains are confounded in the middle of a red clay or slime, containing also twisted or angular substances of small volume, which have formed parts of various rocks. The slime is analogous to that commonly found in caverns, which in different parts of Europe contain the bones of animals, the species of which do not exist.”—*Scotsman*.

TYPGRAPHICAL INVENTION.—We have examined a curious machine invented by Mr. Bart, of Malcomb county, called by him a typographer. Its object is to enable a person to print with the same rapidity with which he can write, and to make one or more impressions, at the same time, to the number of twelve. The letters of the alphabet are stereotyped together in a curvilinear groove, and affixed to a rod, one end of which moves upon a swivel, and the other is held in the hand. An index is immediately before the eye of the operator, where the letters are also arranged, and a notch corresponding with each letter is cut in a brass plate. The paper to be printed on is passed over bar with a proper edge, covered by a cloth, and is moved by a roller, and the person operating has only to put the rod in the notch corresponding with the letter which he wishes to print, and the impression is made. The elevation of the rod from the notch moves the paper just far enough for another impression, and so on till the work is complete. The downright movement not only makes the impression, but keeps the types sufficiently provided with ink. The operation is as rapid as writing, and far less fatiguing. The machine is not less curious for its mechanical ingenuity than for its admirable simplicity. Bishop Wilson said that the time would come when a man preparing for his journey would call for his wings as familiarly as for his boots. We have no doubt but the time is near when a man, to prepare his epistle, will instantly resort to his typographer, instead of his pen and ink.—*American paper*.—We shall believe in this mechanical prodigy when we see it, but not before. As to the assertion that the operation is as rapid as writing, we believe that whenever the invention shall be made public, that assertion will turn out to be a gross exaggeration.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

MARRIAGE.—Seldon says, "Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Esop were extremely wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again."—The learned Civilian seems to have had as great a horror of Matrimony as St. Paul himself, though he does not treat the subject so solemnly. In another place he remarks, "A man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets upon them. He that will keep a monkey should pay for the glasses he breaks."—*Examiner.*

JOSEPHINE.—When she heard of Napoleon's abdication at Fontainebleau, her distress was unspeakable. "My poor Cid! my Achilles!" were her frequent exclamations, which showed alike her affection for the man and her admiration of the hero. From that moment her health was seen to decline; she hourly lamented her inability to console Bonaparte in his exile; her heart, in fact, was broken. Alexander sent her his own physician: but what can minister to a mind diseased? Her case was hopeless: she died three days afterwards, May 29, 1814, with the words, "Elba—Napoleon," on her lips.—Some weeks before her death, she addressed a letter to Bonaparte, which contained the following passage: "I have been on the point of leaving France, of following your footsteps, of devoting you the remnant of an existence which you so long made happy. One motive only restrains me, and that motive you will divine. If I learn that, contrary to all appearances, I am the only woman who is willing to do her duty, nothing shall retain me here: I will proceed to the only place where happiness can exist for me,—where I can console your Majesty, now isolated and unhappy! Speak but the word, and I fly."—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte.*

ANECDOTES OF BURNS.—(From Mr. Lockhart's *Life of the Poet.*)—A gentleman who had recently returned from the East Indies, where he had made a large fortune, which he showed no great alacrity about spending, was of opinion, it seems, one day, that his company had had enough of wine rather sooner than they came to that conclusion: he offered another bottle in feeble and hesitating terms, and remained dallying with the corkscrew, as if in hopes that some one would interfere and prevent further effusion of Bourdeaux. 'Sir,' said Burns, losing temper, and betraying in his mood something of the old rusticity—'Sir, you have been in Asia, and for aught I know, on the Mount of the Moriah, and you seem to hang over yon tappit-hen as remorsefully as Abraham did over his son Isaac.—Come, sir, to the sacrifice!'—At another party, the society had suffered considerably from the prosing of a certain well-known provincial bore of the first magnitude; and Burns, as much as any of them, although overawed, as it would seem, by the rank of the nuisance, had not only submitted, but condescended to applaud. The Grandee being suddenly summoned to another company in the same tavern, Burns immediately addressed himself to the chair, and demanded a bumper. The president thought he was about to dedicate his toast to the distinguished absentee: 'I give,' said the Bard, 'I give you the health, gentleman all,—of the waiter that called my Lord—out of the room.'—Even to the ladies, when he suspected them of wishing to make a show of him he could not help administering a little of his village discipline. A certain stately Peeress sent to invite him, without, as he fancied, having sufficiently cultivated his acquaintance beforehand, to her assembly. 'Mr. Burns,' answered the Bard, 'will do himself the honour of waiting on the—of—, provided her ladyship will invite also the Learned Pig.' Such an animal was then, exhibiting in the Grassmarket.—*Examiner.*

NATIONAL CHARACTER.—To sum up my view of English, Scottish, and Irish character, I may observe, that sincerity and independence distinguish the English; intelligence and sagacity the Scottish; and a gay and gallant spirit the Irish. The best qualities, however, are apt to associate with bad ones. The independence of the English sometimes degenerates into coarseness and brutality; the sagacity of the Scottish, into cunning and time-serving; and the gaiety of the Irish into fickleness and faithfulness. Could we combine the independence of the English, with the sagacity of the Scottish, and with the gallantry of the Irish, we should form almost a God. Could we, on the contrary, unite the brutality of the first, with the cunning of the second; and with the faithfulness of the third, we should form a demon.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

INDIAN CIVILIZATION.—The Opatus (one of the Sonora Tribes) besides being admirable warriors, are excellent poets and musicians. On the first day of the year, a certain number of highly adorned damsels dance in a circle round a pole of about twelve feet high. To the top of the pole are fastened as many long strips of different colours as there are ladies, each of whom holds one of them in their hand. Half the number of females dance to the right, the other half to the left, passing each other tight and left alternately, so that in a certain number of revolutions the pole is completely covered with a variegated plating which most ingeniously conceals the wood, and presents a particularly pretty appearance. The party walks to the tune of a song composed in honour of the occasion. The poet considers the seasons of the year as dancing with great harmony and regularity, and he represents them as contracting and expanding their influence. Thus, when the pole is entirely encircled with the platwork, the dancers are then confined within so narrow a circle, that their charms can scarcely be seen, and the seasons are said to be wound up. But as the damsels proceed to undance the plating, the circle widens, their beauty and graceful figures delight the beholders, and the seasons are said to expand and extend their influence over the whole globe.—*Hardy's Travels in Mexico.*

THE COSMORAMA.—Pictures of moderate size are placed beyond what have the appearance of common windows, but of which the panes are really large convex lenses, fitted to correct the errors of appearance which the nearness of the pictures would else produce. Then by further using various subordinate contrivances, calculated to aid and heighten the effects, even shrewd judges have been led to suppose the small pictures behind the glasses to be very large pictures, while all others have let their eyes dwell upon them with admiration, as magical realizations of the natural scenes and objects. Because this contrivance is cheap and simple, many persons affect to despise it; but they do not thereby show their wisdom; for to have made so perfect a representation of objects is one of the most sublime triumphs of art, whether we regard the pictures drawn in such true perspective and colouring, or the lenses which assist the eye in examining them.—*Dr. Arnot's Elements of Physics.*

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The Prince of Conde was subject to absences of mind, which sometimes gave occasion to very dull scenes. One day M. de Talleyrand was announced. His ideas became confused; he mistook the nephew for the uncle, and conceived that he was speaking to the Archbishop of Rheims. "Well, Monseigneur," said he, "how do you like France? It is a fine country, though more than one dangerous intriguer is left in it. Your nephew, for instance, is a chap who has played us strange tricks. The King listens to him—he is wrong, for the queer fellow will be giving him some dish of his own cooking. For my part, I can place no confidence in unfrocked priests."—I leave the reader to imagine how the Ex-Prelate, to whom this speech was addressed, must have looked, as well as the gentlemen of the Prince's retinue who heard him. One of the latter, M. de Contye was going to speak, but M. de Talleyrand made him a sign to keep silence. After a few more compliments of the same kind, he rose to withdraw. The Prince of Conde, perceiving this cried out, "Adieu, Monseigneur, I shall always be delighted to chat with you; but, for heaven's do not bring your nephew with you when you come to see me."—*Memoirs of the Court of Louis XVIII.*

MARIA LOUISA.—After the death of her husband—we believe in 1825—Maria Louisa gave her hand to the Count de Neipperg, a marriage, however which cannot be recognized by any European Court. Her son by Napoleon is said to be a young man of amiable character and considerable accomplishments, and to be a great favourite with the Emperor his grandfather. What destiny may be in store for him, who shall pretend to say?—*Family Library.*

PROOF AGAINST FIRE.—An experiment made in presence of a committee of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, by M. Aldini, for the purpose of shewing that he can secure the body against the action of flames, so as to enable firemen to carry on their operations with safety. His experiment is stated to have given satisfaction. The pompiers were clothed in asbestos, over which was a net-work of iron. Some of them it is stated, who wore double gloves of amianthus, held a red-hot bar during four minutes.—*Literary Gazette.*

THE MEXICAN MINERS.—"I have never yet met with more than one miner whom I have every reason to consider truly honest. About two or three years ago, a swindler fixed a large specimen of ore, taken from the rich mine of Alamos, most ingeniously in the vein of a mine not a hundred leagues distant from thence. When the deception was perfect, he took a certain foreigner to the mine, to give him ocular demonstrations of its worth. The parties descended with hammer and bolt, and a portion of the identical bit of ore, which had been stuck on the vein, was detached, and subjected to examination. It turned out so well, that the deluded individual was determined to embark in the enterprise. When I knew him, he had already spent 10,000 dollars; and when any new demand was made upon his purse, it went accompanied with samples of the same rich specimen, in quantities sufficient to tantalize the new speculator from whose pocket it did not fail to extract money. Finding, however, in the course of time, that the mine was always in promise, but never in *bonanza*," he set on foot an inquiry, which terminated in a discovery of the deception practised upon him; and being quite satisfied with the loss of his 10,000 dollars, he abandoned the enterprise; and the pretended miner shortly after disappeared."—*Hardy's Travels in Mexico.*

SUBJECTS FOR PAINTING.—One of our celebrated living artists declined the acceptance of commissions for two paintings, on account of their subjects. One was the meeting between James II. and the old Duke of Bedford, when the king came to consult him in his distress, and the latter replied, "I am old and infirm, but I had a son once, who might have been of service to your majesty," alluding to Lord Russell, who had been beheaded. The other was the review at Blackheath; when the soldiers shouted at hearing the imprisoned bishops were acquitted, and James II. having the cause explained to him, and feeling it to be a death blow to him, said to the person who told him, "Do you call that a trifle?" Neither of these subjects, however striking in narration, was fit for painting. It is astonishing how little people understand the language of painting. They think if a story can be told in words, it must do equally well on canvass. They do not perceive that you cannot paint a sound or an incident twenty years back. When Northcote was doing the designs for the Shakespeare Gallery, Stevens and the rest always wanted him to take subjects from the finest passages in Shakespeare. They did not consider that Shakespeare had done all that was possible in them, and that all that was left for him was to take the *bye-play* and the fillings-up, of which Shakespeare had not made the same use, because they belonged to another art. Nature has several aspects, which require several languages to express them, as we see in books of natural history. You cannot understand the pictures that are given of birds and beasts without the description, nor the description without the pictures. Both together are complete, and so it may be said of painting and poetry.—*Atlas.*

LIBRARIES AT COPENHAGEN.—Copenhagen has three large libraries:—1. The Royal Library, in a handsome building to the south of the Palace Christiansburg. It contains 400,000 volumes, was founded by King Frederick III., and belongs to the first book collections in Europe. The chief divisions are of the northern library, for the history, geography, and languages of the north; the King's private collection, rich in oriental manuscripts; a collection of manuscripts, commenced in 1786, and containing twenty-five old works from 1470, and 250 from 1480. This library claims by law two copies of every work which appears in Denmark.—2. The Library of the University, in the church of the Holy Trinity. It contains 100,000 volumes, among which are valuable Northern and Eastern manuscripts. This library is entitled to one copy of every new work, and since 1776 has been open daily from ten to two.—3. The Clasen Library, containing 30,000 volumes. It was founded in 1792 by J. F. Clasen and his brother, and since 1796 has been open to the public three hours daily. Besides these public foundations, the Chirurgical Academy, the Botanic Garden, the Veterinary School, the Ecclesiastical Seminary, the Academy of Art, have separately their private libraries.—*Foreign Review.*

VALUE OF MANNER.—The manner of saying or doing any thing goes a great way in the value of the thing itself. It was well said of him that called a good office that was done harshly and with an ill will, a stony piece of bread: it is necessary for him that is hungry to receive it, but it almost chokes a man in the going down.—*Seneca.*

LONGEVITY OF TREES.—The ficus indica, which grows on the banks of the Ner-Budda, covers an extent of ground 2000 feet in circumference. It is supposed that this is the same tree described by Nearchus. If so, it is at least 2,500 years old and it is worthy of remark that, according to an ancient tradition, this tree covered with its shade an army of full 7000 men. An old oak at Oxford, near which Magdalen College was built, was cut down in 1289, and was supposed to have been planted at the time of the Norman conquest. Strutt, in his *Sylvia Britannica*, mentions a walnut-tree, called by Camden the great walnut of Tamworth, regarded as the oldest and largest tree in England; even in the time of King Stephen, who mounted the throne in 1135, it was considerable for its size, and served as a boundary to the parish of Tortworth, in Gloucestershire. It is said that this tree requires 300 years to attain maturity, and the one in question was probably more than a thousand. In Lombardy is the celebrated cedar of Soma, eleven Milanese cubits in circumference, and the roots of which are said to extend under great part of the town. It existed of the very same size, in the sixteenth century; and faith may be placed in the tradition that it was growing when Cæsar visited this country.—*Atlas*.

FRANCIS I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.—This sovereign, rises regularly at six o'clock, breakfasts at seven, and devotes the remainder of the forenoon to public business and audiences. At one o'clock he generally takes a walk, in which he is accompanied by the empress at times, but oftener by his great chamberlain, or one of his aides. At four he sits down to dinner, which seldom consists of more than four dishes and a desert, and at which he drinks nothing but water, unless it be a glass of Toky as a foale. At six he takes his coffee in the pavilion of the new imperial garden, after refreshing himself with a stroll in the Paradise gardens, where a vast number of pigeons are reared. The empress herself, whose attire is of the most unpretending kind, does the honour of the coffee board; and few English dames can surpass her in exemplary devotion to her domestic duties. The emperor spends the remainder of the evening until supper time in playing trios on the violin or flute, in both of which instruments he is an adept,—calling in one of his aides and some nobleman about his person to take the secondo and tercio parts. All the members of the imperial family have been taught some trade or other: the crown or hereditary prince is an excellent weaver, and his brothers excel as carpenters or joiners. They have been brought up with a rigid regard for the purity of their moral conduct. As to the business of the state, it rests entirely with Metternich, whose absolutism dates from the year 1810. It is added that the emperor is an excellent Latin scholar, and speaks Latin correctly as well as fluently. He is perfectly acquainted with botany and natural history, and an enthusiastic worker of both studies.—*Literary Gazette*.

NATURAL HISTORY.—At the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 19th inst., M. Robineau Desvoidy, in the course of some observations on natural history, stated, that on opening a female viper of the species called the red viper, he found three thousand young, of different degrees of size. M. Desvoidy supposes that this extraordinary fecundity is peculiar to the red viper.—At the same sitting M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire resumed his observations on monstrosities, and particularly remarked on the two Siamese brothers who arrived lately at Boston. The union of these brothers, he said, is limited to a point extending from the base of the breast to the navel. It is superficial, and is shewn solely in a small portion of the skin, a few vessels, and some muscles. Each of them is a complete man with respect to the important organs of life. They have attained their 18th year. Their stature is short. They have never been ill. The inconvenience of their position, face to face, has caused them to use great efforts to modify it, and they have succeeded in acquiring a power of motion so far as to regard each other obliquely, so as to make a right angle between them. Their minds are well cultivated, and they agree well together. On their voyage to Boston, the only difference between them arose from the wish of one to bathe in the sea, whilst the other thought the water too cold for the diversion.—It is a curious coincidence, that at the meeting of the 26th inst. it was also announced by the same learned physiologist, that the twin girls Rita and Christine, who are joined together, had arrived in Paris, and were to be examined by some eminent anatomists on that day at the Museum in the Jardin du Roi.—*Literary Gazette*.

PRODIGIOUS FLIGHT OF BIRDS.—There are several islands on one part of the coast (of Van Dieman's Land) and the number of birds seen at times is almost incredible. "There was," says Capt. Flinders, "a stream of Sooty Petrels, of from 50 to 80 yards in depth, and of 300 yards or more in breadth: the birds were not scattered, but flying as compactly as a free movement of their wings seemed to allow; and during a full hour and a half this stream of petrels continued to pass without interruption, at a rate little inferior to the swiftness of the pigeon. Taking the stream to have been 50 yards deep and 300 in breadth, and that it moved at the rate of 30 miles an hour, and allowing nine cubic yards of space to each bird, the number would amount to 151,500,000. The burrows required to lodge this number of birds would be 75,750,000; and allowing a square yard to each burrow they would cover something more than 18½ geographic square miles of ground."—This fact is curious in itself; and it is further of importance as tending to show that the sea birds which have been mentioned as the principal architects of the supermarine portion of the new lands in the Australian seas are so far from being inadequate to such a purpose, that they can effect it in much shorter time than those who are not aware of their numbers would be apt to believe.—*Picture of Australia.*

HOGARTH'S ADMIRATION OF THE WORKS OF NATURE.—The addition even of a flower, or an ornamental shrub, to those which we already possess, is not to be regarded as a matter below the care of industry and science. The more we extend our acquaintance with the productions of Nature, the more are our minds elevated by contemplating the variety as well as the exceeding beauty of the works of the Creator. The highest understanding does not stoop when occupied in observing the brilliant colour of a blossom or the graceful form of a leaf. Hogarth, the great moral painter, a man in all respects of real and original genius, writes thus to his friend Ellis, a distinguished traveller and naturalist:—"As for your pretty little seed-cups, or vases, they are a sweet confirmation of the pleasure, nature seems to take in superadding elegance of form to most of her works, wherever you find them. How poor and bungling are all the imitations of Art! When I have the pleasure of seeing you next, we will sit down, nay, kneel down, if you will, and admire these things."—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

BUSHMEN ARMS.—'The arms of the pigmy but dreaded Bushmen come into the market. Nothing can be more insignificant in appearance, or more deadly in effect, than these: the bow is about two feet six inches, the arrow eighteen inches, in length; and this is the mode of making it. Into a slight reed a small sharpened bone (that of the ostrich, I believe) is thrust, but not fastened; this bone is poisoned; and when the weapon is withdrawn from the wound, remains behind, being prevented from returning with the reed, by a small hook placed at one of its side; others have a thin triangular sharp piece of iron at the extremity, black with a gluey substance, said to be a strong mineral poison; some, however, describe it as extracted from serpents, and others from plants. Little is, I believe, known on the subject, except that it carries immediate death.—*Four Years in Southern Africa.*

GOOD-NATURED PASSIONATE PEOPLE.—It is a very common expression, that such a one is very good-natured, but very passionate. The expression indeed is very good-natured, to allow passionate people so much quarter. But I think a passionate man deserves the least indulgence of any. It is said, it is soon over: that is, all the mischief he does is quickly dispatched, which I think is no great recommendation to favour. I have known one of these good-natured passionate men say in a mixed company, even to his own wife or child such things as the most inveterate enemies of his family would not have spoken, even in imagination. It is certain that quick sensibility is inseparable from a ready understanding; but why should not that good understanding call to itself all its forces on such occasions, to master that sudden inclination to anger? To contain the spirit of anger is the worthiest discipline we can put ourselves to. When a man has made any progress this way, a frivolous fellow in a passion is to him as contemptible as a froward child. It ought to be the study of every man, for his own quiet and peace. When he stands combustible and ready to flame upon every thing that he touches, life is as uneasy to himself as all about him.—This is the most scandalous disuse of reason imaginable: all the harmless part of him is no more than that of a bull-dog—they are tame no longer than they are not offended.—*Addison.*

NAPOLÉON'S SENSITIVENESS TO PUBLIC OPINION.—"What will they say at Paris?" was an incentive to some of his meanest as well as some of the finest of his actions. It produced great victories, and led him even to intercept notes of invitation to dinner, which at one time nearly occupied a bureau for itself. The extreme ramifications of his police are not to be considered so much the precautionary support of his government, as the means of satisfying his appetite for knowing all that was said about him. It was the motive of his walks about Paris with Bourrienne, in a sort of undress, when he would enter shops, and, while his companion cheapened goods, he himself would enquire what the good people thought of the *farceur*. He was never so supremely happy as when he was once driven out of a shop by an old woman, and he and his Secretary obliged to take to their heels, because the First Consul had spoken ill of himself.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

DOG'S TRICKS.—The practice of teaching dogs tricks is as old as the Romans. Montaigne has quoted from Plutarch the following account of a *wonderful* dog of antiquity:—"Plutarch says he saw at Rome, at the theatre of Marcellus, which performed most extraordinary feats, taking his part in a farce which was played before the Emperor Vespasian. Amongst other things, he counterfeited himself dead, after having feigned to eat a certain drug by swallowing a piece of bread. At first, he began to tremble and stagger, as if he were astonished; and at length, stretching himself out stiff, as if he had been dead, he suffered himself to be drawn and dragged from place to place, as it was his part to do; but afterwards, when he knew it to be time, he began first gently to stir, as if newly awakened out of some profound sleep, and lifting up his head, looked about him, after such a manner as astonished all the spectators."—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge*.

PRESENT STATE OF SPAIN.—It is not customary to publish any account of the robberies which occur almost daily. But to show their frequency and the boldness with which they are undertaken, it is enough to mention, that the diligence from Madrid to Barcelona, though escorted by several soldiers, was robbed at least ten times in the course of last year. The mail coach from Madrid to Bayonne met with the same treatment either four or five times; the robbery being in more than one instance accompanied by the death or wounding of the postillions. * * * * * The state of society in Spain is such as fortunately cannot be matched in any other country, not even in Portugal or Tipperary. That there should, in a population of only 14,000,000, be, in the course of a single year, 1223 murders, and 1773 attempts at murder, accompanied by stabbing and wounding, exhibits a ferocity on the part of the people, and an imbecility on the part of Government, without a parallel, we shall not say in the history of civilized nations, but even amongst savage hordes. The population of England and Wales differs very little from that of Spain; and during the years 1826, and 1827, there were 74 individuals, being at the rate of 37 each year, convicted of murder, and of attempts at murder, by stabbing, shooting, poisoning, &c. Hence it results, that for every single individual convicted of these crimes in this part of the British empire, there were *eighty-one* convicted in Spain! Such are the comparative fruits of good government and of tyranny and misrule. Surely if there be any truth in the remark of Hume, that when human affairs are sunk to a point of depression, they naturally begin to ascend in an opposite direction, the regeneration of Spain cannot be far distant.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

LIGHT.—It is become matter almost of certainty, that the sensation of Light is produced in a suitable nervous tissue in the eye, by a trembling motion in another fluid than air, which fluid pervades all space, and in rarity or subtlety of nature surpasses air vastly more than air does water or solids: and while, in sound, different tones or notes depend on the number of vibrations in a given time, so in light to different colours depend on the extent of the single vibrations. Can human imagination picture to itself a simplicity more magnificent and fruitful of marvellous beauty and utility than this!—But farther: as air answers in the universe so many important purposes besides that of conveying sounds,—although this alone comprehends language, which almost means reason and civilization,—so also does the material of light minister in numerous ways, in the phenomena of heat, electricity, and magnetism.—*Dr. Arnett's Elements of Physics*.

LYING.—After tongue has once got the knack of lying, 'tis not to be imagined how impossible almost it is to reclaim it. Whence it comes to pass, that we see some men, who are otherwise very honest, so subject to this vice. I have an honest lad as my tailor, who I never knew guilty of one truth,—no, not when it had been to his advantage.—*Montaigne.*

WARRIORS AND LITERARY CHARACTERS.—'The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, undoubtedly possesses great military talents, but we have never heard of his eloquence in the senate, or of his sagacity in the cabinet; and we venture to say, that he will leave the world without adding one new thought on the great themes, on which the genius of philosophy and legislature has meditated for ages. We will not go down for illustration to such men as Nelson, a man great on the deck, but debased by gross vices, and who never pretended to enlargement of intellect. To institute a comparison, in point of talent and genius, between such men and Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare, is almost an insult to these illustrious names. Who can think of these truly great intelligences; of the range of their minds through heaven and earth; of their deep intuition into the soul; of their new and glowing combinations of thought; of the energy with which they grasped and subjected to their main purpose the infinite materials of illustration which nature and life afford; who can think of the forms of transcendent beauty and grandeur which they created, or which were rather emanations of their own minds; of the calm wisdom, and fervid, impetuous imagination which they conjoined; of the dominion which they have exercised over so many generations, and which time only extends and makes sure; of the voice of power, in which, though dead, they still speak to nations, and awaken intellect, sensibility, and genius in both hemispheres;—who can think of such men, and not feel the immense inferiority of the most gifted warriors, whose elements of thought are physical forces and physical obstructions, and whose employment is the combination of the lowest class of objects on which a powerful mind can be employed?'—*Dr. Channing's Works.*

INTELLIGENCE OF THE HORSE.—Most of our readers probably are horsemen. Their memories will supply them with many an instance of intelligence and fidelity in the horse, and particularly in the hackney, the every-day companion of man. A friend of ours rode thirty miles from home on a young horse which he had bred, and which had never before been in that part of the country. The road was difficult to find, but by dint of inquiry he at length reached the place he sought. Two years passed over, and he had again occasion to take the same journey. No one rode this horse but himself, and he was perfectly assured that the animal had not been in that direction. Three or four miles before he reached his journey's end he was benighted. He had to traverse moor and common, and he could scarcely see his horse's head. The rain began to pelt. "Well!" thought he, "here I am, far from any house, and know not nor can I see an inch of my road. I have heard much of the memory of the horse—it is my only hope now—so, my fine fellow," throwing the reins on his horse's neck, "go on!" In half an hour he was safe at his friend's gate.—The following anecdote, given on the authority of Professor Kruger of Halle, proves both the sagacity and the fidelity of the horse:—A friend of his, riding home through a wood in a dark night, struck his head against the branch of a tree, and fell from his horse stunned. The steed immediately returned to the house which they had lately left, and which was now closed and the family in bed, and pawed at the door until some one rose and opened it. He turned about, and the man, wondering at the affair, followed him: the faithful and intelligent animal led him to the place where his master lay senseless on the ground.—*Library of Useful Knowledge.*

DELICATE WORKMANSHIP.—Mr. Peter Atherton has manufactured scissors of so minute a size that twenty-six pairs of them weigh no more than a grain.—We have in our possession at present a common cherry-stone which contains within it 144 silver spoons!—*Edinburgh Literary Gazette.*—What is this, compared with the minute works of art, described by Baker in his history of the Microscope.—We shall give one specimen from the many he adduces.—"Oswald Nelinger made a cup of a pepper corn, which held twelve hundred other cups, all turned in ivory, each gilt on the edge, and standing on a foot. There was room for four hundred more."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

WASP.—The faculty, or instinct of bees is sometimes at fault, for we often hear of their adopting the strongest and most unsuitable tenements for the construction of cells. A busbar's cap, so suspended from a moderate sized branch of a tree, as to be agitated by slight winds, was found filled with bees and comb. An old coat, that had been thrown over the decayed trunk of a tree and forgotten, was filled with comb and bees. Any thing, in short, either near the habitations of man, or in the forests, will serve the bees for a shelter to their combs. The average number of a hive, or swarm, is from fifteen to twenty thousand bees. Nineteen thousand four hundred and ninety-nine are neuters or working bees, five hundred are drones, and the remaining one is the queen or mother! Every living thing, from man down to an ephemeral insect, pursues the bee to its destruction for the sake of the honey that is deposited in its cell, or secreted in its honey-bag. To obtain that which the bee is carrying to its hive, numerous birds and insects are on the watch, and an incredible number of bees fall victims, in consequence, to their enemies. Independently of this, there are the changes in the weather, such as high winds, sudden showers, hot sunshine; and then there is the liability to fall into rivers, besides a hundred other dangers to which bees are exposed. When a queen bee ceases to animate the hive, the bees are conscious of her loss; after searching for her through the hive, for a day or more, they examine the royal cells, which are of a peculiar construction and reversed in position, hanging vertically, with the mouth underneath. If no eggs or larvæ are to be found in these cells, they then enlarge several of those cells, which are appropriated to the eggs of neuters, and in which queen eggs have been deposited. They soon attach a royal cell to the enlarged surface, and the queen bee, enabled now to grow, protrudes itself by degrees into the royal cell, and comes out perfectly formed, to the great pleasure of the bees. The bee seeks only its own gratification in procuring honey and in regulating its household, as according to the old proverb, what is one man's meat is another's poison, it sometimes carries honey to its cell, which is prejudicial to us. Dr. Barton in the fifth volume of the "American Philosophical Transactions," speaks of several plants that yield a poisonous syrup, of which the bees partake without injury, but which has been fatal to man. He has enumerated some of these plants, which ought to be destroyed wherever they are seen, namely, dwarf-laurel, great laurel, kalmia latifolia, broad-leaved moorwort, Pennsylvania mountain-laurel, wild honeysuckle (the bees, cannot get much of this,) and the stramonium or Jamestown-weed. A young bee can be readily distinguished from an old one, by the greyish coloured down that covers it, and which it loses by the wear and tear of hard labour; and if the bee be not destroyed before the season is over, this down entirely disappears, and the groundwork of the insect is seen white or black. On a close examination, very few of these black or aged bees, will be seen at the opening of the spring, as, not having the stamina of those that are younger, they perish from inability to encounter the vicissitudes of winter.—*American Farmer's Manual.*

AVAILANCE.—Professor Silliman's Journal for January contains a long account of an extraordinary avalanche which occurred in New Hampshire, (United States,) on the 28th of August, 1826. "This awful catastrophe destroyed in a moment, a family of the name of Willey, nine in number, and left not one to tell their painful story. For two seasons before, the mountains had been very dry, and on the morning of August 28th it commenced raining very hard, with strong tempestuous wind: the storm lasted through that day and the succeeding night, and when it ceased, the road was found obstructed by innumerable avalanches of mountain ruins, which rendered it impossible to pass, except on foot. The first traveller who came to the Willey house found it empty of its inhabitants, and in the course of a few days the mangled bodies of seven out of the nine were found about fifty or sixty rods from the house, buried beneath the driftwood and mountain ruins, on the bank of the Saco, or rather in the midst of what was for the time a vast raging torrent, uniting one mountain barrier to the other. The effects of the torrents, which on that occasion descended from the mountains, now form a most conspicuous and interesting feature in the scenery."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

LUTHER'S BIBLE.—In the course of the five and forty years after the first publication of Luther's translation of the Bible, it went through one hundred and one entire editions! One alone (Canstein) disposed of 1,670,333 copies between the years 1715 and 1793.—*Lit. Gazette.*

CHARACTER OF SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.—In the necrological article, on M. Dumont, contained in the last number of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review, and which is attributed to Sir James Macintosh, the author, alluding to the acquaintance of M. Dumont with Sir Samuel Romilly, says, 'in this part of his life began his close connection with Sir Samuel Romilly, a man whose whole excellence will be little understood by the world, until they see the narrative traced by himself, of those noble labours of self-education, by which he taught himself every sort of ability which is necessary to serve mankind and still more of that self-discipline, by which he at length formed a character yet more exalted than his genius, composed a probably unparalleled union of tender affection with unbending principle, and producing those dispositions towards magnanimous and heroic, which were hidden from the vulgar by the solemn decorums of a formal profession, and are seldom found to be capable of breathing so long under the undisturbed surface of a well ordered and prosperous community. The habitual or mechanical part of Romilly's life was necessarily governed by those of his profession and country. The higher element, however, secretly and constantly blended itself with every thought and feeling; and there were moments when his moral heroism carried his majesty and virtue into the souls of the perplexed and affrighted vulgar.—*Athenæum.*

POETRY.—By those who are accustomed to speak of poetry as light reading, Milton's eminence in this sphere may be considered only as giving him a high rank among the contributors to public amusement. Not so thought Milton. Of all God's gifts of intellect, he esteemed poetical genius the most transcendent. He esteemed it in himself as a kind of inspiration, and wrote his great works with something of the conscious dignity of a prophet. We agree with Milton in his estimate of poetry. It seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that sentiment which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean, of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, after something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords. No doctrine is more common among Christians than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood, that the germs or principles of his whole future being are now wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though, infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes farther towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry.—*Channing.*

THE SOUNDS MADE BY INSECTS.—The last thing we shall notice is, the various sounds produced by insects—those diversified sounds which are so often heard, and which so enliven the animated creation. Perhaps the uninitiated will be astonished to hear, that the shrill clarion of the bee, the hollow buzz of the dor-beetle, the chirping of the cricket, and the merry voice of the grasshopper, are none of them produced from the mouth of the respective insects. Indeed, no insects have the power of producing sound by the mouth; they do, not breath through the mouth, and consequently can have no power of producing sound by that organ. The sounds are produced either by the quick vibration of the wings, or by beating on their own bodies or other hard substances with their mandibles, or their feet. The sound of the bee is produced by the vibration of its wings in the air. The cricket, when it is disposed to be merry, beats time with its mandibles against its head and horny sides, in the same manner as a human being, when in good spirits or idle, drums with his fingers on the table. There is a sound which has often struck terror into the souls of the superstitious, and which is frequently heard behind the ceiling, called the death-watch. This has been ascertained to be caused by a small species of wood-beetle, and most probably in the same way as the cricket produces its sound, by beating with its feet on the wood.—*Rhinda's Studies.*

THE LAUREL.—The laurel was introduced early in the seventeenth century, by one Cole, a merchant, residing at Hampstead, who tells us that he used to cast a blanket over it in frosty weather. This shrub has not yet become entirely acclimated, as it often suffers considerably in severe frosts; yet it is a well-known fact, that plants raised from cuttings of such as have grown in this country, are more hardy, and thrive better, than those produced from seeds which had been imported from the warmer climate, of which the laurel is a native.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

IRON SHIPPING.—An iron vessel was last week launched at Liverpool, and not only looked handsome, but floated buoyantly on the water. It is intended for the Irish inland navigation.—*Lit. Gazette.*

MR. LAWRENCE'S CHARACTER AS A LECTURER.—No man speaks better; his language is peculiarly precise and choice—it is without ambition or vain ornament; he is never at a loss for a word, and never breaks a sentence; his language is indeed just what a gentleman and a man of science would choose to use; it wants only one quality, that is condensation; and his command of it is, perhaps, rather too great, while his delivery is not equal to his diction; his lectures are deficient in the higher qualities—well-considered arrangement, striking illustration, and, above all laborious research. Every one must perceive, who has read the lectures that have been published, how often he states part of a subject, leaves it, and returns to it; how utterly regardless he appears of keeping facts in a close train so as to bring out the great practical principles. Hence, with all his powers and accomplishments, he becomes tedious and loses the attention. He cannot build up, out of his materials, though they are probably more extensive, any thing like the discourse Mr. Abernethy was certain to produce every time he appeared in the theatre. That he would follow in the walk of his predecessor was neither to be desired nor expected; but, we confess we are disappointed to find that he has not supplied his place by the solid, learned, and methodical system of instruction, which the present state of knowledge demands from a lecturer on surgery.—*Medical Examiner.*

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON, BY AN AMERICAN.—The love of power and supremacy, absorbed, consumed him. No other passion, no domestic attachment, no private friendship, no love of pleasure, no relish for letters or the arts, no human sympathy, no human weakness, divided his mind with the passion for dominion and for dazzling manifestations of his power. Before his duty, honour, love, humanity, fell prostrate. Josephine, we are told, was dear to him; but the devoted wife, who had stood firm and faithful in the day of his doubtful fortunes, was cast off in his prosperity, to make room for a stranger, who might be more subservient to his power. He was affectionate, we are told, to his brothers and mother; but his brothers, the moment they ceased to be his tools, were disgraced; and his mother, it is said, was not allowed to sit in the presence of her imperial son. He was sometimes softened, we are informed, by the sight of the field of battle strewn with the wounded and dead; but, if the Moloch of his ambition claimed new hopes of slain to-morrow, it was never denied. With all his sensibility he gave millions to the sword with as little compunction as he would have brushed away so many insects, which had infested his march. To him, all human will, desire, power, were to bend. His superiority none might question. He insulted the fallen, who had contracted the guilt of opposing his progress; and not even woman's loveliness, and the dignity of a queen, could give shelter from his contumely. His allies were his vassals; nor was their vassalage concealed. Too lofty to use the arts of conciliation, preferring command to persuasion, overhearing, and all-grasping, he spread distrust, exasperation, fear, and revenge through Europe; and when the day of retribution came, the old antipathies and mutual jealousies of nations were swallowed up in one burning purpose to prostrate the common tyrant, the universal foe.—*Channing.*

TO WRITE ON PAPER WITH LETTERS OF GOLD.—Put some gum arabic into common writing ink, and write with it in the usual way. When the writing is dry, breath upon it; the warmth and moisture of the gum will cause the gold leaf to adhere to it, which may be laid on in the usual way, and the superfluous part brushed off, or instead of this any japanners' size may be used.—*Athenæum.*

FECONDITY OF FISHES.—It is in the sea, indeed, that we have a proper view of the power of nature in multiplying her productions, and providing for the contingencies to which they are exposed. If a hen rears more than a dozen of chickens, we think it an abundant brood; and if a ewe happens to have three lambs, her fecundity is published in the journals of the day; but we never hear one word about the sole, the average of whose progeny at a single birth is one hundred thousand; or of the flounder, that brings nearly a million and a half; or of the cod, with her maximum of almost four millions! and all those vast colonies come from the parent egg, which is hatched in the general bosom of the deep, without any care but that which they are capable of taking of themselves. Every female herring, in those countless shoals which throng round us every season, that escapes the snares of man, and the jaws of larger fishes, prepares little short of forty thousand to increase the shoal of the future year. It is true that there are many casualties and sources of destruction in that element in which those abundant shoals have their being, yet the resources of nature are mightier than them all; and man may fish away fully assured that for every fish that he can catch, notwithstanding the utmost endeavours of his skill and his industry, nature will be sure to provide a thousand.—*British Naturalist*.

EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE.—The proportions of Egyptian figures are about seven heads in height, in slighter works of painting and relief frequently more, the breath of the figure agreeing with the height. The face is generally youthful, even when a beard, in the form of a peg, is added to the chin—we may suppose intended to signify advancement in years. The nose, eyes, eye-brows, mouth, and extended line of the cheeks, are formed of simpler curves than are usually seen in nature. The countenances greatly resemble each other, and are placid, with a mixture of cunning. The attitudes of Egyptian statues have little variety; if standing, the head is a little advanced, the arms hang down close to the sides; sometimes one arm is laid across the breast. Figures sitting on seats have the legs and thighs forming right angles in the side view, and in front the legs are parallel to each other. Sometimes the figure sits on the ground, with the legs drawn near the body in parallel lines; sometimes the figure is kneeling. In the historical or allegorical bas-reliefs of the Egyptians, their subjects are composed in the most evident and common manner, certainly without artifice or system, on the one hand, as, on the other, they are devoid of elegance or choice. The drapery of the Egyptian statues is close and seldom interrupted by folds. The Egyptian animals are superior works of art to their human statues, and reason for this is that inferior animals are more easily represented. The style of Egyptian sculpture in the extreme, and the magnitude of their colossal works is awful; but the simplicity is so excessive, that one face, and one set of forms, have extended an universal monotony of resemblance, as far as possible, through the differences of age and sex. The surface of the body and limbs betrays a great ignorance in the knowledge of the bones, muscles and tendons, which produce the forms in the surface; and, although this people have been celebrated for their skill in geometry, their bassorelievos and painted compositions demonstrate that they had not advances sufficiently to determine the balance and motion of the human figure by the rules of that science.—*Flaxman's Lectures*.

GRAVITY OF BREAKFAST.—Whether breakfast is the most serious and silent meal, because it is the first, or because it is the soberest, it is difficult to say, but it generally does pass without much talk, or at all events, without much talk that is worth recording. Punsters very seldom pun at breakfast, and the narrators of long-winded stories are at that time more sparing of their tales. There is then seldom any argumentative discussion or any play of wit. Breakfast is altogether a matter of business, an affair of life and death, because, if people did not break their fast, they could not live. Dinner is quite another thing; that is more a matter of pleasure than of business; and they who speak of the pleasures of the table, are supposed to allude to dinner, and not to breakfast. A man may dine with Duke Humphrey five days in the week, but it is a much more serious matter to breakfast with Duke Humphrey.—*Talk of a Barrister*.

WAVERLY NOVELS.—A friend who visited Edinburgh lately, gives a most flattering account of the splendid success of the new edition of the *Waverly Novels*. In the literary market, it rarely happens that demand equals, far less exceeds supply; but in the case before us, Messrs. Cadell and Co., great as their publishing facilities are actually find it difficult to keep pace with the wants of the public. *Ten thousand* copies, the new edition of "*Waverly*," was out of print in a few days: and though a second was supplied as quickly as possible, excess of appetite seemed to grow so fast by what it fed on, that not only Mr. Ballantyne's but other men's presses were put to their utmost speed, even though aided by the power of steam. Altogether, 32,000 copies of the new addition have been sold—a fact which we hold to be unparalleled in the history of literature. Sir Walter Scott, in fact, is the only individual we ever heard of, that could give permanent employment to a paper-mill and a large establishment of printers to boot. Supposed the new edition of the works in question should extend to forty volumes, at least 30,000 reams of paper will be required, the value of which, at 30s. per ream, will amount to the sum of 145,000*l.* sterling. Forty volumes at 5s. will cost exactly 10*l.* and supposing that the whole should prove as successful as "*Waverly*," the money put in circulation altogether will amount to the enormous sum of 320,000*l.* And all this affected by one teeming and inexhaustible mind—one restless and indefatigable pen! In the wide circle of modern writers, it is impossible to point to a single individual that has diffused the same degree of entertainment, or realized by his writings any thing approaching to the same sum of money.—*Dumfries' Courier*.

CHURCH IN THE HIGHLANDS.—About thirty years ago, I first visited the Spital of Glenshee, and at that time I never had seen a greater curiosity than the place of worship there. It is a chapel of ease belonging to a parish called Kirkmichael, built with stone and lime, and the roof is flagged with slate. The door was locked, but both the windows were wide open, without either glass or frame, so that one stepped as easily in at the windows as at the door. There were no seats, but here and there a big stone placed, and, as things of great luxury, there were two or three sticks laid from one of these to another. The floor was literally paved with human bones, and I saw that the dogs had gnawed the ends of many of them by way of amusing themselves in the time of worship. There were also hundreds of human teeth, while in the north-west corner of the chapel there was an open grave, which had stood so for nearly three months. It had been made in the preceding December for a young man who had died in the Braes of Angus, but it came on such a terrible storm that they could not bring the corpse, so they buried him where he was, and left this grave standing ready for the next. When the service was ended, the minister gathered the collection for the poor on the green, in the crown of his hat, and neither men nor women thought of dispersing, but stood in clubs about the chapel, conversing, some of them for upwards of an hour. I have seen many people who appeared to pay more attention to the service, but I never saw any who appeared to enjoy the crack after sermon so much.—*Edt. Journal*.

VERSE AND PROSE.—One source of pleasure in poetry, as in all the other arts, is difficulty overcome. One of the things that strikes us the most in a picture, in a statue, in a poem, is that flexibility has been given to marble; that a coloured canvas deceives the sight; that verses, notwithstanding the restraint of the measure, have the same ease as common conversation: this is one advantage of which the prose translation deprives the original. Again, the genius of prose is absolutely opposed to that of verse. Verse is bold, rapid, and concise; prose grave, slow, and explanatory. A transition which in verse is only spirited, in prose becomes abrupt; what is only strong, animated, or bold in the one, becomes harsh, brusque, or extravagant in the other. The prose translator yields imperceptibly to the style of the kind of writing he has adopted, rhythm and harmony disappear; figurative expressions are tamed down, wordiness takes the place of vigour, and the insipidity of what is put together without labour of the charm of difficulty overcome. Admit that he is faithful to the sense of particular words and particular phrases, it is an apparent fidelity only which the poetical translator freely concedes him, convinced that this can never compensate for the real infidelities he must commit, if it be true that vigour, rapidity, harmony, and figurative and impassioned language are the beauties of poetry.—*De Lille*.

THE EAGLE TURNED RESTAURATEUR.—“A tradition prevails, that when O’Sullivan was quitting his retreat in Glengarriff, he consigned the care of his wife and children to a faithful gossip named Gorrane M’Swiney, who had a hut at the foot of the Eagle’s precipice which was so constructed as to elude the vigilance of the English scouts who day and night prowled about these mountains. A single salted salmon was all the provision which M’Swiney had for his honoured charge when they entered his hut but, his ingenuity is said to have devised extraordinary means for their future sustenance. Having perceived an eagle flying to her nest with a hare in her talons, he conceived a plan for supporting the family of his chief with the food intended for the young eaglets. He accordingly on the following morning accompanied by his son, a boy about fourteen years old ascended the mountains, on the summit of which they took post, till they saw the old eagles fly off in pursuit of prey. The elder M’Swiney then tied a rope, made of the fibres of bog fir, round the waist and between the legs of his son, and lowered him down to the nest, where the youth tightened the necks of the young eaglets with straps which he had provided for the purpose, that they might swallow their food with difficulty. This being accomplished, he was safely drawn up, and the father and son kept their station on the top of the precipice, till they witnessed the return of the eagles—one with a rabbit, and the other with a grouse, in its talons. After they had again flown off, young M’Swiney descended a second time, and brought up the game, after having first gutted it, and left the entrails for the young eaglets. In this manner, we are informed, was the family of O’Sullivan supported, by their faithful guardian, during the period of their seclusion in this desolate part of the country.”—*Stories from the History of Ireland.*

ATMOSPHERICAL APPEARANCES.—As the atmosphere extends upwards, its density becomes gradually less and less, and of course its power of reflecting the sun’s rays in like proportion diminishes, till at last at the extremest verge where it terminates, there is no reflection at all—a total darkness. The extreme strata then being most rarified, has the least power of reflecting the rays of light; and the light thus reflected is of a bluish tint, or consists principally of the blue rays. In this manner, a dark brown mountain, whose surface has small reflective capabilities, when seen at a distance, has a deep blue appearance, exactly similar to the atmosphere. It cannot be the medium of the air though which it is seen that renders it of this colour; for if part of the mountain be covered with snow, which has strong reflective powers, this snow is still seen of a pure white colour. It has been ascertained too, that the atmosphere, when seen from the top of a very high mountain, has a deep blue tint, approaching to black, and this tint becomes deeper the higher up you ascend. It may be observed also, that the centre of the atmosphere, looking perpendicularly upwards, always appears of a deep blue colour, which gradually passes to a whiter appearance towards the extreme verge of the horizon, or in the lower strata next the earth. Here most dense air is accumulated, and here the reflection is most perfect, or nearest approaching to white light; whereas, perpendicularly overhead, the rays of light pass through less of this air, the reflection is fainter, and hence the deep blue colour.”—*Rhind’s Studies.*

THE KING’S COCK CROWER.—Among the customs which formerly prevailed in England during the season of Lent, was the following:—An officer denominated the King’s Cock Crower, crowed the hour each night within the precincts of the palace, instead of proclaiming it in the manner of the late watchmen. This absurd ceremony did not fall into disuse till the reign of George I.

RUSSIAN POLICE.—The French Minister, during the reign of Alexander, was robbed of a snuff box of very considerable value; and, like a prudent man, he mentioned the circumstance to the Emperor, hinting his fears that he should not easily recover it. It is well known that he publicly spoke of the lax state of the Russian police, comparing it with the French. The Emperor spoke to the chief of the police; and a few weeks after the robbery, a nobleman, holding a high situation in the police, called on the Ambassador, and remarked how erroneous His Excellency was in his opinion, saying, “Here is your snuff box.” “I am very glad to see it again,” said His Excellency, “and I shall trouble you to return it to me.” “No,” said the police-officer, “we have a number of forms to go through before this can be returned;” in short, such a number that the Ambassador never got it back again.—*From Anecdotes of Russia, in the New Monthly Magazine.*

THE EYE AND THE CAMERA OBSCURA.—‘The nature of the eye as a camera obscura is beautifully exhibited by taking the eye of a recently killed bullock, and after carefully cutting away or thinning the outer coat of it behind, by going with it to a dark place and directing pupil towards any brightly-illuminated objects; then, through the semi-transparent retina left at the back of the eye may be seen a minute but perfect picture of all such objects—a picture, therefore, formed on the back of the little apartment or camera obscura, by the agency of the convex cornea and lens in front.’ ‘Understanding from all this, that when a man is engaged in what is called looking at an object, his mind is in truth only taking cognizance of the picture or impression made on his retina, it excites admiration in us to think of the exquisite delicacy of texture and of sensibility which the retina must possess, that there may be the perfect perception which really occurs of even the separate parts of the minute images there formed. A whole-printed sheet of newspaper, for instance, may be represented on retina on less surface than that of a fingernail, and yet not only shall every word and letter be separately perceivable, but even any imperfection of a single letter. Or, more wonderful still, when at night an eye is turned up to the blue vault of heaven, there is portrayed on the little concave of the retina the boundless concave of the sky, with every object in its just proportions. There a moon in beautiful miniature may be sailing among her white-edged clouds, and surrounded by thousand twinkling stars, so that to an animalcule supposed to be within and near the pupil, the retina might appear another starry firmament with all its glory. If the images in the human eye be thus minute, what must they be in the little eye of a canary-bird, or of another animal smaller still? How wonderful are the works of nature!’—*Arnot's Elements.*

POETRY.—It has always been our opinion, that the very essence of poetry, apart from the pathos, the wit, or the brilliant description which may be embodied in it but may exist equally in prose, consists in the fine perception and vivid expression of that subtle and mysterious analogy which exists between the physical and the moral world—which makes outwards things and qualities the natural types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions, and leads us to ascribe life and sentiment to every thing that interests us in the aspects of external nature. The feeling of this analogy, obscure and inexplicable as the theory of it may be, is so deep and universal in our nature, that it has stamped itself on the ordinary language of men of every kindred and speech: and that to such an extent, that one half of the epithets by which we familiarly designate moral and physical qualities, are in reality so many metaphors, borrowed reciprocally, upon this analogy, from those opposite forms of existence. The very familiarity, however, of the expression, in these instances, takes away its poetical effect—and indeed, in substance, its metaphorical character. The original sense of the word is entirely forgotten in the derivative one to which it has succeeded; and it requires some etymological recollection to convince us that it was originally nothing else than a typical or analogical illustration. Thus we talk of a penetrating understanding, and a furious blast—a weighty argument, and a gentle stream—without being at all aware that we are speaking in the language of poetry, and transferring qualities from one extremity of the sphere of being to another. In these cases, accordingly, the metaphor, by ceasing to be felt in reality ceases to exist, and the analogy being no longer intimated, of course can produce no effect. But whenever it is intimated, it does produce an effect; and that effect we think is poetry.—*Edin. Review.*

ALLIANCE BETWEEN PHILOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY.—There is no war between Christianity and philosophy. Pure and undefiled Christianity is sound philosophy. If there ever has been war, it has been against the temporal abuses which pretences of religion were brought forward to protect. This was at the bottom of the outcry made against philosophy during the French Revolution. The real struggle was against arbitrary power sheltering itself under the influence of religious establishments. Religion was assailed because it was made an engine in the hands of the common enemy; the animosity was against the enemy, not against the abstract instrument that was in his hands. Those times are past. It is all too late now, to get up a religious opposition to the exercise of reason on any subject connected with the welfare of mankind.—*Westminster Review*, No. xxiii.

Locke.—It is hard to say, whether mankind are more indebted to this illustrious person as a philosopher, or as a politician. The publication of his great work undoubtedly fixed an era in the history of science: But his writings, and his personal exertions in favour of liberty, and more especially of religious Toleration, may be truly said to have had a greater effect than can be ascribed to the efforts of any other individual who bore a part in the transactions of that important period. The true doctrines of Toleration were first promulgated by him, and in their fullest extent; for he maintained the whole stretch of the principle, that opinion is not a matter cognizable by the civil magistrate, and that belief, being the result of reason is wholly independent of the will, and neither the subject of praise nor of blame, far less the object of punishment or of reward. That intolerance had ceased at the Reformation—that the Protestant Church had put an end to persecution—is an error only of the most ignorant and superficial. The influence of the Reformation had, no doubt, been salutary in this as in other respects; but persecution had been mitigated by very slow degrees; and in its early stages, the reformed church was to the full as intolerant, and nearly as persecuting, as the hierarchy which it had supplanted. Witness the numerous executions of Catholics, and even of Protestant Dissenters, in the reign of Elizabeth, accompanied not unfrequently by the most cruel tortures. At a late period, the Episcopalian church in Scotland even surpassed the cruelties of the older times; and the intolerance of the Presbyterians during the whole of the seventeenth century, is too well known to require any particular reference. It is from the era of the Revolution that we must date the establishment of that Toleration which the Reformation had in no respect secured; and of which the Independents themselves had only made a beginning, great as were their services to the cause of liberty. It has been reserved for our own times to carry the principles of Locke to their full extent, and to supply those deficiencies in the plan of religious freedom which he and his worthy coadjutors were unfortunately obliged to leave in their grand work.—*Edn. Review.*

MRS. HEMANS.—We think the poetry of Mrs. Hemans a fine exemplification of Female Poetry—and we think it has much of the perfection which we have ventured to ascribe to the happier productions of female genius. It may not be the best imaginable poetry, and may not indicate the very highest or most commanding genius; but it embraces a great deal of that which gives the very best poetry its chief power of pleasing; and would strike us, perhaps, as more impassioned and exalted, if it were not regulated and harmonized by the most beautiful taste. It is infinitely sweet, elegant, and tender—touching, perhaps, and contemplative, rather than vehement and overpowering; and not only finished throughout with an exquisite delicacy, and even serenity of execution, but informed with a purity and loftiness of feeling, and a certain sober and humble tone of indulgence and piety, which must satisfy all judgments, and allay the apprehensions of those who are most afraid of the passionate exaggerations of poetry. The diction is always beautiful, harmonious, and free—and the themes, though of infinite variety, uniformly treated with a grace, originality and judgment, which mark the same master hand. These themes she has borrowed, with the peculiar interest and imagery that belong to them, from the legends of different nations, and the most opposite states of society; and has contrived to retain much of what is interesting and peculiar in each of them, without adopting along with it, any of the revolting or extravagant excesses which may characterise the taste or manners of the people or the age from which it has been derived. She has thus transfused into her German or Scandinavian legends the imaginative and daring tone of the originals, without the mystical exaggerations of the one, or the painful fierceness and coarseness of the other—she has preserved the clearness and elegance of the French, without their coldness or affectation—and the tenderness and simplicity of the early Italians, without their diffuseness or languor. Though occasionally expatiating, somewhat fondly and at large, amongst the sweets of her own planting, there is, on the whole, a great condensation and brevity in most of her pieces, and, almost without exception, a most judicious and vigorous conclusion. The great merit, however, of her poetry, is undoubtedly in its tenderness and its beautiful imagery.—*Edin. Review.*

KEAN AS HE WAS AND AS HE IS.—The world knows pretty well, by this time, what kind of actor Kean is. He is one whom Nature, in her mercy, threw upon the stage, to redeem it from the stiff frigidity of tight-laced art. She bestowed upon him strong passions and acute feelings, and she desired him to give them free and spontaneous scope. The actor caught her meaning, for the understanding of it was inherent in him; and taking to himself plenty of elbow-room, he knocked at the heart of his audience boldly and at once, and if the door was not willingly opened to him, he threw himself against it with all his weight, and forced it. Some there were who said, there was no grace, no study, no refinement in his style,—that it was coarse and vulgar, and against all rules; but he dashed on, regardless of their prating, and he carried mankind along with him in spite of themselves. The old sober spectacled critics looked at him as they would have done at Joshua commanding the sun and moon to stand still, shook their heads, confessed they did not understand him, and so went home to bed. But he held the theatre breathless, or stirred it into thunder, as he chose; and, therefore, there was in him the invisible fire, the existence of which men know and feel, though they cannot describe or catch it. Let all his faults be granted, for they cannot be concealed;—he was a shabby little creature, with a harsh voice, and uninteresting features,—at times he ranted, and at other times he was too tame,—he had some tricks too, to catch the gallery,—he had none of the patrician dignity of Kemble, none of the gentlemanly ease of Young;—let all this be granted,—so much the better for Kean,—for we should like to know what it was, after all, that so many thousands of people squeezed their sides out to see? Was it not this one small man because he had acquired a mastery over their souls? and what more can be said of the mightiest minds that ever lived? But Kean (though he is still the best actor we have) has fallen off; and when we say so, we mean ourselves to be understood in the fullest acceptance of the term, without making any ridiculous distinction between physical strength and mental power. The two are inseparably conjoined. If a man's body grow weak, his mind, to all intents and purposes, grows weak also. Sickness and dissipation have made terrible havoc with Kean; and the consequence is, that his whole manner is now tamed down, and that half his wonted fire is extinct. His style is far more pompous and elocutionary than it used to be; and this is an alternative which debility has forced upon him. He now months and journeys slowly through many passages, to which in his better days, he would have given all the force of nervous and rapid utterance. Let nobody suppose that this is a voluntary change, because time has chastened his judgment. Judgment was never Kean's forte; but when his blood dashed strongly through his reins, he yielded to the quick impulses of the moment, and these impulses were true to nature. But now they come more rarely, and are feebler when they do come. He has not so much blood as he once had, and a great deal of Kean's best acting lay in his blood. He is like a good race-horse somewhat stricken in years; he walks over a course which he has often galloped round, a hundred yards a-head of all competitors; yet now and then he starts off into his old pace, and the common spectator ignorantly imagines he is as able to win the cup as before.—*Lit. Journal*.

RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIASM.—‘A strong and firm persuasion of any proposition relating to religion, for which a man hath either no or not sufficient proofs from reason, but receives them as truths wrought in the soul extraordinarily by influence coming immediately from God himself, seems to me to be the enthusiasm; which can be no evidence or ground of assurance at all, nor can by any means be taken for knowledge. If such groundless thoughts as these, concerning ordinary matters, and not religion, possess the mind strongly, we call it raving, and every one thinks it a degree of madness; but in religion, men, accustomed to the thoughts of revelation, make a greater allowance to it, though indeed it be a more dangerous madness: But men are apt to think in religion they may, and ought to quit their reason. I find that the Christians, Mahometans, and Brahmins, all pretend to this immediate inspiration; but it is certain that contradictions and falsehoods cannot come from God; nor can any one that is of the true religion, be assured of any thing by a way whereof those of a false religion may be, and are equally confirmed in theirs. For the Turkish dervishes pretend to revelations, ecstasies, visions, raptures, to be transported with illumination of God. v. Ricaut. The Jaugis, amongst the Hindoos, talk of being illuminated, and entirely united to God, v. Bernier, as well as the most spiritualized Christians.’—*Edin. Review*.

LARGEST VASE EVER MADE.—The annals of art, it is said, present no instance of so large a vase having ever been made as the porphyry vase which the King of Sweden has had set up in the Zoological Garden in front of his country seat, the "Valley of Roses," near Stockholm. It was made out of a single block, weighing 800 ship lbs., at Elfdal, in Dalecarlia, and wrought after a design of Professor Frehlestén copied from an Herculean vase of marble: its weight is 55 ship lbs., it is nine feet high, and its upper portion is twelve feet in diameter; the basin contains 750 gallons; the porphyry is extremely hard, of a bright red, studded with white, green and black spots; and is a species of stone which had hitherto occurred but in small specimens; the pedestal or foot is of unpolished granite, three feet high. The length of land and water over which it was transported was about 330 English miles; but the foot alone admitted of animal draft; the vase itself having been driven forward by between 120 and 200 men, on waggons or sledges preceded by a band of music. Several bridges were obliged to be altered in their construction, pulled down, or supported by beams and planks: and it was thirty-eight days on the road.—*Foreign Lit. Gaz.*

A NAME.—You are asked by the Guards on the frontier towns of Austria, the most ridiculous questions—What is your name and quality? Are you married or single? Do you travel for pleasure or business? A Russian traveller being asked his name, replied "Boo joo, whoo-hoo." "Pray, Sir," said the Guard, "how do you write it?" "That," replied the traveller, "is your concern—mine is only to mention my name."

ANTIQUITY OF THE SCIENCES.—Astronomy (says M. Cuvier, in his Lecture on the Natural Sciences,) is the science, the cultivation of which is to be traced to the earliest period of antiquity; and this seems to have become the object of study in different countries at the same time. The first observation of an eclipse, made by the Chinese, the authenticity of which is established, is in the year 776 B. C. At Babylon, the most ancient observation made by the Chaldeans, was in the year 747. It has been said, indeed, that Callisthenes sent to Aristotle, from Babylon, a series of observations for a space of 1900 years. But this is an observation deserving of no confidence; it is found mentioned for the first time in Synesius, a writer of the sixth century of the Christian æra; but Aristotle, who speaks of astronomy in several parts of his work, makes no mention of so important a fact, which he would not have failed to have done, had it been true.—*Athenæum.*

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF LORD BYRON.—Pistol-shooting, it is well known, was ever a favorite amusement with Lord Byron. When his Lordship was about to quit this country on his pilgrimage, he was detained some time at Falmouth, the packet boat in which he was to embark for Lisbon being prevented from sailing by contrary winds. There was nothing in the neighbourhood sufficiently curious to excite his Lordship's attention; he therefore sought amusement by crossing in a boat to the opposite shore of Trafalgar, with his servant; and there setting his gold-headed cane upright in the ground, would fire at the knob with his pistols. The pleasure Lord Byron took in this exercise continued during his residence in Italy. During the three years which he spent in Ravenna, it was his almost daily practice, in the evenings of summer, to ride with any friend who might be visiting him to the celebrated Pine Forest, which skirts the shore of the Adriatic, in the neighbourhood, and there amuse himself for an hour in firing at a mark with pistols.—*Athenæum.*

PADDY'S FANCY.—An Irishman, who served on board a man-of-war was selected by one of the officers to haul in a tow-line, of considerable length, that was towing over the taffrail. After rousing in forty or fifty fathoms, which had put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself, 'By my soul, it's as long as to-day and to-morrow!—It's a good week's work for any five in the ship!—Bad luck to the arm or leg, it'll have me at last!—What! more of it yet!—Och, murder; the sea's mighty deep, & he sure!'—When, after continuing, in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labour, he stopped suddenly short, and addressing the officer of the watch, exclaimed, 'Bad manners to me, sir, if I don't think somebody's cut off the other end of it!'

LENGTH OF NIGHT IN VARIOUS PARTS.—The longest night at Cayenne and Pondicherry is 12 hours; at Hayti, 13 hours; at Ispahan, 14; at Paris, Dijon, and Carcassonne, 15; at Arras and Dublin, 16; at Copenhagen and Riga, 17; at Stockholm, 18; at Drontheim, in Norway, Archangel, &c., 20; at Ulea, in Bothnia, 21, and at Tornes, 22. At Enouéskies, the total absence of the sun endures 45 days consecutively; at Wardhuns, 66; at Cape North, 74; and lastly, Melville Island is totally destitute of light for 102 days.—*Athenæum*.

EARLY PORTRAITS BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.—One of the first portraits painted in London by the late President of the Royal Academy was that of Mr. Linley, brother of the first wife of R. B. Sheridan, so celebrated for her fascinating qualities. The picture is a half-length, and represents Mr. Linley in the costume of the scholars of St. Paul's school, in which he was then receiving his education. Mr. Linley, who is the proprietor of this picture, has also in his possession a portrait of his sister, Mrs. Sheridan, executed by Sir Thomas Lawrence about the same period, but in crayons. Both the paintings and the drawings are represented to us as masterly performances in their respective kinds, and as remarkable for those characteristics of delicacy and grace, which, in maturer life, so greatly distinguished all the productions of Sir Thomas's pencil.—*Athenæum*.

A RETORT.—A judge and counsellor being upon indifferent terms, a client of the counsel's making his appearance at the bar with his jaw terribly swelled, the judge remarked "Mr. —, this client of your's would make an excellent counsellor, he's all jaw;" which set the court in a roar of laughter against the counsellor. On silence being obtained, the counsel remarked, "My Lord, I think he would make a better judge, for his jaw is all on one side." The retort turned the laugh against the judge, and from that day they were on the best terms of friendship.

BROTHERHOOD OF YOUTHS IN TURKOMAN.—Among the Turkomans in Anatolia there formerly existed a form of primitive hospitality, of which the great Moorish traveller Ibn Batuta gives the following description:—"In all the Turkoman towns," he relates, "there is a *Brotherhood of Youths*, one of whom in particular is styled my *Brother*. No people are more courteous to strangers, more readily supply them with food and other necessities, or are more opposed to oppressors than they are. The person styled the *Brother* is one about whom individuals of the same occupation, or even friendless strangers, collect and constitute him their president. He then builds a cell, and puts into it a horse, saddle, and whatever else may be necessary, he also attends on his companions, and in the evening they all meet together, bringing whatever they may have collected for the use of the cell. Should a stranger arrive among them, they cheerfully maintain him till he leaves the country. The members of this association are styled the *Youths*, and the president the *Brother*." Ibn Batuta, experienced the kindness of this society as soon as he arrived in Anatolia. A man came to him, in order to invite him and his companions to a feast. Our traveller was astonished that one who looked so poor should think of feasting so many; but was informed, that this man was one of the brotherhood, a company of two hundred silk merchants, who had a cell of their own; he therefore consented, and witnessed their extraordinary kindness and liberality. Scenes of this kind occurred to him frequently among the Turkomans. On one occasion, when entering a town, he found himself suddenly surrounded by a number of persons, who seized the reins of his horse, and caused him great alarm; but some one who could speak Arabic, coming up, said that they were contending as to who should entertain him, as they belonged to the Society of Youths. Upon this he felt safe: the young men cast lots; and Ibn Batuta with his party proceeded to the mansion of the winners.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia*

GARRICK.—Garriek's vanity once induced him to ask Macklin, what he thought of the different modes of acting *Romeo* adopted by Barry and himself. "Sir," said Macklin, "Barry comes into the garden, strutting and talking aloud like a Lord about his love, that I wonder the *Cypriotes* do not come out and toss the fellow in a blanket." "Well, my dear Mack," exclaimed Garriek, "go on." "Now," said Macklin, "how does Garriek act this? Why, Sir, sensible that the family are at enmity with him in his house, he comes in creeping upon his toes, whispering his love, and looking about him just like a thief in the night."

CANNIBALISM OF THE CHINESE.—The Mahometan travellers, Wahab and Abuzaid, who visited China in the ninth century, state, that the Chinese were in the habit of eating all criminals who were put to death. Their cannibalism, indeed, does not seem to have resembled that of savage nations, who devour their enemies in order to gratify revenge, or to indulge in the excesses of ferocity ; among the Chinese, apparently, the bodies of those who were publicly executed were left to be eaten by the poor and hungry. However incredible this account may appear, the Chinese annals lend it some confirmation ; for they state, that when famines have occurred in that kingdom, human flesh has been sold in the markets ; and that it was dangerous at those periods to go abroad after sunset, men being constantly on the watch to seize and butcher all whom they could lay their hands upon. — *Cabinet Cyclopædia*.

LITERARY STRATAGEM.—A French wit, finding his merit beginning to wane in the public opinion, and dreading from criticism an additional blow to a victim already staggering in reputation, betook himself to a strange expedient, in order at once to retrieve his character and replenish his pockets. He buried himself in a remote province, and engaged in an ironmonger's shop. The muse, who already owed to the anvil the science of music in the case of Pythagoras, did not desert him ; he composed three large volumes of poetry and essays, which he published as the works of a "journeyman blacksmith." The bait caught—all France was in amazement ; the poems of this "child of nature," this "unnatured genius," were in the hands of every one. In short, this stratagem filled the pockets of the poor bard, who enjoyed the deceit with rapture, and laughed at the public.

PERIOD OF THE FIRST FORMATION OF THE EGYPTIAN DELTA.—All the lower part of Egypt is, as the Priests told Herodotus, a present of the Nile. The river every year leaves a fresh bed of mud : these beds, as they lie one above the other are still distinguishable, and show how much the soil has become raised in a given number of years. By a very simple process of calculation, says M. Cuvier, a proof is thence derived, that 2000 years before Christ the Delta did not exist.—*Athenæum*.

CUSTOMS OF THE TURKS IMITATED FROM THE CHRISTIANS.—The Turks, when they became masters of Constantinople, borrowed from the Greeks many of their customs and formalities, and even the fashion of their dress. The pomp of the Ottoman court was arranged, in a great measure, in imitation of that of the Greek emperors ; and it is curious to observe, that the odious custom of searching the persons of those who are admitted to the imperial presence (a custom still partially retained at the Porte, even in the case of ambassadors, appears to be among those which the Turks have only copied from the Greeks.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia*.

AN APHORISM.—A Modern Logician, in a recent publication, describing *Causes and Effects*, has this curious and clear aphorism—"When we complain of the shortness of our memories, we forget what we remember, and remember what we forget."

BYRON'S OPINION OF CURRAN.—The riches of his Irish imagination were exhaustless. I have heard that man speak more poetry than I have ever seen written, though I saw him seldom, and but occasionally. I saw him presented to Madame de Stael at Mackintosh's ;—it was the grand confluence between the Rhone and the Saone, de Stael and they were both so d—d ugly, that I could not help wondering how the best intellects of France and Ireland could have taken up respectively such residences.—*Moore's Life of Byron*.

MATRIMONIAL AGREEMENT.—A couple were going to be married at Liverpool, and had proceeded as far as the church yard gate, when the gentleman stopped his fair comrade with the following unexpected address :—"Mary, during our courtship, I have told you most of my mind, but not all my mind—When we are married I shall insist upon three things. In the first place, I shall lie alone ; secondly, I shall eat alone ; and lastly, I shall find fault when there is no occasion—can you submit to these conditions ?" "O yes, Sir, very easily," she replied, "for if you lie alone, I shall not ; if you eat alone, I shall eat first ; and as to your finding fault without occasion, that, I think, may be prevented, for I will take care that you shall never want occasion." They were married—and the writer of this wishes them much happiness.

URBANITY OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.—The urbanity of the Emperor was particularly displayed on the occasion of a ball given by his Majesty at the palace in the Kremlin, during the *fêtes* that took place immediately after the coronation. The ladies, as is usual in such cases, were seated round the room, and amongst the rest was Mrs. Disbrowe, the lady of our minister. The Emperor, intending to confer upon her the honour of dancing with her, approached the place where she sat, when she lady on her right arose, at the same moment with Mrs. Disbrowe, who believing herself to be mistaken, instantly sat down; but his Majesty politely took her hand, and led her out to commence the polonaise. The moment, however, the dance was concluded, he returned and commanding the music to be renewed, led out the disappointed lady, and, with the greatest good humour, went through the same ceremony with her. The Prince, Galitzin, directing my attention to the circumstance, placed his arm in mine, and pointing to his Majesty, said, "*Voyez, mocher, peut on dire que notre Empereur est Autocrat ?*"—*Atlas*.

BARTHELEMON'S OPERA.—Barthelemon's Opera entitled *Pelopida*, was received with so much applause in 1766, that Garrick was induced to pay the author a visit for the purpose of asking him if he thought he could set English words to music. On Barthelemon's replying affirmatively, Garrick asked for pen, ink, and, paper, and wrote the words of a song to be introduced in the play of the *Country girl*. While thus engaged Barthelemon, looking over Garrick's shoulder, actually wrote down music in parts to the song, as fast as the other penned the words. Garrick then turning round, and handing Barthelemon the words said, "There, Sir, is my song;" to which the other answered, "And there, Sir is my music for it!" The song proved so successful, that it was encored every time itwassung.

ADAPTATION OF ANIMALS TO SOIL AND CLIMATE.—In countries where the influence and operations of man have had but little effect, we can trace the most beautiful adaptation in the structure and habits of animals to the nature of the country. In a plain of great extent and affording pasturage at all times, the larger quadrupeds are usually some of the ox or buffalo tribe, as we find in the plains of India and the *Savannahs* of North America. Those animals, from their unweildy gait and their great weight are not adapted for leaping or for taking long journeys in quest of food. If the plains be subject to seasonal parching, we find the race different; and lighter animals, that can migrate in quest of food, and bound across ravines, or from rock to rock upon the mountains, are the most abundant—as may be observed in the *Llanos* of South America, and the plains of Southern Africa. If the land be inclined to permanent sterility, or if it be stony, alternating with swamps and marshes, either constantly, or at certain seasons of the year, we find the animals undergo another change—they are calculated for leaping or wading, as is the case with the ostrich on the borders of the great African desert, and the emu and the kangaroo in New Holland. This adaptation is not confined to any one race, nor to any one instinct of the race: it applies to them all, and to all their habits. Some of them are not a little singular. On the continuous plains, whether these be adapted for occasional or for constant residence, the young animals, are left to use their own legs from the time of their birth; but when the country consists of patches, and there must be, as it were, daily marches, the mother is provided with a *marsupium*, or pouch, in which she can carry her young until they have acquired size and strength adapted to the nature of the ground upon which they are to find their food. This is the case with the kangaroo, and indeed with most of the quadrupeds of Australia—with all of them that can be considered as native, peculiar to that country, and as singular as it is in its geography. Where there is herbage; whether permanent or seasonal, we find animals that browse herbage; where there are many native fruits, we find animals that can live upon trees; and where there is a tendency in hard and prickly plants to overrun the ground, we find elephants and other animals that consume these. Thus every vegetable consuming animal, by consuming one kind of vegetable, gives scope for other kinds; and thus yields food for other animals.

A SETTLER.—A lady who went to consult Mr. Abernethy, began describing her complaint, which is what he very much dislikes. Among other things, she said, "Whenever I lift my arm, it pains me exceedingly." "Why then, Madam," answered Mr. A. "you are a great fool for doing so."

FORMER WEALTH OF THE COLOMBIANS.—Before the revolution it was not unusual to see ladies at a ball or other festival, wearing more than 200,000 dollars value, in watches, diamonds, pearls, &c. on their dresses, without appearing to be overloaded. When going to mass, all dressed in black satin. Their faces were veiled with costly vandyked mantillas; and the upper parts of their frocks were garnished in the same manner. They wore no hats, but their hair was ornamented with costly combs, set with diamonds, pearls, &c. They were followed, often, by twenty or thirty servants of both sexes, free and slaves, very neatly dressed, and each carrying something for the use of their mistress, as books, umbrellas, fans, &c. The husband never accompanied the wife to church either in Bogota or at Caracas. - - - The plates, candlesticks, pitchers, and other utensils, were of pure silver, or washed with gold. A poor man in Bogota would have felt himself disgraced without his silver spoon, knife and fork. Steaks, pies, &c. were set upon the table in large golden plates. The household furniture was very rich and sumptuous; and when we consider that all their articles were purchased at 300 per cent, profit upon their costs, reckoning transportation and exorbitant duties, we may have some idea of the wealth of these people. The houses of the wealthy classes of Bogota may properly be called palaces. They were built of stone, were large and massy, and generally three stories high. - - - All this wealth, comfort, and agreeable society have now disappeared. The greater part of the distinguished families in Venezuela and in New Grenada have left the country; and the few that remain are ruined. The bad administration of the chieftains in Columbia, the party spirit, and the civil war, operating with other causes, have spread anarchy and misery over this beautiful country. Grass is growing in the streets and public squares of both Caracas and Bogota. The most frequented streets of both are full of beggars and miserable wretches, covered with rags, vermin and sores.—*Memoirs of Bolivar.*

A GALLANT RETORT.—As a nobleman was leading a very lovely young lady from the theatre, after the representation of the tragedy of *Zaire*, at which she had been greatly affected, they met Voltaire, to whom the Nobleman said, "You have much to answer for—the crime of drawing floods of tears from those beautiful eyes." Voltaire replied, "Ah, my Lord, *those eyes know but too well how to revenge themselves.*"

A NEW GENUS.—The following notice, painted in large characters, was affixed to a house near the entrance of the church-yard, from the High-street, Cheltenham:— "Any person passing through this Church-yard with wheel-barrows or *other cattle*, will be prosecuted according to law."

FREDERIC WILLIAM.—Frederic William, father of Frederic the Great of Prussia, painted, or fancied he painted, but his works were mere daubs. Such, however, was not the language of his courtiers when decanting on the merits of the royal Appelles. On one occasion his Majesty favoured them with the sight of a new specimen. "Suppose," said the King, "that some great painter, Rubens or Raphael, for instance, had painted this picture; do you think it would fetch a considerable price?" "Sire," replied the Baron de Polnitz, who passes for the most practised and the most obsequious of his Majesty's courtiers, "I assure your Majesty that a connoisseur could not offer less for such a picture than 25,000 florins." "Well then, baron," cried the gratified monarch, "you shall receive a proof of my munificence. Take the picture for 5000 florins, which you shall pay me in ready money; and as I wish to render you a service, you have my permission to sell it again. "Ah, sire," cried the Baron, who was fairly caught in his own snare, "I can never consent to take advantage of your Majesty's generosity." "No reply," said the King; "I know that I make you a handsome present, by which you will gain 15,000 florins or more. But your zeal for my interest has been proved, and I owe you some recompense. Your love for the arts, as well as your attachment to my person, entitle you to this mark of my esteem."—*Globe.*

ROSE.—Rose, private secretary to Louis XIV., having married his daughter to M. Portail, president of the Parliament, was constantly receiving from his son-in-law, complaints of his daughter's ill-temper. To one of these he at length answered that he was fully convinced of her misconduct and was resolved to punish it in short, that if he heard any more of it, he would *desinherit* her. He heard no more.

THE LAUREL.—The laurel was introduced early in the seventeenth century, by one Cole, a merchant, residing at Hampstead, who tells us that he used to carry blankets over it to protect it in frosty weather. This shrub has not yet become entirely acclimated, as it often suffers considerably in severe frosts, yet it is a well known fact, that plants raised from cuttings of such as have grown in this country are more hardy, and thrive better, than those produced from seeds which had been imported from the warmer climate of which the laurel is a native.

POTATOES.—Potatoes were introduced about the middle of the sixteenth century, and it appears from the details collected on the subject, that they were first brought into Europe from the mountainous parts of South America. Potatoes have not been grown in gardens in Britain more than 170 years, nor, to any extent in the fields, above seventy-five. During this time, they have been cultivated with the greatest care, but it is not many years since they became naturalized sufficiently to ripen their seeds, and, even now, after a cold and frosty night, we often find whole fields of potatoes become nearly black, excepting in situations where they are protected by a hedge or trees from the inclemency of the weather. In the Highlands of Scotland, this is particularly the case. Frost frequently occurs early in September, and the crop, in consequence, is often prematurely destroyed. It becomes, therefore, of the greatest importance that the seeds should repeatedly be sown, not only, as is generally the case, to obtain new varieties, but to endeavour to produce a plant more hardy, and capable of withstanding at least, the first frosts of winter.—*Quar. Jour. of Agriculture.*

SHUFFLE AND CUT.—One of the Ushers at Eton, one Sunday evening, had a young gentleman taken into custody for playing at cards for which he was flogged, while the usher was in the act of flagellation, the culprit gave several kicks and struggles, at which the other said, "Ah, Sir! you may shuffle, but I'll cut."

TRANSPLANTATION OF HUMAN HAIR.—In a communication to the Academy of Padua, Dr. Nardo has imparted some singular observations in reference to the growth of the hair after death, nay, even after it has been forcibly plucked from the skin. Having torn up a hair by the roots from his own head, he inserted it in a pore he had opened with a needle in his breast, excited a trifling inflammation around it by rubbing, and in a short time remarked that the hair had taken fresh root, and continued to thrive and grow perceptibly.

ORIGIN OF MYRRH.—Ehrenberg and Hemprich mention in the narrative of their expedition in Eastern Africa, (of which a portion was published last year,) that they had gathered myrrh with their own hands from the *amyris kataf*, which they describe under the name of the *balsamodendron murrha*. Nees von Esenbeck, the professor of botany at Bonn, has availed himself of the description given by these scientific travellers, and figured it under the seventeenth section of culinary plants, as the plant from which myrrh is produced, Forskal was the first to detect this fact, and has described the "*amyris kataf*" and "*kafek*," in his *Flora Egyptico-Arabica* cent. III. p. 80. The origin of this substance is now placed beyond a doubt.—*For. Lit. Gaz.*

THE MAHOG.—The mahog, or wild cotton-tree, grows in Cuba to a vast size. There is one, on an estate called Santa-Anna, a hundred feet high. Its trunk, which is forty-six and a half in circumference at the base, rises to sixty-five feet, without a single branch or a single knot on its white bark. The branches are worthy of the stem, and cover a diameter of a hundred and sixty-five feet. This immense tree is in itself a world, and shelters and feeds millions of insects. Several parasitical plants attach themselves to it. Wild pine-apples grow at the top, and the vine vegetates on the boughs, and, letting its branches droop to the earth, furnishes rats, mice, and the opossum, which would find it difficult to climb a smooth bark, a ladder, enabling them to reach the pine-cups, which form so many natural reservoirs for the rainwater. The wood-louse founds extensive republics in this tree and establishes its large and black cities at the juncture of some of the branches, whence it descends to the ground by a covered way, which it constructs of mortar, and of which it even provides two—one to ascend, and the other to descend by. This little insect is not the size of the flea, is inoffensive; and is a great treat to the inhabitants of some poultry-yard, to whom it is given in its nest.—*For. Lit. Gaz.*

